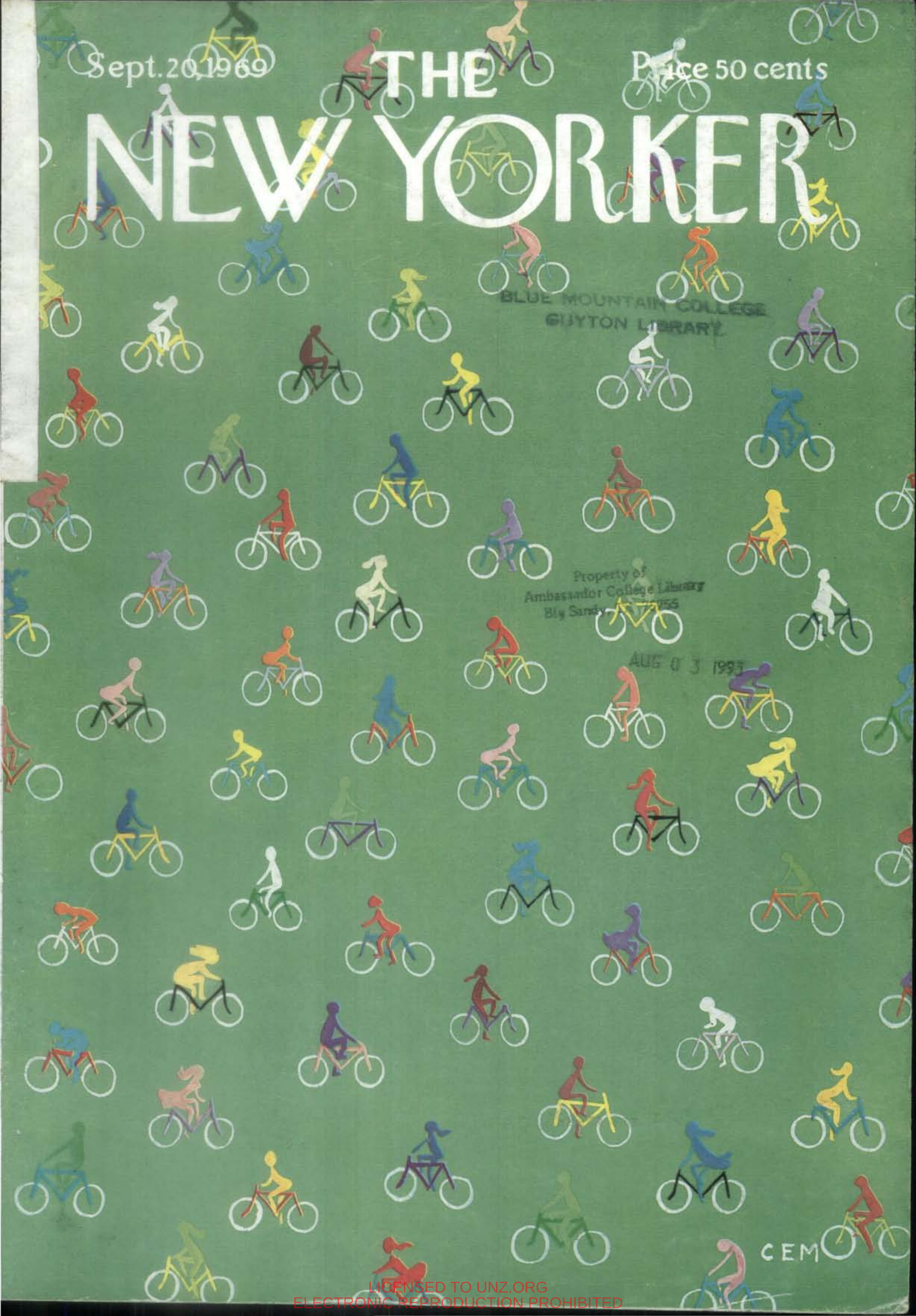
Sept. 20, 1969

THE NEW YORKER

Price 50 cents

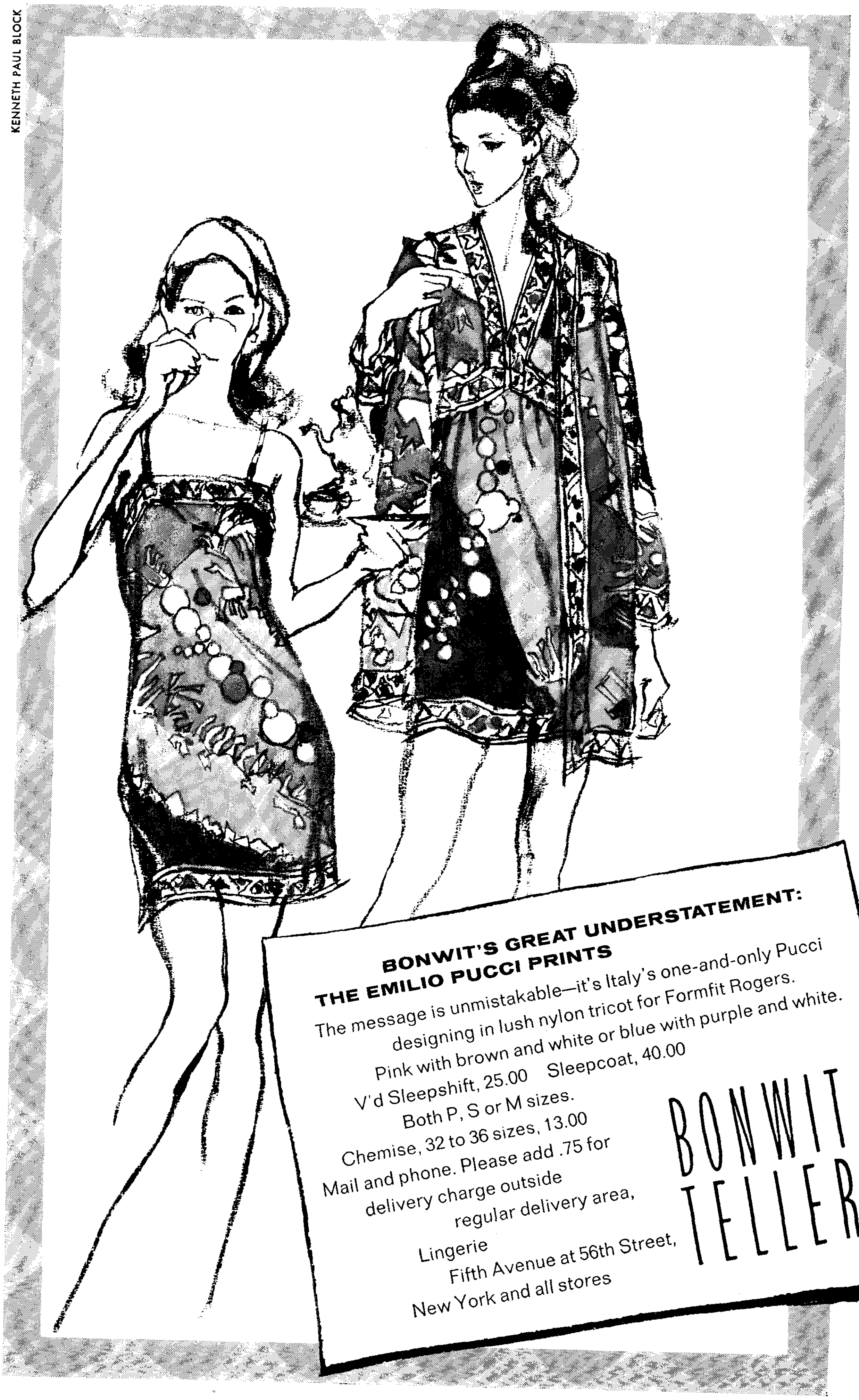


BLUE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE
GUYTON LIBRARY

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

AUG 0 3 1993

Liquid
REVENESCENCE
*
Charles of the Ritz
NEW YORK
8 FL OZS
If your skin is living in a dry state.



KENNETH PAUL BLOCK

**BONWIT'S GREAT UNDERSTATEMENT:
THE EMILIO PUCCI PRINTS**

The message is unmistakable—it's Italy's one-and-only Pucci
designing in lush nylon tricot for Formfit Rogers.
Pink with brown and white or blue with purple and white.
V'd Sleepshift, 25.00 Sleepcoat, 40.00
Both P, S or M sizes.
Chemise, 32 to 36 sizes, 13.00
Mail and phone. Please add .75 for
delivery charge outside
regular delivery area,

Lingerie
Fifth Avenue at 56th Street,
New York and all stores

BONWIT TELLER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ADAPTATION and NEXT—Two one-acters (the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May) that together make the funniest evening imaginable. R. G. Brown and James Coco are the respective stars. Highly recommended. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2; special matinée Wednesday, Sept. 17, at 2:30.)

THE AMERICAN HAMBURGER LEAGUE—A comedy by Norman Kline. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

AND PUPPY DOG TAILS—A play by David Gaard. Opens Wednesday, Sept. 17. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Opening-night curtain at 7:15; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A BLACK QUARTET—One-acters by Ed Bullins, LeRoi Jones, Ben Caldwell, and Ronald Milner. Three out of four of the plays are militant, fierce, and rife with symbols; the fourth, and most interesting and touching, is Mr. Miller's "The Warning—A Theme for Linda," which is about people. With L. Errol Jaye, Minnie Gentry, and Vikki Summers. (Gate, Second Ave. at 10th St. 982-3255. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

CEREMONIES IN DARK OLD MEN—An extraordinary play—funny and tragic—about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. Edmund Cambridge has directed a new cast, with Richard Mason. The dramatist is Lonne Elder III. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE CONCEPT—A moving and utterly convincing drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. Originally an improvisation but now a set piece, it is acted by a cast of eight ex-addicts from Daytop. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

FORTY CARATS—Adapted by Jay Allen from a French farce, and given a brassy local polish by the director, Abe Burrows, this mindless trifle provides an occasion for Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, and a number of other superlative actors to show off their skills. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

GEESE—A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

GRAND KABUKI—Final performances of **KUMAGAI JINYA** and **MOMIJI GARI** by this company of seventy male actors, dancers, and musicians from Tokyo. Simultaneous-translation sets may be rented at each performance. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly at 8; on Wednesday, Sept. 17, at 7:30. Matinées Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 21.)

HADRIAN VII—The bizarre career of a real-life scamp named Baron Corvo provides a juicy role for Barry Morse, who has replaced Alec McCowen. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

HELLO AND GOODBYE—Colleen Dewhurst and Martin Sheen in a play by Athol Fugard. Preview Wednesday, Sept. 17. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 18, at 7:15. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

IN THE MATTER OF J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER—Heinar Kipphardt's fascinating mock-documentary account, sometimes true and sometimes false, of the famous hearing at which Professor Oppenheimer was denied security clearance. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Oct. 12.)

LITTLE MURDERS—A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. Alan Arkin, its new director, has made a hit out of this Broadway flop of a couple of years ago. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether fascinating play, set in a West Village saloon that is owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Ron O'Neal, Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially good. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

THE OFAY WATCHER—A three-character play by Frank Cucci. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. No performance Thursday, Sept. 18.)

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM—A comedy by Woody Allen, starring Woody Allen. The play is not up to Mr. Allen's gifts, but it makes a pleasant enough evening, and the many girls in it are young and warm and full of promise. (Broad-

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 33
"TO THE FJORD COUNTRY" . . . . *Gilbert Rogin* 39
"AUDUBON: A VISION AND A QUESTION FOR YOU" (POEM) . . *Robert Penn Warren* 42
"THE EXECUTOR" . . . . *H. L. Mountzoures* 44
"A TIME FOR CHANGE" . . . . *Raymond Davidson* 48
PROFILES (RICHARD M. SCAMMON) . . . . *William Whitworth* 50
THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 90
OFF BROADWAY . . . . *Edith Oliver* 90
THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 93
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 95
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (ABOUT THE HOUSE) . . . . *J. M.* 101
LETTER FROM SAIGON . . . . *Robert Shaplen* 110
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 150
"GASTRONOMY RECALLED" . . . . *M. F. K. Fisher* 154
BOOKS . . . . *L. E. Sissman* 181
BRIEFLY NOTED 182

COVER: *Charles E. Martin*

DRAWINGS: *Whitney Darrow, Jr., Richard Oldden, James Stevenson, Kenneth Mahood, Lee Lorenz, Alan Dunn, Warren Miller, William Steig, Donald Reilly, Mischa Richter, Edward Frascino, Ed Fisher, Barney Tobey, Edward Koren, Charles Rodrigues*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

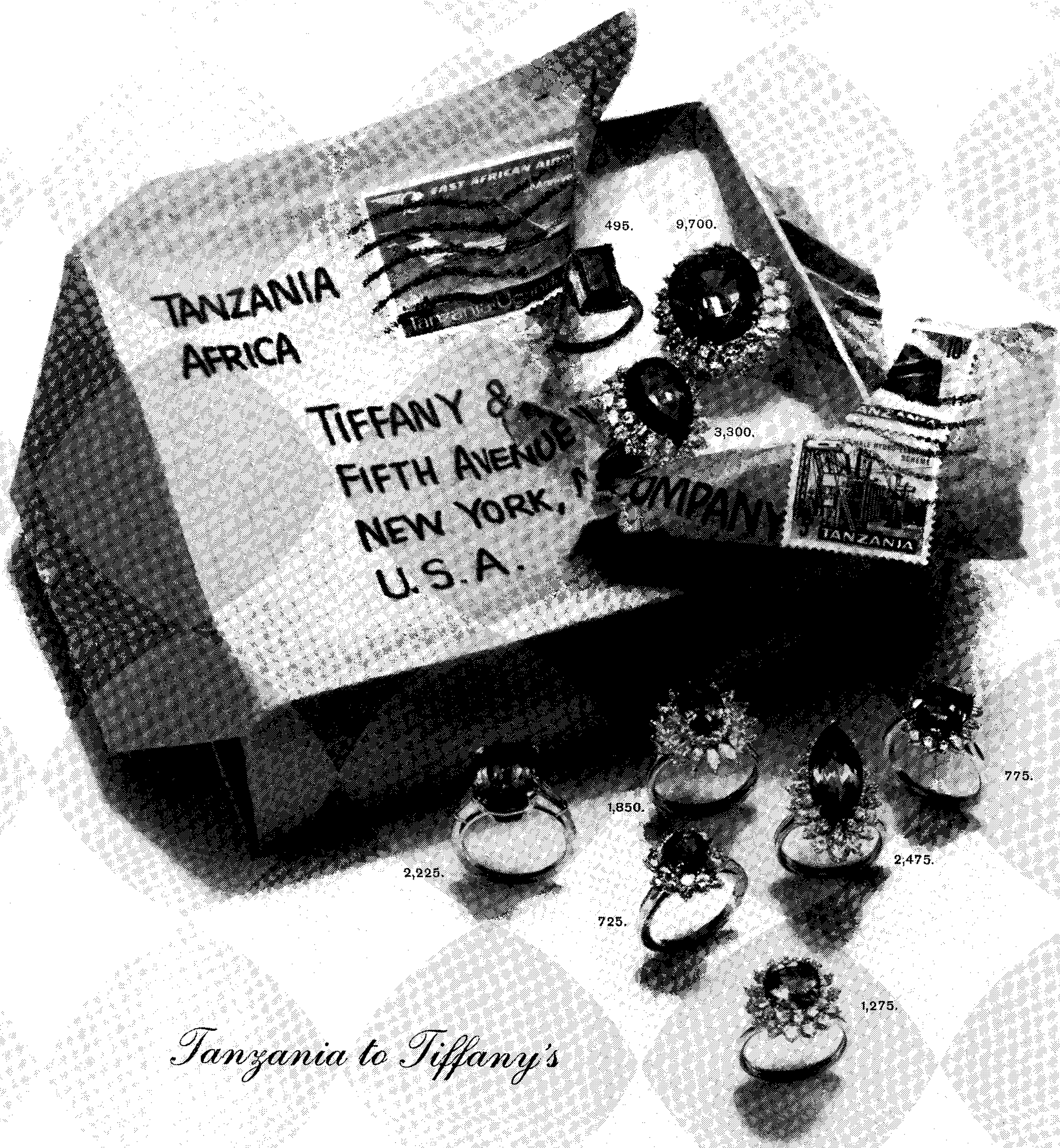
It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give two weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code for both addresses.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; Peter F. Fleischmann, president; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLV, No. 31, September 20, 1969. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.

© 1969 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A.

Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $10.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $11.00; other foreign, $13.00.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NORMAN NISHIMURA


TANZANIA
AFRICA
TIFFANY &
FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, N
U.S.A.
COMPANY
EAST AFRICAN
TANZANIA
495.
9,700.
3,300.
775.
1,850.
2,225.
2,475.
725.
1,275.

Tanzania to Tiffany's

*Nature yields a new gemstone to the world.
Tanzanite, the loveliest blue gemstone discovered
in over two thousand years.*

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK FIFTH AVE. AND 57TH ST. · **SAN FRANCISCO** 252 GRANT AVE. · **BEVERLY HILLS** 345 CAMDEN AT 9601 WILSHIRE · **HOUSTON** FIRST CITY NAT'L BANK BLDG. · **CHICAGO** 715 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

hurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Reckoning—This one-act melodrama by Douglas Turner Ward boils down to a savage, verbal sparring match between the bigoted governor of a Southern state and a blackmailing Negro pimp. The play almost drowns in words, but Lester Rawlins gives a splendid performance as the governor. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

To Be Young, Gifted and Black—A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. Somehow, the show is not as affecting as it might be, but it has stirring and poignant moments all the same. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—THE BOYS IN THE BAND: A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE GREAT WHITE HOPE:** Yaphet Kotto in a pageant-like play loosely based on the life of the Negro prizefighter Jack Johnson. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **PLAZA SUITE:** Three skits by Neil Simon. Maureen Stapleton and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

The Hoofers—The exhilarating art of the tap dance, as displayed by about ten of its proponents. With, among others, Raymond Kaalund, Sandman Sims, Rhythm Red, and Chuck Green. Go and see for yourself. (Mercury, 134 E. 13th St. 228-2080. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A sleazy collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. There is some pleasant dancing and some loud music, and the performers are exceptionally comely, though what they do isn't. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Promenade—A musical caper with an enchanting, witty, brimming score by Al Carmines, charming costumes and scenery by Willa Kim and Rouben Ter-Arutunian, respectively, and words—absurd and sometimes funny—by Maria Irene Fornes. The antics and mockery, which comprise the action, are entertaining, and the singing is very good. Lawrence Kornfield directed the stylish production. (Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

1776—A childish retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. Little music, no dancing, and two thin girls. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS: A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8; Fridays at 7:45; and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **DAMES AT SEA:** A takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Sept. 19, at 8:30, and Saturdays and Friday, Sept. 19, at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** You can almost taste it, can't you? (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** With an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** *Ann Miller is the antic aunt.* (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Claudio Brook will replace David Atkinson in the title role on Monday, Sept. 22. David Holliday substitutes at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

BALLET

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Opening performances of a six-week season that will run through Sunday, Nov. 2—Tuesday, Sept. 23, at 8: "Olympics," "Moves," "Secret Places," and "Viva Vivaldi!"... ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Fanfarita," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 25, at 8:30: "Moves," "The Three-Cornered Hat" (company première), and "Façade."... ¶ Friday, Sept. 26, at 8:30: "Olympics," "The Lesson," and "The Three-Cornered Hat."... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 27, at 2:30: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Sea Shadow," "The Lesson," and "Façade."... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 27, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Fanfarita," and "The Clowns." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

MISCELLANY

British Tournament and Tattoo—A company of three hundred, including the Red Devils Parachutists, the Royal Signal Motorcycles, the R.A.F. Police Dogs, and the Parachute Gymnasts, plus the massed bands, drums, pipes, and dancers of the Royal Scots Greys, *the Parachute Regiment, and the Gordon* Highlanders. Very few water pistols. Opens Wednesday, Sept. 17, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 28. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and cider are representative of the drinks, and the quarters are cramped, but the entertainment sometimes overshadows the wooden benches. Singer-guitarist John Sebastian (formerly of the Lovin' Spoonful) and humorist Marvin Braverman are onstage, as is a rock group called the Fifth Avenue Band. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

La Bohème, 2019 Broadway, at 69th St. (TR 4-9801)—Nothing Bohemian, and little to shout about, but there is a lot of percussion as Elvin Jones plays drums—with Wilbur Little on bass and Joe Farrell on reeds—like one destined for drumming. Between sets, the Izenzon quintet takes the stand. Dining, dancing, and music, from eight-thirty to four. Closed Mondays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some fairly provocative jazz from eleven to one—on piano and bass, with horns sitting in occasionally—as well as dining and drinking in a serene, red-brick setting. No live music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Clark Terry's quartet is on the stand six nights a week in this easeful spot. On Tuesday, Sept. 23, Zoot Sims will come in to lead a quartet. Some light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—A forthright kind of place for traditional listening, where the patrons seem as much at home as the musicians—a group that includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Marshall Brown, Zutty Singleton, and Joe Muranyi. They play a confident, hale Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Eighteen-nineties rinky-dink, complete with fire engine, but the banjo band is above average, and has even been known to come up with its own alluvial arrangements of some Top Forty tunes, for what they're worth. Old movies are shown from time to time. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ode to the banjo—a small, neighborly place where people can buy straw hats and frilly garters and commune with their ancestors. The three-man band twangs from nine to three or four. The peanuts are free.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's a trip getting to this spectral part of town, and wheels may be needed to get back, but the clientele knows pretty much where it's at. The Freddie Hubbard quintet plays most nights from nine to four. On Tuesday, Sept. 23, the Jackie McLean quintet will take over. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—In the rustic upstairs, you can drink or dine while listening to the Billy Taylor trio and the solo piano of Fran Thompson. On Mondays, the regulars are off and new talent is auditioned.... ¶ Downstairs: the Ramsey Lewis trio alternates with comic Irwin C. Watson. Shows at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty Tues-

Do I have to love art to fly Sabena?

Even people who don't care about art fly Sabena. And stop over in Belgium.

Perhaps they'll spend a leisurely hour or two at the Fine Arts Museum in Brussels...enjoying the famous Breughel masterpieces.

Then on to Tournai to view the magnificent cathedral and its priceless treasures. In Antwerp they rediscover Rubens. And fall in love with Memling in Bruges.

A visit to "The Adoration of the Mystical Lamb" is high on the list of things to do in Ghent.

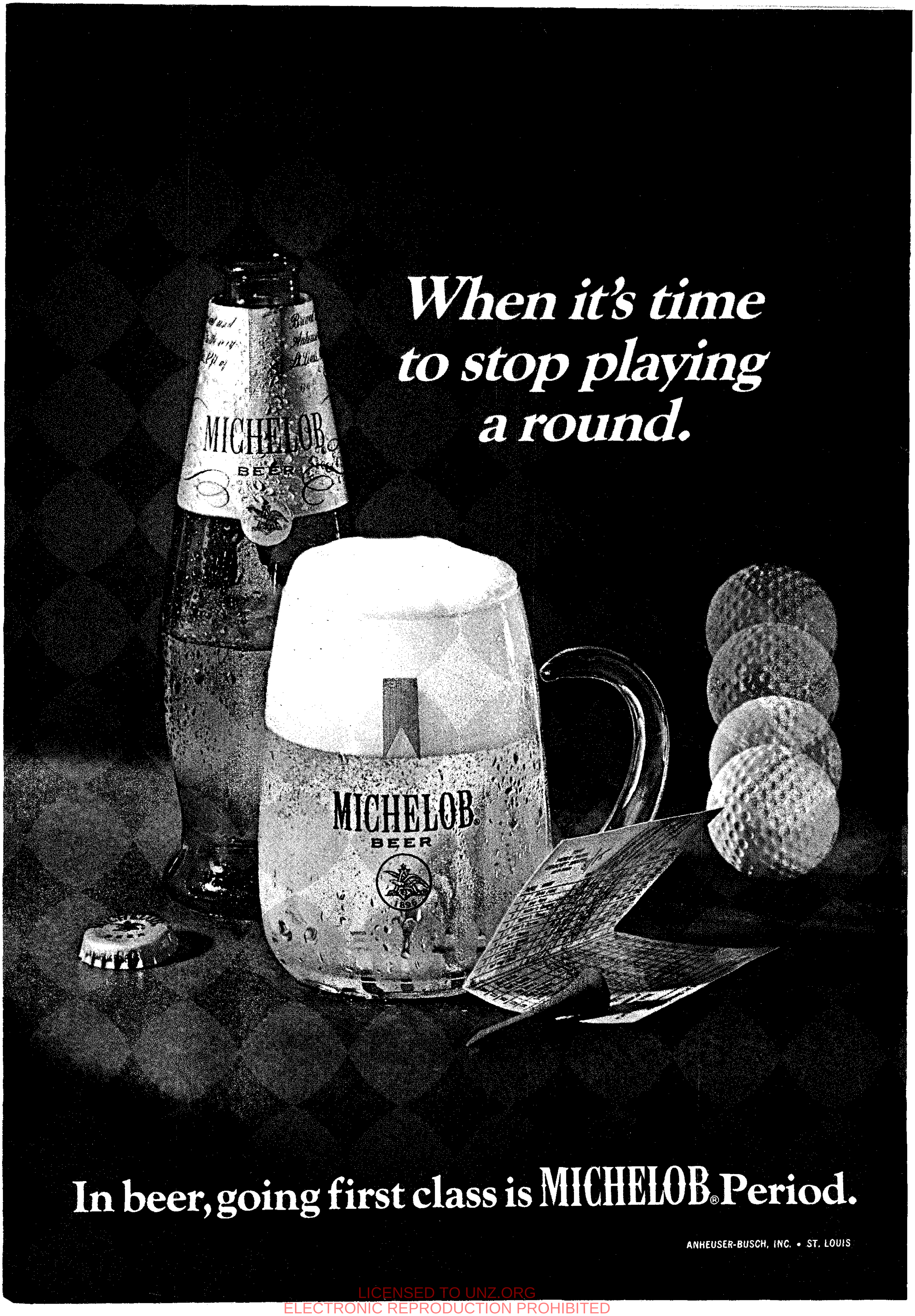
By now, of course, they're art lovers.

All it takes is just a few days in Belgium. Where Europe really begins.

SABENA

BELGIAN *World* AIRLINES

NORTH AMERICA EUROPE AFRICA MIDDLE & FAR EAST


MICHELOB
BEER
MICHELOB
BEER
1896

When it's time to stop playing a round.

In beer, going first class is MICHELOB® Period.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days through Thursdays and on Sundays; on Fridays shows begin at ten, and on Saturdays at nine-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A subsurface box with a bent for jazz, where the Sonny Rollins quartet plays nightly. On Tuesday, Sept. 23, the Pharoah Sanders quintet and singer Leon Thomas will replace the Rollins bunch. Starting time is approximately nine-thirty. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—On a quiet corner in an empty area, where you wouldn't expect to find much of anything. The jazz, swingingly subdued, is on piano and bass; Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Monday through Wednesday, and Lance Hayward and Bill Lee play Thursday through Sunday, from eight-thirty to two. Sawdust is on the floor, and collard greens and black-eyed peas are on the menu.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—A small restaurant-discothèque whose advantages manage to outweigh its pretensions. Waiters glide about discreetly, and the trappings—lacquered cabinets, ponderous chandeliers, gilded griffins, and the like—are for sale. The clientele looks imperturbable, and the dinners are distinctive, if slight. Dancing to records from ten until three or four.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—Pin-striped wallpaper, red velvet draperies, and moody, muted murals are reminiscent of the years 1795-99, when France wasn't quite making it. The cuisine—dinner and supper—is good, and a generally svelte-looking crowd dances to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Odd-shaped cubbyholes and a lethargic sort of carrousel—the rest is sound and light. On Sundays, as well as Tuesdays through Thursdays, dancing runs from nine until two. On Fridays and Saturdays, it runs from eight until four. Live music will come from Catfish until Tuesday, Sept. 23, when Joy comes in. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 19-20, Communications Workshop will make music, too. Closed Mondays. No alcohol.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—A fairly low-keyed, dressy establishment with Ivy overtones, where the lights are dim and the music is less than urgent. Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Without them, you can stand at the minuscule bar. The supper menu is sturdy enough. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Ceiling fans turn, and a sphinx guards the door. Is it the Nile? Musically speaking, it's the Mersey, Lake Michigan, or sometimes even the Danube. Between record sets, a group called Holgate, Perkins, and Shaw, and a singer named Marilyn Johnson, entertain. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—An indoor street of sorts, with many aspects of an outdoor one—trees, lampposts, a bar, café tables, and shops. Dancing on the pavement to records, from six to three every night but Saturday, when the doors open at eight. The whole thing sounds contrived, but it works.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—A down-to-earth club whose youthful patrons seem more interested in music and dancing than in ogling other people's threads. The live sounds of the Brass Buttons alternate with high-powered records. On Monday, Sept. 22, Nite Train will relieve the B.B. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Paisley walls in a burnished underground cave, with music that comes on big and stays there disc after disc. Action nightly from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—which may or may not be honored at the door—are a good idea on weekends. Crêpes and other light fare are available at street level. All the comely people—where do they all come from?

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): The inauguration of a new administration takes place on Wednesday, Sept. 17, when Skitch Henderson will be sworn in as master of the revels, which will consist in the main of his orchestra. Music from eight-thirty until three, if there are enough owls, but no action on Sundays. . . . **DELMONICO'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The ways and miens of the restaurant are decorous, even when Ernie Warren's small band gets the dancers out on the floor. Eight to one in midweek; eight to two Saturdays, not at all Sundays and Mondays. . . . **THE RIVERBOAT**, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): Urbie Green and his exuberant trombone, closely connected to a lively set of riflemen, are taking a firm stand, and bandstand, every night but Sunday. There is other music, too, of sorts, and dining, of sorts, and the sound runs from six until two. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): What was good enough for our founding fathers is still good enough here—the foxtrot, the two-step, et al. No others need apply. Seven-thirty until one, mostly; Sundays, though, begin at three-thirty; Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve and Thursdays from two until twelve. The dietary arrangements are almost invisible. Closed Mondays. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN**, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200): In defiance of all UFO (some of them probably smog and fireflies), a brace of bands canters, with some emphasis, on the open-air terrace from seven-thirty every night. All hands indoors in case of IFO, such as rain.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Joan Rivers suffers the slings and arrows of outrageous civilization, but not ever in silence. The sound and fury of her rebuttal may be heard at around ten and twelve Tuesdays through Thursdays, and three times round on Fridays and Saturdays.

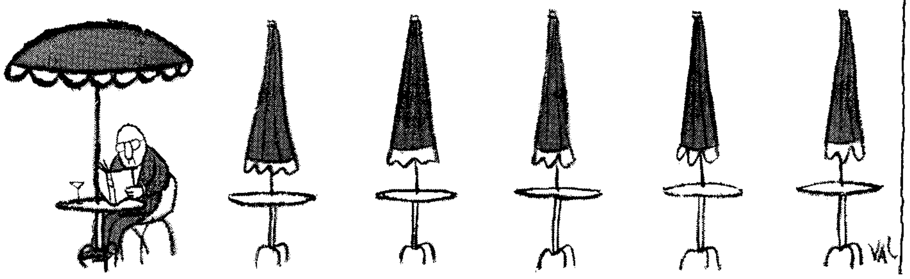
El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Hands across the Aegean, the Gulf of Corinth, and tributaries. Among the hands are Yakov Uriel, trumpeter; Itamar, a Yemenite intoner of country music; George Mgrdichian, oudist; a stately belly dancer; and Angelo Saridis, Greek guitarist rescued from "Zorba." Dancing, and home cooking, often Israeli. Closed Mondays.

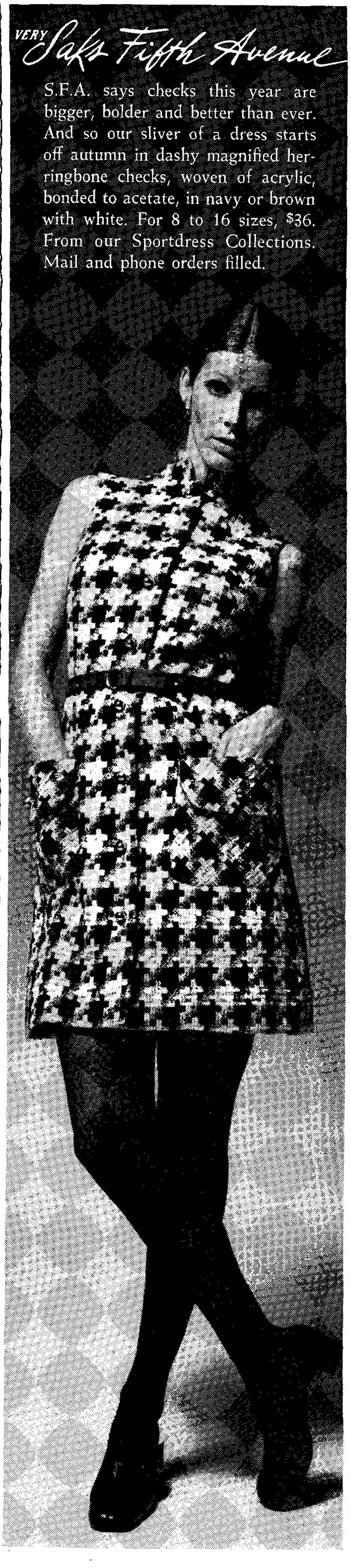
Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Free Fall," the local revue, is enacted by a set of boy and girl earthlings and often possessed by a demon (the mind of Ronny Graham, its head coach), which generally makes the end product that much funnier. Nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

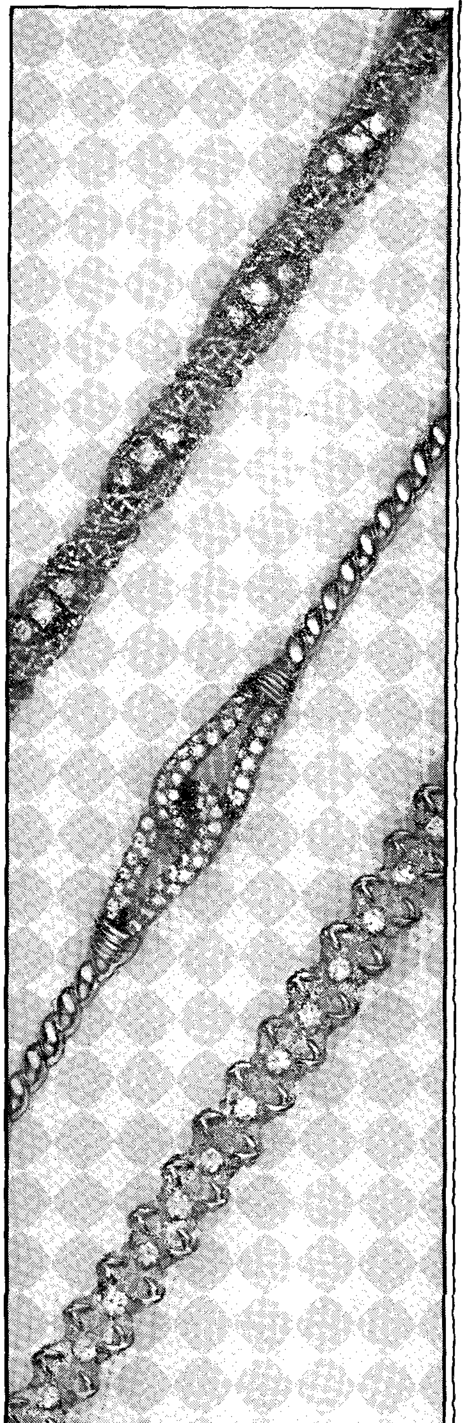
Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Mel Tormé spends the dinner and





VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

S.F.A. says checks this year are bigger, bolder and better than ever. And so our sliver of a dress starts off autumn in dashy magnified herringbone checks, woven of acrylic, bonded to acetate, in navy or brown with white. For 8 to 16 sizes, $36. From our Sportdress Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.



Spinning diamonds
around the wrist,
delicate bracelets of
18 karat gold N-M designed
especially for our precious
jewels collection. Top 1,400.,
center 2,400., bottom 2,000.

Neiman-Marcus

Dallas · Houston · Fort Worth

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

supper hours in the Royal Box redecorating every song he sings, and it must be said that the new décor, which never really disturbs the old one, looks remarkably good. By no means as much can be said for Marty Brill, the local wit, but then Lee Evans' orchestra more than makes up for that. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Protest songs, mostly having to do with the inexorability of love and the inevitability of man, issue from the heart and soul of Olga Guillot, an impressive figure of a Free Cuban. The piano of Juan Bruno Tarraza, Señorita Guillot's chief aide, is in itself a work of art. The stint is dinner and supper during the week, and thrice on Saturdays. Señorita Guillot's final night is Wednesday, Sept. 24, but other Latins will move in at once. . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, the activity, likewise on a no-nights-off basis is enhanced by guitar (Antonio Arenas) and voice (Domingo Alvarado). They commence at ten, and do not stop until way past bedtime.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—It will be *ave atque Vale* on Wednesday, Sept. 17, for Jerry Vale and his comme-ci, comme-ça pop songs; next evening's advent is Pat Cooper, whose humor delves, occasionally with effectiveness, into the Italianate speech patterns of his Old Neighborhood. Every night, from dinner on and on. . . ¶ In the street-level bar, there is hustle and bustle, the professional portion of it provided by the music of the Pacesetters, from ten o'clock until early morning.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—It is probable that only a small part of what Wild Bill Davison puts into his overcrowded horn ever comes out into the open, but what does come out contains enough power and glory for everyone. The Junior Mance threesome, rapid-fire but more subdued, takes turns with Mr. D.'s band. No dancing; closed Sundays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—No matter how the audience in the Persian Room indulges itself at dinnertime and suppertime, Eartha Kitt, singer of the evening, holds to a diet that bars such calorific items as sweetness and light, which makes this stormy and wholly one-of-a-kind petrel all the more entertaining. In between, the orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte wax mellow. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ,** Herbie Mann, sometimes the flutist with the mostest, runs the coruscating showpiece band; Marty Napoleon's crew, which is for both hearing and dancing, fills the interludes. On Tuesday, Sept. 23, the Mann act will be succeeded by the trio run by Ahmad Jamal. Dinner is sufficient, supper is fragmentary. Events begin at eight; Mondays are dark. . . . ¶ The Edwardian Room offers, from seven to ten-thirty, dinner music—Sandu Marcu's fiddle and a piano—every evening but Sunday. . . ¶ Palm Court, we love thy templed hills! No rock, but rill music begins with the Marcu teatime duets (four-thirty to six-thirty every day) and ends with another set of violin (almost always Gunnar Hansen's) and piano (eight to one, except Sundays).

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Summit conferences only should apply for house room in this well-appointed Alpine hospice. The dance music, which begins at seven, never breathes too hard, but Margaret Whiting, who does a turn of songs during dinner and supper, is not quite as easy on the ears. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, a well-brought-up old partygiver, it is music, music (mainly from Quintero's hardy perennials) all night long, and even during the dinner and supper intermissions, for then Carmen Cavallaro, an old dance-band man himself, does solo flights on his piano and his vocal cords. He retires on Saturday, Sept. 20, and on Monday, Sept. 22, Monique Van Vooren moves in—just songs and chaff, no piano, but for Mlle. V. V. that is quite enough. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, the next-door woodland glade, Ernest Schoen's violin and Jules Kuti's piano discourse peacefully from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—What has always been the Sert Room will on Thursday, Sept. 18, be rechristened the Empire Room, and it will begin with a bang (the amiable, offhand, off-with-the-necktie Tony Bennett), not a whimper. The Bennett benisons will be sung during the dinner and supper hours, and will be surrounded by dance music. All quiet on Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The crossroads general store of Louis Goldie Hawkins, which is used, winter and summer, by plenty of city folks who like to put their heads together as they listen to the single and double piano of Mr. Hawkins and Wayne Sanders. Closed Sundays. . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Triple plays, and ploys, are an every-night occurrence as Bobby Short uplifts his piano and lyrics to the background of Beverly Peer's bass and Dick Sheridan's tympany. Closed Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The set is right out of "Treasure Island," but the crew is calypso, not Long John Silver, and the native rum and edibles are not served on a dead man's chest. No singers Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The denizens of both bar and grill will, upon application, trust anybody over twenty-one, but that is mostly because they're having such a good time. Chuck Wayne's pensive yet prancing triad intersperses the conversation pieces until late at night. Closed Sundays. . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The Hungarian mixture as before—Tibor Rakossy for *régisseur*, Béla Babai's band for serenader, and Budapest for remembrance. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The Manhattan *pied-à-terre* of Rita Dimitri, the perpetual-motion *grande vedette*, which serves also as her *pied-à-piano*, from the top of which she is apt to sing at nine-thirty most nights and again at midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Asti is the name of the cuisine, right enough, but the vocal outpouring, which often involves not only the entire staff but the entire audience, runs from Neapolitan opera to the Donnybrook fair grounds. Closed Mondays. . . . **GRENADIER,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): Lynn Richards has returned, once more to take firm command of the piano in the bar. When matching lyrics occur to her, she lays them on, too. Nine until two, but not on Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The majesty of the Loire, so to speak. Within, the violin of Norbert Faconi awaits the questing traveller until late at night. He and his faithful pianist, Herman Arminski, begin their week's work on Tuesday and end it on Saturday. All is quiet Sundays, and on Mondays the piano of Victor del Monte goes it alone. . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): No delusions of grandeur; the grandeur is real, and Roman. In the bar, Lynn Mullinax does the proper and joyous prandial and postprandial piano, six to midnight, every evening but Sunday. . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The alter ego of the Sign of the Dove, and alto ego, too, since it's one flight up. Any resemblance in décor to the Dove is coincidental, except that it, too, has piano, six to one. Closed Sundays. . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Ship of state, and a shipshape one—a rarity in these times. Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Supra dig*, is how the bar-restaurant operates. There is piano (five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty) except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven-thirty and eight. He does not cease until somewhat past midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Tony Gorody, of the earlier-day Havana *boîtes*, cedes the piano in these seemly sur-

News from 'Ultima' II:

Translucent Wrinkle Creme

If this under-30 thing is denting your ego, you should try this cream.

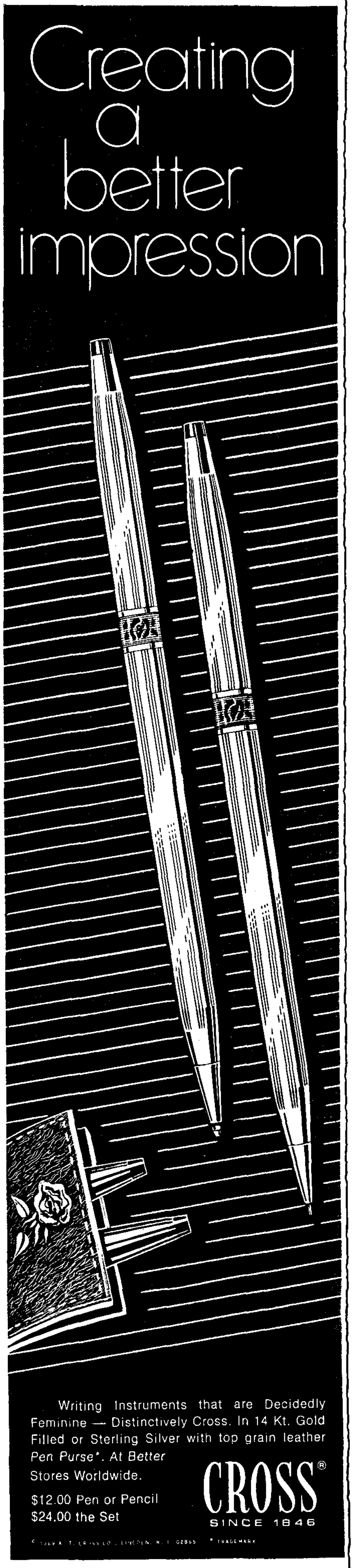
This astonishing new facecream is the very first of its kind. *Translucent.* So clear it leaves nothing on your skin but a clean, young shine. And because it's *concentrated,* the littlest bit goes a *very* long way.

And its oils are staggeringly rich. Rich enough to tackle the toughest problems dryness can cause. Its name is *Translucent Wrinkle Creme.*

(Need we say more?)

'Ultima' II

The first collection of 'Couture Cosmetics'
and SkinCare Concentrates. Created by Revlon.



Writing Instruments that are Decidedly Feminine — Distinctively Cross. In 14 Kt. Gold Filled or Sterling Silver with top grain leather *Pen Purse**. At Better Stores Worldwide.

$12.00 Pen or Pencil
$24.00 the Set

CROSS®
SINCE 1846

© 1969 A. T. CROSS CO., LINCOLN, R.I. 02865 * TRADEMARK

roundings to George Feyer, the usual keeper of the keys, on Friday, Sept. 19. The sound commences at eight-thirty and lasts until half past one. No music Sundays. . . . **LA RONDE**, in the Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Ray Hartley, who is in command of the piano from cocktails on to midnight, needs no technical advisers to guide him on his career. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A fairly ornate mulberry bush, around which, regular as clockwork and eager as little beavers, a posse of musicians goes from seven until a late bedtime. Closed Sundays. . . . **UMBERTO**, 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): Umbrian wine cellar, with quite a few kitchen privileges. Franco Pagani, guitar in hand, sings the rounds from seven until midnight, though not on Saturdays or Sundays. . . . **HOUSE OF HUNGARY**, 320 E. 79th St. (TR 9-6220): *Faubourg* existence, and a well-fed one, in an Old, Old World. The favorite tipple of the musicians is Romany Rye. They sound off from seven-thirty until three, night after night. . . . **POLO BAR**, in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): State occasion. Joe Miles is as quiet as the night before Christmas when he tends piano, which he does from nine-thirty until twelve-thirty, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Bob Kail has moved his well-structured piano to the Bombay Bicycle Bar for the new season. He is on duty from five-thirty to twelve-thirty, except on Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

FRANK AUERBACH—Portraits and landscapes built up in thick paint by a British artist born in Germany; starting Saturday, Sept. 20. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DENNIS BYNG—Plexiglas constructions with colored panels inside; through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

TIBOR FREUND AND ASTRONEL GRUBER—Paintings that seem to move by the former and clear and colored plastic sculptures that *do* move by the latter; through Oct. 8. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

GORKY, DE KOONING, AND NEWMAN—Paintings by these influential Americans; through Friday, Sept. 19. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

MARSDEN HARTLEY (1877-1943)—A retrospective covering works done from 1910 to 1941 by this pioneer American Expressionist; through Oct. 4. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

WIFREDO LAM—Etchings, lithographs, and drawings by a Cuban Surrealist who has long worked in Paris; through Oct. 4. (Cisneros, 1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St. Closed Mondays.)

GIORGIO MORANDI (1890-1964)—Etchings; through Oct. 10. (Odyssia, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PICASSO—Forty-five fantastic and autobiographical engravings from the series done in 1968; through Oct. 4. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

CHARLES SALERNO—Craftsmanlike sculptures in marble and limestone; through Oct. 11. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Saturdays.)

MARTIN SCHREIBER—Shaped canvases in gradations of color; starting Tuesday, Sept. 23. (Spectrum, 1043 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

THERESE SCHWARTZ—Six paintings of torsos; through Oct. 11. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ESTEBAN VICENTE—Collages by the well-known Abstract Expressionist; through Oct. 2. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.: Early-twentieth-century American paintings by such artists as Prendergast, Hassam, Benton, Kuhn, Hopper, Marsh, Shahn, and Moses and Raphael Soyer; starting Thursday, Sept. 18. . . . **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: A few of the gallery artists represented in this show of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and graphics are Don David, Ernest Briggs, Martin Hurtig, and Lynne Drexler; through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **BANFER**, 23 E. 67th St.: Twenty-one gallery artists, among them Jared French, Maurice Grosser, and Margo Hoff; through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Bolotowsky, Jimmy Ernst, Wolf Kahn, Opper, and other gallery artists; through Thursday, Sept. 25. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **CASTELLI**, 4 E. 77th St.: Gallery artists such as Flavin, Johns, Judd, Stella, and Warhol; starting Saturday, Sept. 20. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FISCHBACH**, 29 W. 57th St.: Five young figurative painters; through Thursday, Sept. 25. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LEWISON**, 30 E. 60th St.: Nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century Americans, including Bierstadt, Kensett, Hart, and Eilshemius; starting Saturday, Sept. 20. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LOEB STUDENT CENTER**, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: An exhibition of paintings and sculptures, organized by the Studio Museum in Harlem, by artists who have been associated with Harlem; through Oct. 8. (Mondays through Thursdays, 8 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Fridays and Saturdays, 8 A.M. to 1 A.M.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Works, many of them executed this summer, by Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Roy Moyer, and Waldo Peirce (to name a few); through Oct. 4. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WADDELL**, 15 E. 57th St.: Members of the gallery, including, among the Americans, Will Barnet and Howard Kanovitz, and, among the Europeans, Alain Jacquet and Nicola Schöffer; through Sept. 30. (Closed Saturdays.)

SCULPTURE—Small metal and stone items by, for example, Hadzi, Lachaise, Moore, Nakian, Picasso, and Rodin; through Oct. 2. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—A hundred and twenty painted Greek vases spanning three centuries, from the archaic period to the classical, from the Walter Baeiss collection; through Oct. 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—About a hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures by the "first generation" of Abstract Expressionist and Action painters, who became prominent in the nineteen-forties and the early nineteen-fifties, selected from the Museum's collection, augmented by recent acquisitions and promised gifts; through Oct. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Over a hundred paintings, sculptures, and ceramics by Roy Lichtenstein, known for his "comic-strip" paintings; starting Friday, Sept. 19. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and eleven works by "naïve" painters of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries from the celebrated Garbisch collection; through Nov. 2. . . . ¶ About two hundred oils, sculptures, and watercolors reviewing American art since the beginning of the twentieth century, chosen from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 28. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

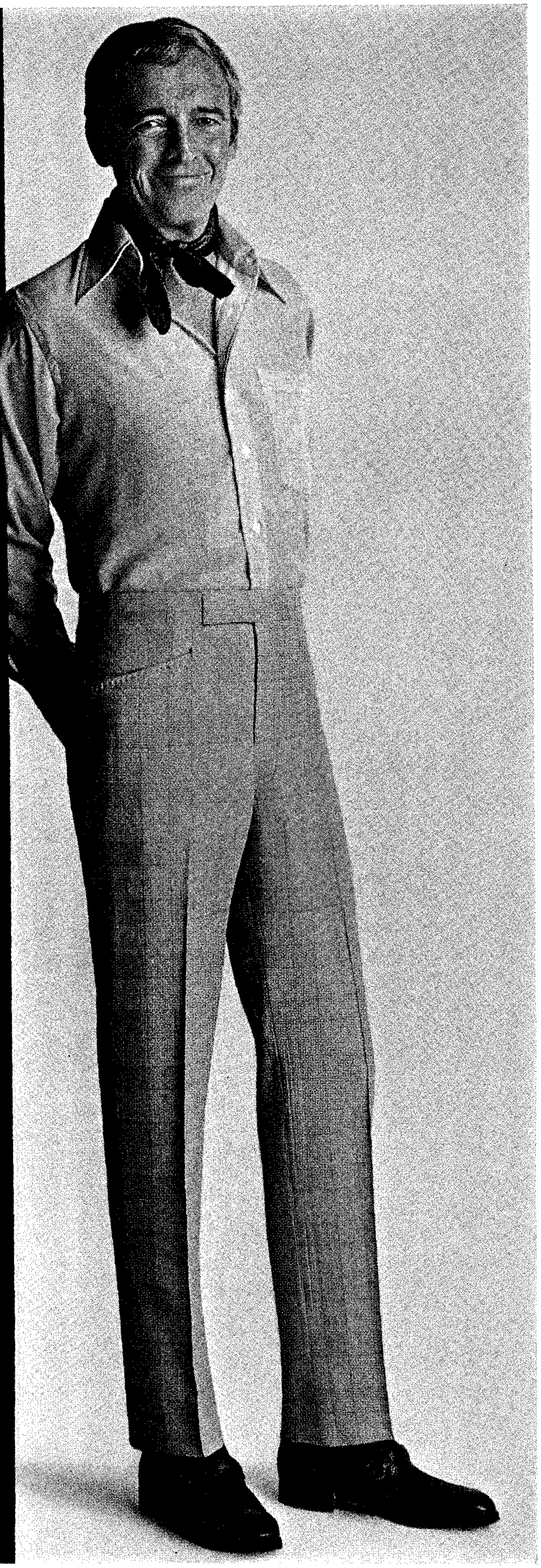
BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—More than a hundred years of prints from portfolios, beginning with Blake's "The Book of Job;" through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Ocean Life is a double-decker of dioramas on life in the seas and exhibits on the biology of fishes. At its peak is a ninety-four-foot model of a breaching blue whale. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF THE PERFORMING ARTS, Lincoln Center—Models of sets designed for the opera, ballet, and theatre by Ming Cho Lee; through Nov. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—First editions, manuscripts, letters, prints, and drawings ranging from the fifteenth century to the twentieth, all pertaining to the theatre; through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Costume prints of the

"Somebody finally made a trouser
for the uncommon man"

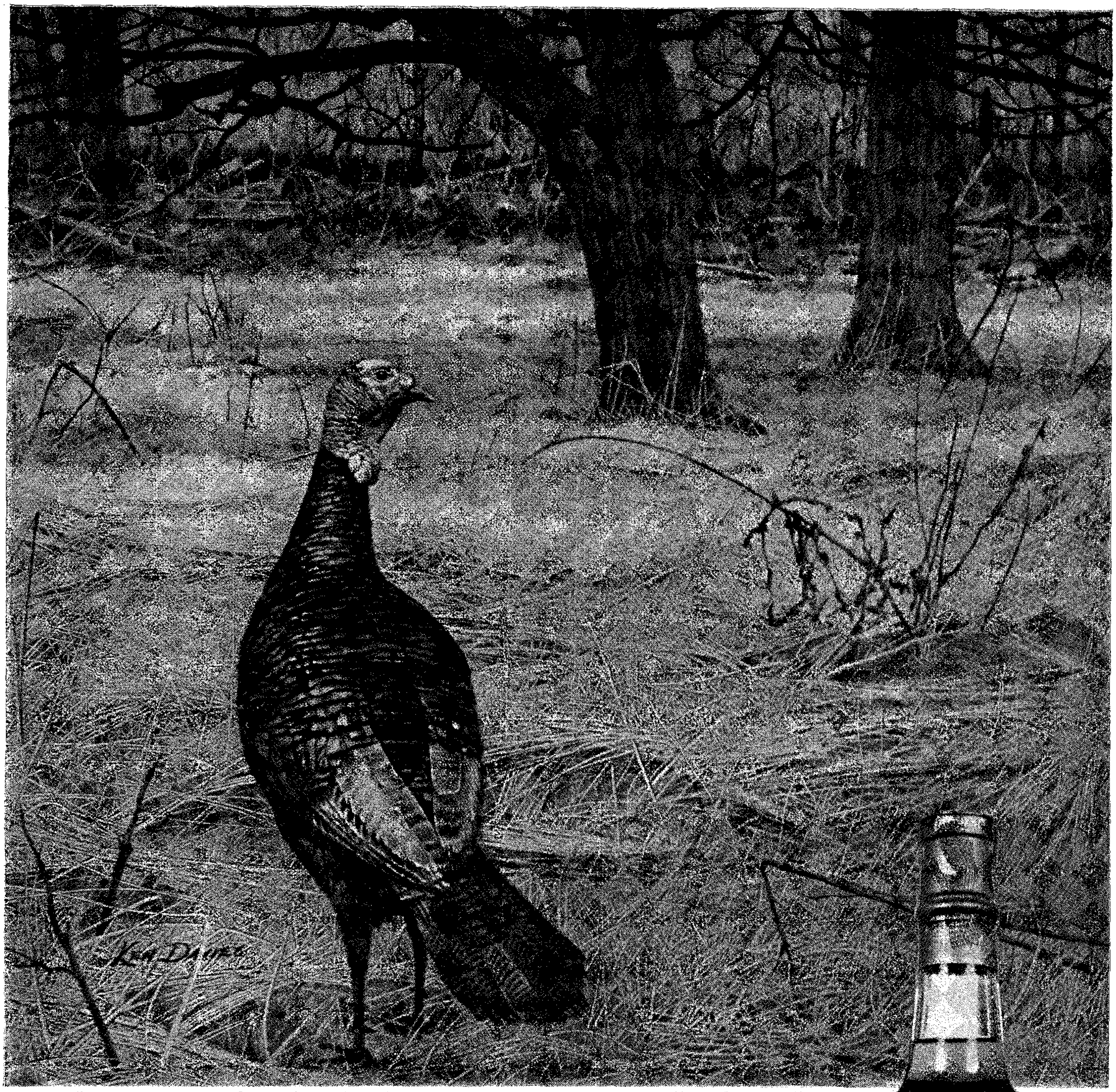


And you never wanted to wear grey again.

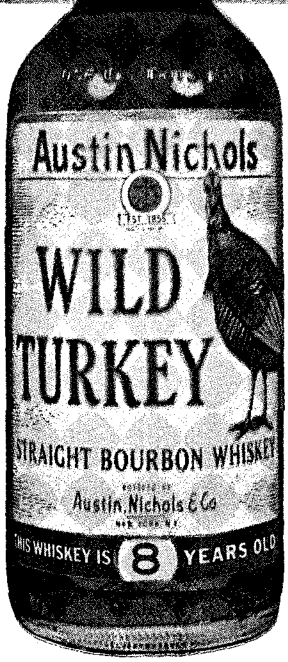
Trousers by Asher.

Grey is grey is grey, you thought. But pewter grey in a Glen plaid with a soft yellow under plaid? Definitely something else. They keep their well-cut shape thanks to 17 interior pressings. They sit lower on the hips, and no baggy look in the legs. Worn by uncommon Americans like Mr. Bob Taft of Croton-on-the-Hudson, who dresses with his own individual taste and flair. For your nearest store write Asher, Fitchburg, Mass.

Vittori trousers are available at fine stores like Browning Fifth Ave., New York • *Lansburgh's,* Washington • *Halle Bros.,* Cleveland • *Silverwood's,* Los Angeles



A full color reproduction of Ken Davies' original painting, 19 by 21 inches, may be had postpaid by sending $1.00 to Department Y, P.O. Box 432, Maspeth, New York 11378.


Austin Nichols
EST. 1855
WILD TURKEY
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
Austin, Nichols & Co
THIS WHISKEY IS 8 YEARS OLD

The Responsibility of
Being the Best—

There is always *one* best—a tribute to its producers, a recurrent delight to those privileged to enjoy it.

Rightly proud of their position, the proprietors of such a brand must also be deeply aware of the responsibility.

Every unit of their classic product must be the essence of perfection in all, and every, detail. It must stand comparison to the utmost if necessary, and yet by itself should be so completely satisfying that the suggestion of making any comparison is never broached.

101 Proof—8 Years Old—AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC. New York-New York

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

court of Louis XIV, of added interest in being cut out and faced with fabric from the reverse side; through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ A selection of books printed during the first three decades after the introduction of typographic art into Venice in 1469; through Nov. 22. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—Paintings and carvings, most of them early nineteenth century, gleaned from public and private collections; through Nov. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Three hundred and fifty items of pre-Columbian art, from Mexico south through Peru, from 1200 B.C. to the fifteenth century A.D.; through Nov. 9. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings, photographs, books, newspaper clippings, and other items related, in different ways, to the history of the Negro in America; through Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Paintings by Chang Dai-chien, a contemporary Chinese artist whose works are derived from traditional Chinese modes; through Oct. 12. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—About a hundred paintings and drawings by Vincent Smith, a contemporary black artist who studied with Marsh and Shahn; starting Sunday, Sept. 21. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424.)

OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, Sept. 17, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Veronica Tyler, Carol Neblett, Michele Molese, Dominic Cossa, and William Ledbetter. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 18, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Francesca Roberto, Kay Creed, Nicholas DiVirgilio, John Robert Dunlap, and David Clements. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 19, at 8:15: "Prince Igor" (in English), with Maralin Niska, Joy Davidson, David Clatworthy, Edward Villella, and William Chapman. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 20, at 2:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Barbara Rondelli, Kay Creed, Enrico DiGiuseppe, John Darrenkamp, and John Lankston. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 20, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Anne Elgar, Patricia Kern, Barbara Blanchard, Robert Hale, and Roy Samuelsen. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 21, at 1:15: "Prince Igor" (in English), with Maralin Niska, Joy Davidson, Patricia Wise, David Clatworthy, Edward Villella, and William Chapman. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 21, at 7:15: The company's première of Boito's "Mefistofele," with Carol Neblett, Norman Treigle, Robert Nagy, and David Clements. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 23, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Veronica Tyler, Carol Bayard, Michele Molese, Dominic Cossa, and Will Roy. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 7:45: "Mefistofele," with Carol Neblett, Beverly Evans, Norman Treigle, Robert Nagy, and David Clements. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 25, at 8:15: "Capriccio" (in English), with Helen Vanni, Kay Creed, Ellen Faull, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and William Metcalf. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 26, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Joy Clements, Patricia Kern, Helen Vanni, Robert Hale, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 27, at 2:15: "Prince Igor" (in English), with Maralin Niska, Joy Davidson, David Clatworthy, Edward Villella, and James McCray. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 27, at 8:15: "Mefistofele," with Carol Neblett, Beverly Evans, Norman Treigle, Robert Nagy, and David Clements. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 16.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Seiji Ozawa conducting the opening performances of the season, which will run through Saturday, May 23—Tuesday, Sept. 23, at 8:30, a non-subscription benefit concert

OUR EXCLUSIVE STORM COAT
a most distinctive warmer
for town and country wear

Designed and tailored exclusively for Brooks Brothers...this new full length storm coat of a rich tan camel's hair and wool blend features a tie belt and leather buttons. Its generously proportioned collar and full lining are of brown Alpaca pile. A strikingly handsome coat for the cold days ahead. Even sizes 36 to 44. $135

ESTABLISHED 1818
Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
346 MADISON AVENUE & 111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y.
ATLANTA · BOSTON · CHICAGO · LOS ANGELES
PITTSBURGH · SAN FRANCISCO · WASHINGTON

Your past begins the moment you try this restless parfum from France. Crêpe de Chine by F. Millot. Also in Eau de Toilette and bath luxuries.

CRÊPE
DE CHINE
F. MILLOT
PARIS FRANCE

...by this time you should have quite a past

(with Byron Janis, piano, and Stanley Drucker, clarinet); and Thursday, Sept. 25, at 8:30; Friday, Sept. 26, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 27, at 8:30; and Monday, Sept. 29, at 7:30 (all with Alicia de Larrocha, piano).

RECITALS

Thomas Simons—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Sept. 17, at 8:30.)

Joseph Bacon—Lutanist and guitarist. (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7459. Tuesday, Sept. 23, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young and Lonnie Mack—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 19-20, at 8 and 11:30.

Country Joe and the Fish, Grateful Dead, and Sha-Na-Na—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 26-27, at 8 and 11:30.

The Byrds—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, Sept. 26, at 8 and at midnight.

Stevie Wonder and Hugh Masekela—Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Sept. 26, at 8:30.

SPORTS

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Washington, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 17-18, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Baltimore, Friday, Sept. 26, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 27, at 2. . . . SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, Sept. 19, at 5:05 (twi-night doubleheader); Saturday, Sept. 20, at 2:15; and Sunday, Sept. 21, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Mets vs. St. Louis, Tuesday, Sept. 23, at 8:05, and Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 7:05.

Boxing—David Melendez vs. Rodrigo Valdes, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Sept. 17. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—SATURDAY, SEPT. 20: Army vs. New Mexico, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Grambling vs. Morgan State (benefit game), at Yankee Stadium, at 2. . . . SATURDAY, SEPT. 27: Columbia vs. Lafayette, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Princeton, at New Brunswick, at 1:45. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Trinity, at Williamstown, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 2.

Horse Show—Chester County Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Sept. 27.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 18. The Jerome Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 17; the Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 20; and the Woodward, Saturday, Sept. 27. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:45, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:45.) . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Oct. 13.

Sports-Car Racing—At Thompson Speedway, Thompson, Conn.: Sunday, Sept. 21, at 2:30.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Friday, Oct. 17. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)

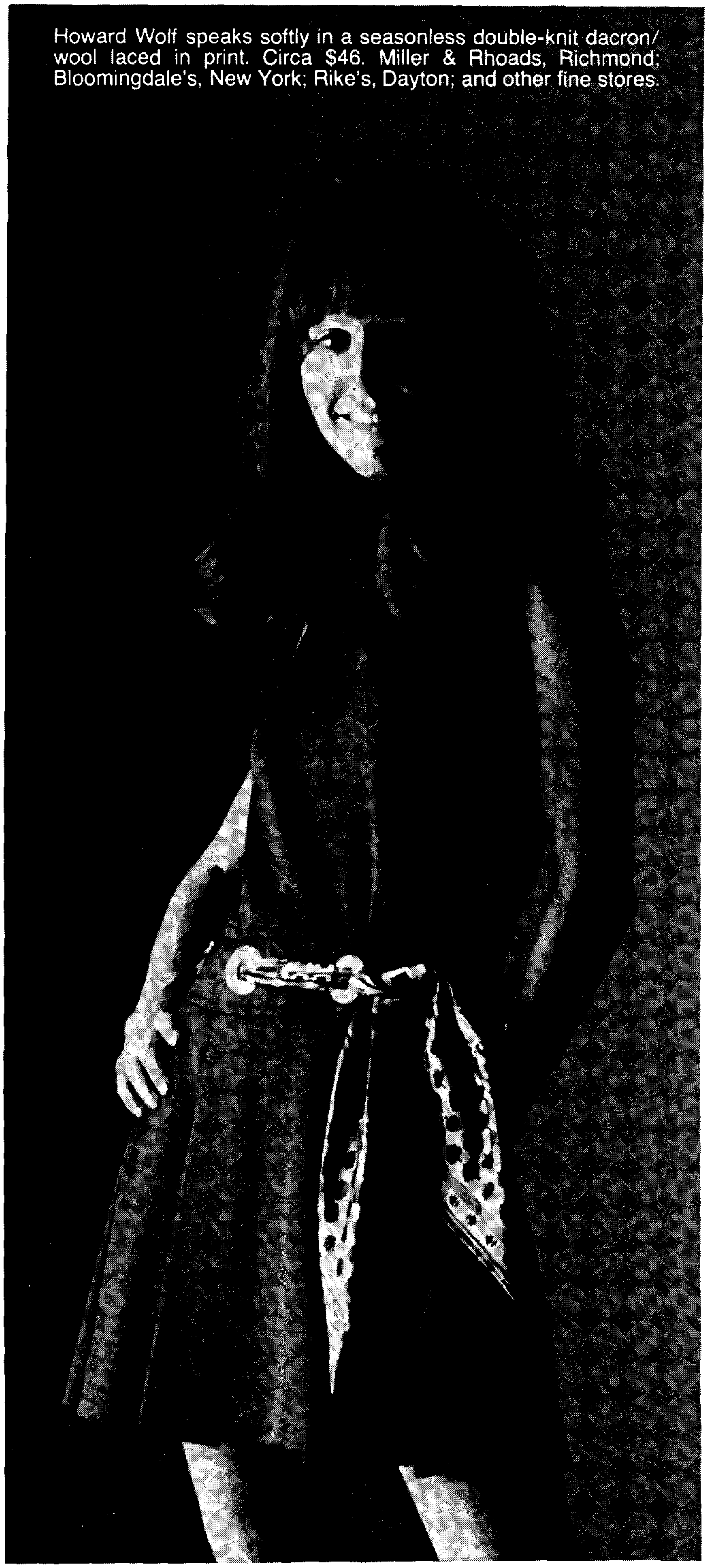
ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

New York Film Festival—A series of interna-

Lord & Taylor

Valentino here:
town dress copied perfectly
from his Italian couture original
for our own Contessa clothes,
in beige or grey wool tweed.
110.00 Contempora, Third
Lord & Taylor, New York


Howard Wolf speaks softly in a seasonless double-knit dacron/wool laced in print. Circa $46. Miller & Rhoads, Richmond; Bloomingdale's, New York; Rike's, Dayton; and other fine stores.

HOWARD B. WOLF, INC. 498 SEVENTH AVE., N.Y. OR DALLAS

HOWARD WOLF

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

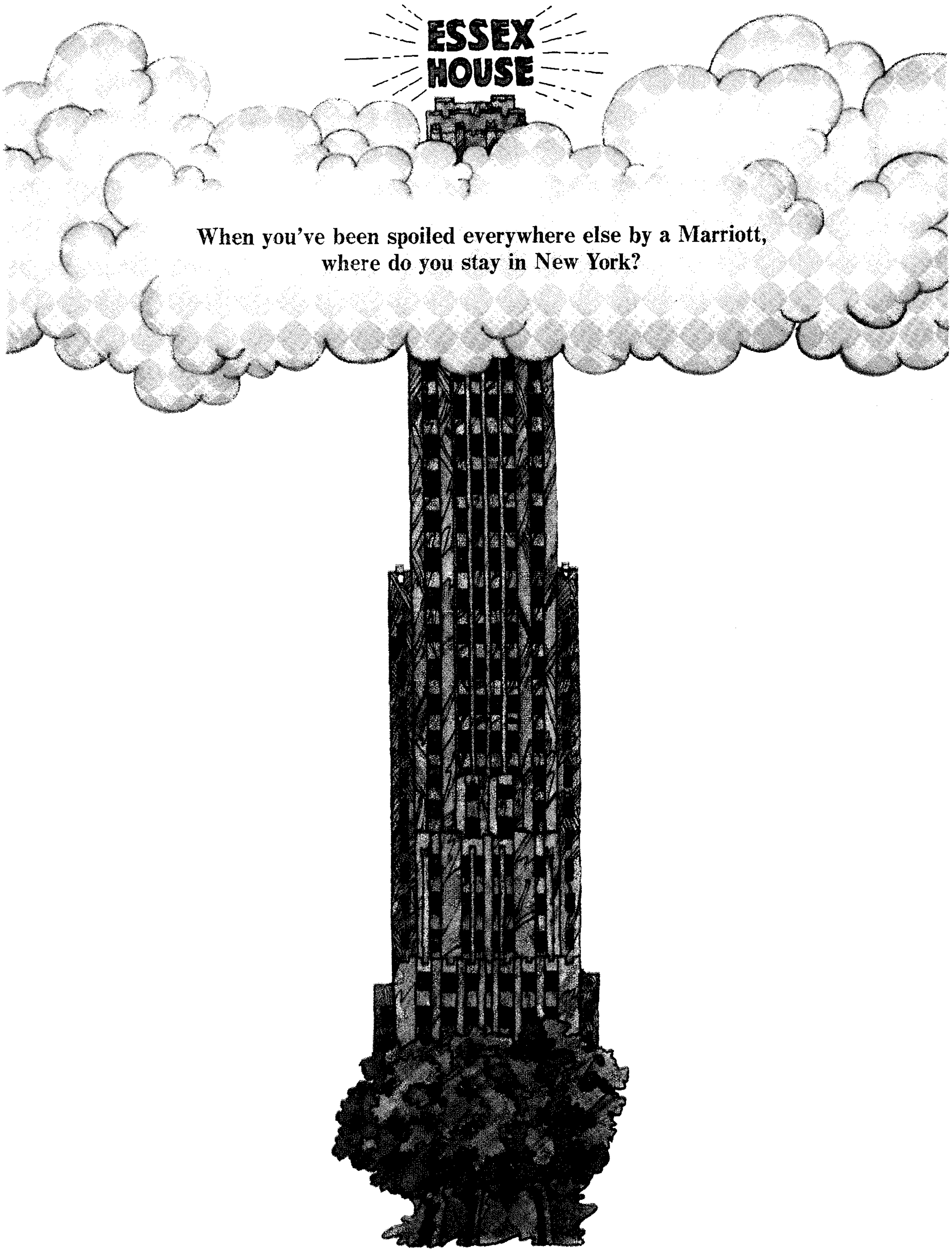
tional films at Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (362-1911)—Wednesday, Sept. 17, and Sunday, Sept. 21, both at 6:30: "The Joke" (Czechoslovakia, 1969). . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 17, at 9:30, and Saturday, Sept. 20, at 3:30: "Une Femme Douce" (France, 1969). . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 18, and Tuesday, Sept. 23, both at 6:30: "The Lady from Constantinople" (Hungary, 1969). . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 18, at 9:30, and Saturday, Sept. 20, at 1: "The Ritual" (Sweden, 1969). . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 19, and Monday, Sept. 22, both at 6:30: "Boy" (Japan, 1969). . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 19, at 9:30, and Saturday, Sept. 20, at 6:30: "Adalen '31" (Sweden, 1969). . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 19, at midnight, and Saturday, Sept. 27, at 3:30: "The Epic That Never Was" (Great Britain, 1967). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 20, at 9:30, and Sunday, Sept. 21, at 3:30: "Lions Love" (United States, 1969). . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 21, at 1, and Monday, Sept. 22, at 9:30: "Pierre & Paul" (France, 1969). . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 21, at 9:30, and Saturday, Sept. 27, at midnight: "La Ronde" (France, 1951). . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 23, at 9:30, and Thursday, Sept. 25, at 6:30: "Ma Nuit Chez Maud" (France, 1969). . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 6:30: "The Merry Widow" (United States, 1925). . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 9:30, and Friday, Sept. 26, at 6:30: "Duet for Cannibals" (Sweden, 1969). . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 25, at 9:30: "Destroy, She Said" (France, 1969). . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 26, at 9:30: "Goto, Island of Love" (France, 1969). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 27, at 1: "He Who Gets Slapped" (United States, 1924). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 27, at 6:30: "Le Gai Savoir" (France, 1969). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 27, at 9:30: "The Deserter and the Nomads" (Czechoslovakia, 1969).

Israel in Photographs—An exhibition of three hundred black-and-white pictures, tracing the history of the State of Israel; starting Thursday, Sept. 18. (Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Walking Tours—"Mrs. Astor's Fifth Avenue," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, Sept. 21. Meets at the Bell Ringers statue in Herald Square at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Sept. 20, at 1:45: Furniture and decorations, from various owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 23, at 10:15 and 1:45: Press books, fine bindings, and first editions, belonging to several collectors. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 23, at 1:45: English and Continental silver, from several owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, Sept. 18. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 1:45: Barbizon and old-master paintings, from many sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Sept. 19. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 24-25, at 7: American coins, from the Frederick A. Canfield collection and from other sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, Sept. 18. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 25, at 10:15: Works of art, including a stained-glass window and panels, wood and ivory carvings, and marble and bronze sculptures; from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Sept. 20.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The last six programs in a series of science-fiction films: Sept. 18 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "Alphaville" (1965); Sept. 19 at 2 and 5:30, "Sins of the Fleshapoids" (1965); Sept. 20 at 3 and 5:30, "Demon Planet" (1965); Sept. 21 at 2 and 5:30, "Robinson Crusoe on Mars" (1964); Sept. 22 at 2 and 5:30, "Stereo" (1969); Sept. 23 at 2, "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968). . . . ¶ Sept. 17 at 2 and 5:30: "The Lamb" (1915), with Douglas Fairbanks. . . . ¶ Sept. 20 at 11:30: A program of thirteen early French films. . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 2 and 5:30: "The Little Colonel" (1935), with Shirley Temple and Bill Robinson. . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "The Extraordinary Adventures of Mr. West in the Land of the Bolsheviks" (1924), a Russian film, no English titles. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)



When you've been spoiled everywhere else by a Marriott,
where do you stay in New York?

Marriott's
ESSEX HOUSE

160 Central Park South, 247-0300
For reservations, call your nearest Marriott
or any travel agent.

COTTON: YOU CAN FEEL HOW GOOD IT LOOKS

LEAPFROG plucks smartness from the air. Offers a sleek aviator's jacket, designed by Getty Miller, in vinyl-coated cotton to wear over matching straight-legged jeans. Light and supple as your skin, because it's cotton. New and important because of its glacé look. Jacket in red (shown), black, green, about $46.00; matching pants, about $24.00. All, sizes 5-13, and 6-14. Best & Co., New York; Lord & Taylor, New York; G. Fox, Hartford. I. Magnin, West Coast; Sanger-Harris, Dallas; Shillito's, Cincinnati and other fine stores.

COTTON PRODUCERS INSTITUTE, BOX 12253, MEMPHIS, TENN. 38112.

COMFORTABLE · CAREFREE
COTTON

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25		

Accident (1967)—Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant in a melodrama about the pleasures and pains of domesticity. Directed by Joseph Losey from a screenplay by Harold Pinter. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 22.)

Alice's Restaurant—Arthur Penn's extension of Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record, "The Alice's Restaurant Massacree." Made with attractive simplicity and with great affection for the hippies' humor. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, 581-2323.)

The Battle of the Sexes (1960)—Peter Sellers, Robert Morley, and Constance Cummings enacting a comedy about the introduction of modern American methods into a staid firm in Edinburgh. A British film, based on James Thurber's "The Catbird Seat." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 18.)

Bonnie and Clyde (1967)—Arthur Penn's story of two young robbers who become folk heroes of the Depression. Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050; starting Sept. 24.)

Bullitt (1968)—Peter Yates' police melodrama, starring San Francisco and Steve McQueen. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050; starting Sept. 24.)

Chaplin Comedies—"A Night at the Show," "By the Sea," "His New Profession," and "Making a Living," all mementos from the silent past. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 21.)

La Chinoise (1967)—Godard's political comedy about the terrorist thinking of a group of young French Maoists. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 25.)

Cool Hand Luke (1967)—Paul Newman as a Southern misfit who refuses to be pushed around. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through Sept. 23.)

Cul-de-Sac (1966)—Directed by Roman Polanski, with Donald Pleasence and Françoise Dorléac. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 20.)

David and Lisa (1962)—A study of adolescent schizophrenia. Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 19.)

Don't Look Back (1967)—Bob Dylan on a concert tour of England, recorded by Donn Pennebaker's camera. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Sept. 24. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 25.)

Easy Rider—Dennis Hopper's important first piece of direction—a moving, simply stated film. Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper play two motorcycle riders, journeying east across America from an easy calm into the eye of the country's storm. Jack Nicholson gives a wonderful performance as a humorous Southern liberal who has a surreal vision of Venusians when he gives up Scotch for joints. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

The Entertainer (1960)—Laurence Olivier plays the role of a nasty little second-rate English music-hall performer. Also in the cast are Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 18.)

Funny Girl—The triumphant début of Barbra Streisand, directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays and Monday, Sept. 22, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Charlie Chaplin's classic, stepped up with narrative and music. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363.)

Goodbye, Columbus—Philip Roth's novella updated into a film by Larry Peerce and made distinguished and pungent by its observation of a young man—Richard Benjamin—intelligently trying to ward off the complex ploys of Jewish guilt-games. The film is funny, and the caricaturing seems deliberate. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Sept. 24.)

The Gypsy Moths—Burt Lancaster, Gene Hackman, and Scott Wilson as three exhibition parachutists risking their lives to earn a poorish living out of small-town audiences hungry for the spectacle of risk-taking. Very well directed by Frankenheimer, the acting as finely as the action sequences. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100; through Sept. 24.)

Hour of the Wolf (1968)—An Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon one another. Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter and Liv Ullmann his wife. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 20.)

The Immortal Story—Orson Welles' film, taken from Isak Dinesen's story about an allegorical millionaire in Macao. With Jeanne Moreau. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Sept. 17.)

Justine—George Cukor's decent, flat attempt from a plotty script to film Lawrence Durrell's "Alexandria Quartet." Dirk Bogarde hams a bit as the aphoristic British diplomat. Anouk Aimée and Anna Karina as Justine and Melissa are well directed, but it makes for a lot of accents, what with Severn Darden as Balthazar as well. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock's express train, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas aboard. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Sept. 25.)

The Lion in Winter—James Goldman's entertaining Broadway melodrama about the Plantagenets has been brought to the screen as if it were poetic drama of a very high order. Peter O'Toole is in good, noisy form, but Katharine Hepburn is a bit much. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Love Happy (1950)—The Marx Brothers. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through Sept. 22.)

The Lower Depths (1936)—Directed by Jean Renoir, with Jean Gabin and Louis Jouvet. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 24.)

Marry Me! Marry Me!—Claude Berri's sweet-natured film about pressures on a French boy to get married into a family that is a cut above him—a tribe of Belgian diamond merchants. Made with great care and sense of detail. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail (1945)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Sept. 23.)

Midnight Cowboy—Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman look good as the ersatz cowboy and his seedy pal Ratso in John Schlesinger's garish interpretation of the book by James Leo Herlihy. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Monterey Pop—*Cinéma vérité* about a pop music festival two summers ago in California, photographed by Donn Pennebaker with a team of associated cameramen and a revolutionary way of recording sound. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Sept. 24.)

Lola Montès—This is New York's first public run of Max Ophuls' best and last film. When he made it, in 1955, the backers cut it to ribbons. It is set in a circus, with Peter Ustinov as a ringmaster; Martine Carol as a king's courtesan, now declined into a display object for mobs, and risking her neck as a trapeze artist; and Anton Walbrook as the Bavarian king whom she loved. Ophuls' famous whirling style and his constant sense of cross-play between hyperbole and common reality turn the film into something close to Mozartian opera. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Sept. 25.)

Morgan! (1966)—David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave in a black comedy about present-day London, directed by Karel Reisz. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 22.)

North by Northwest (1959)—A crowded summation of all Hitchcock stories, with a dash of Pearl White. With Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, and James Mason. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 18-24.)

Oliver!—Carol Reed and his crew demonstrate that a big expensive movie musical can be beautifully made—if you know how. With Ron Moody as Fagin. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8; on Wednesday, Sept. 17, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Pretty Poison (1968)—A psychological thriller, with Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld. Directed by Noel Black. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Sept. 23.)

Putney Swope—Robert Downey's cockahoop farce about an advertising agency taken over by a black who never meant to be in power—of this sort or any other. Some of the jokes backfire and seem boorish, but a lot of the film is pretty funny. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Rachel, Rachel (1968)—A film about the first affair of a thirty-five-year-old schoolteacher, played by Joanne Woodward. Directed by Paul Newman. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Sept. 24.)

Romeo and Juliet—Franco Zeffirelli throws Shakespeare into the generation gap and comes up with a teen-age tragedy that seems to be more Italian opera than English poetry. Unfortunately, there are no arias. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

The Seven Samurai (1956)—A kind of Oriental Western, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Sept. 23.)

Shane (1953)—How the wicked cattle raisers tried to keep the noble homesteaders from settling on their range. With Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, and Brandon deWilde. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 18-24.)

Simon of the Desert—Luis Buñuel's little comedy (forty-five minutes long) about a desert anchorite takes place at the point when saintliness turns into foolishness. Claudio Brook is Simon, and Silvia Pinal provides the temptations. In Spanish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Sept. 17.)

Stolen Kisses—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Claude Jade, Delphine Seyrig, and Michel Lonsdale. In French. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Sept. 23.)

Take the Money and Run—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and a handwriting for holdup notes that no one can read. Directed and written by him. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

That Man from Rio (1964)—Directed by Philippe de Broca, with Jean-Paul Belmondo. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 23.)

Throne of Blood (1961)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 17.)

Trial of Joan of Arc (1962)—Robert Bresson's hour-long précis of the trial, based on the historic records. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 24.)

Tunes of Glory (1960)—A peacetime Scottish regiment in the throes of a power struggle between two colonels. Alec Guinness and John Mills are the adversaries. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 23.)

12 Angry Men (1957)—A group of jurors have to decide the fate of an eighteen-year-old accused of patricide. Henry Fonda, Lee J. Cobb, and Jack Warden. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 17.)

Ulysses (1967)—A sortie into the Joyce country. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Sept. 23.)

The Whisperers (1967)—Edith Evans as a very old woman living alone in the industrial North of England. Bryan Forbes directed. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 19.)

The Wild Bunch—A fine Western by Sam Peckinpah, set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913, with a violent gutter poetry and social bite that would have pleased Brecht. Good performances by William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and especially by Robert Ryan. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Sept. 18-24.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—The Beatles' Pop Art animation feature, with hippie heroes fighting the Blue Meanies with love and music. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363.)

Yojimbo (1962)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 17.)

A Hanbury woman never has to think twice.

Elegance in the afternoon and on into the night. Softly belted brocade coat and dress. Wool and silk. Mink, Flame red or Black. Sizes 6-16. About $140.

At Neiman-Marcus, Dallas;
Marshall Field & Co., Chicago;
Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh;
Jacobson's, Michigan;
Bullock's, Wilshire.
Hanbury Ltd., 498 Seventh Avenue, N.Y.C.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)

Through Sept. 23: **STOLEN KISSES** (in French); and **ULYSSES.**

From Sept. 24: **GOODBYE, COLUMBUS.**

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)

"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

YELLOW SUBMARINE; and **THE GOLD RUSH.**

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)

Through Sept. 23: "The Female" (1960), Brigitte Bardot; and "The Oldest Profession" (1968; in French), a film composed of six episodes.

From Sept. 24: **RACHEL, RACHEL**; and "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter" (1968), Alan Arkin.

Gramercy, *Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)*

Through Sept. 23: "True Grit," John Wayne, Glen Campbell.

From Sept. 24: **BONNIE AND CLYDE**; and **BULLITT.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)

Through Sept. 22: "The Illustrated Man," Rod Steiger, Claire Bloom; and "The Sergeant" (1968), Rod Steiger, John Phillip Law.

From Sept. 23: "The Adding Machine," Phyllis Diller, Milo O'Shea.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

ALICE'S RESTAURANT.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"All Neat in Black Stockings," Susan George, Victor Henry.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)

Through Sept. 23: "Thank You All Very Much," Sandy Dennis.

From Sept. 24: "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," Paul Newman, Robert Redford.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)

"The Rain People," James Caan, Shirley Knight.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)

"Me, Natalie," Patty Duke, James Farentino.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)

"More," Mimsy Farmer.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

JUSTINE.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)

Through Sept. 24: "Spirits of the Dead," Brigitte Bardot, Alain Delon.

From Sept. 25: "De Sade," Keir Dullea, Senta Berger.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)

"Sweden—Heaven and Hell," a documentary film.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)

"Last Summer," Barbara Hershey.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)

PUTNEY SWOPE.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)

EASY RIDER.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)

"Medium Cool," Robert Forster.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)

MARRY ME! MARRY ME! (in French).

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)

Through Sept. 23: "The Learning Tree," Kyle Johnson.

From Sept. 24: **BONNIE AND CLYDE**; and **BULLITT.**

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)

"All Neat in Black Stockings," Susan George, Victor Henry.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)

"Two Gentlemen Sharing," Robin Phillips, Judy Geeson.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

"Number One," Charlton Heston, Jessica Walter.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)

Sept. 17: **SIMON OF THE DESERT** (in Spanish); and **THE IMMORTAL STORY.**

Sept. 18-24: **THE WILD BUNCH**; and "Ride the High Country" (1962), Joel McCrea, Randolph Scott.

From Sept. 25: **LOLA MONTÈS** (in French); and "Sansho the Bailiff" (1954; in Japanese).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)

Through Sept. 23: **PRETTY POISON**; and "That Cold Day in the Park," Sandy Dennis.

From Sept. 24: **MONTEREY POP**; and **DON'T LOOK BACK.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)

Through Sept. 23: "True Grit," John Wayne, Glen Campbell.

From Sept. 24: "Thank You All Very Much," Sandy Dennis.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)

"The Peach Thief" (in Bulgarian).

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

"The Libertine" (in Italian), Catherine Spaak, Jean-Louis Trintignant.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

Through Sept. 22: **LOVE HAPPY**; and "The Thief of Bagdad" (1940), Sabu, Conrad Veidt.

From Sept. 23: **THE SEVEN SAMURAI** and **THE MEN WHO TREAD ON THE TIGER'S TAIL** (both in Japanese).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)

Through Sept. 23: "The Learning Tree," Kyle Johnson.

From Sept. 24: **BONNIE AND CLYDE**; and **BULLITT.**

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)

FUNNY GIRL.

State I, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)

OLIVER!

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)

"Krakatoa, East of Java," Maximilian Schell, Diane Baker.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)

Through Sept. 23: "If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium," Suzanne Pleshette, Ian McShane; and "Support Your Local Sheriff," James Garner, Joan Hackett.

From Sept. 24: "The April Fools," Jack Lemmon, Catherine Deneuve; and "Twisted Nerve," Hayley Mills.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)

Through Sept. 24: **THE GYPSY MOTHS.**

From Sept. 25: "The Christmas Tree," William Holden, Virna Lisi.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)

ALICE'S RESTAURANT.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)

"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)

GOODBYE, COLUMBUS.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)

"Who's That Knocking at My Door?," Zina Bethune.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)

THE LION IN WINTER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)

Through Sept. 23: "Daddy's Gone A-Hunting," Carol White, Paul Burke.

From Sept. 24: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Sept. 23: **COOL HAND LUKE**; and "Harper" (1966), Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.

From Sept. 24: To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)

Sept. 17: **YOJIMBO** and **THRONE OF BLOOD** (both in Japanese).

Sept. 18-24: **SHANE**; and **NORTH BY NORTHWEST.**

From Sept. 25: **THE LADY VANISHES**; and "King Kong" (1932), Fay Wray.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)

Through Sept. 23: "The Bridge at Remagen," George Segal, Ben Gazzara; and "Yours, Mine and Ours" (1968), Lucille Ball, Henry Fonda.

From Sept. 24: **GOODBYE, COLUMBUS**; and "The Strange Affair" (1968), Michael York.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)

Sept. 17: **12 ANGRY MEN**; and "One Potato, Two Potato" (1964), Barbara Barrie, Bernie Hamilton.

Sept. 18: **THE ENTERTAINER**; and **THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES.**

Sept. 19: **THE WHISPERERS**; and **DAVID AND LISA.**

Sept. 20: **HOUR OF THE WOLF** (in Swedish); and **CUL-DE-SAC.**

Sept. 21: **CHAPLIN COMEDIES** (silent); plus ten U.P.A. cartoons.

Sept. 22: **ACCIDENT**; and **MORGAN!**

Sept. 23: **THAT MAN FROM RIO** (in French); and **TUNES OF GLORY.**

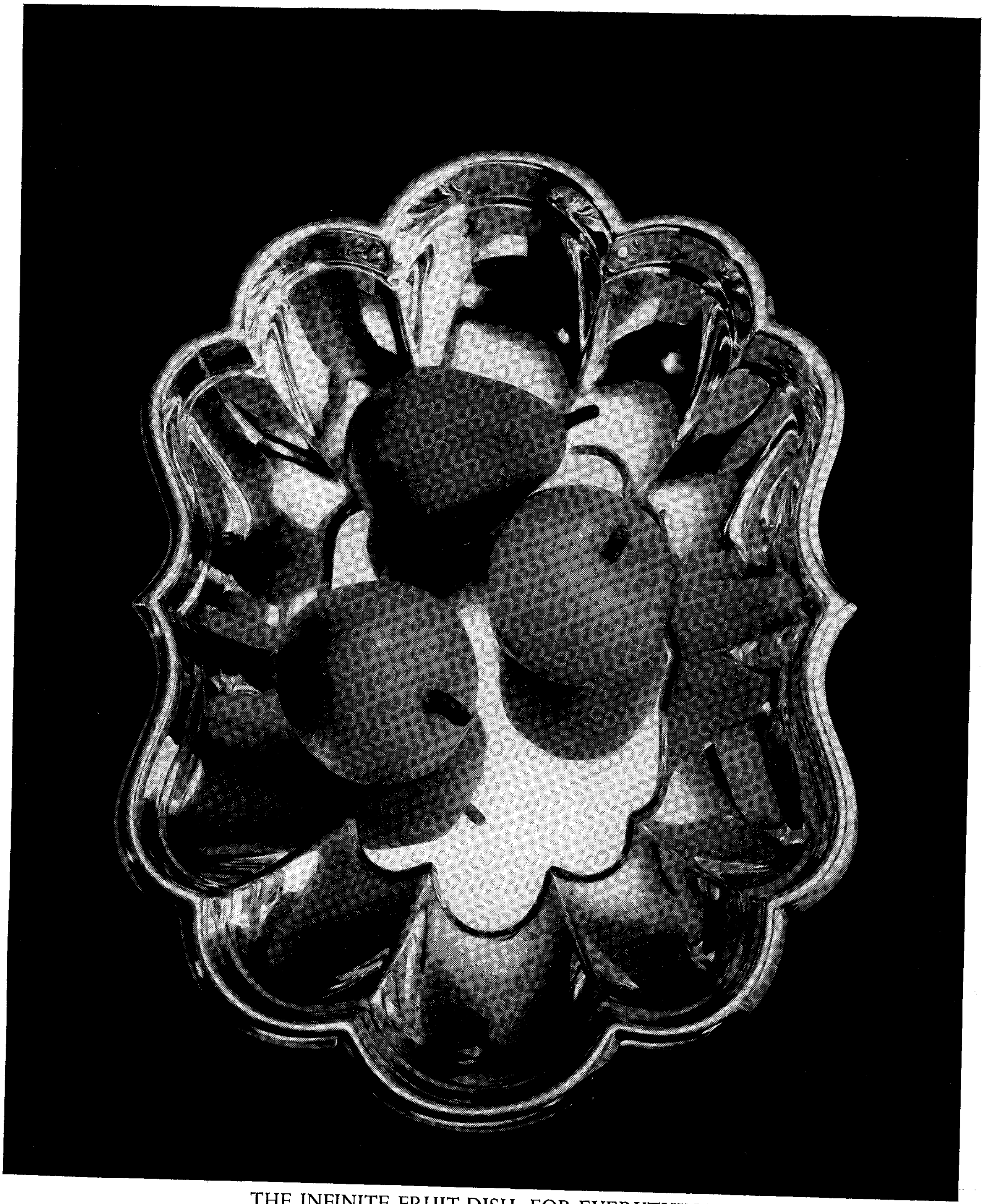
Sept. 24: **THE LOWER DEPTHS** and **TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC** (both in French).

Sept. 25: **LA CHINOISE** (in French); and **DON'T LOOK BACK.**

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)

Through Sept. 23: "The Female" (1960), Brigitte Bardot; and "The Oldest Profession" (1968; in French), a film composed of six episodes.

From Sept. 24: "Thank You All Very Much," Sandy Dennis.



THE INFINITE FRUIT DISH, FOR EVERYTHING
FROM BREAKFAST STRAWBERRIES TO AFTER-DINNER APRICOTS.
Windsor design in sterling silver, 12⅜ inches long, $99.50. At finer silverware stores.

REED & BARTON

SILVERMASTERS SINCE 1824 · TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS

After seeing four centuries of Europe on foot, it's nice to get back to a Hilton.

Where it's the 20th century and there's air conditioning if you need it. Showers that work. Big soft beds.

Where the staff hops to it in English. And you can get bacon and eggs for breakfast. At lunch, food the country's famous for. And for dinner a choice of the world's cuisine.

Where an elevator takes you to one of the city's liveliest night-spots.

The eight Hilton International hotels in North Central Europe have one important thing in common. They're nice to get back to.

☎ For reservations, call your travel agent, any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Service.

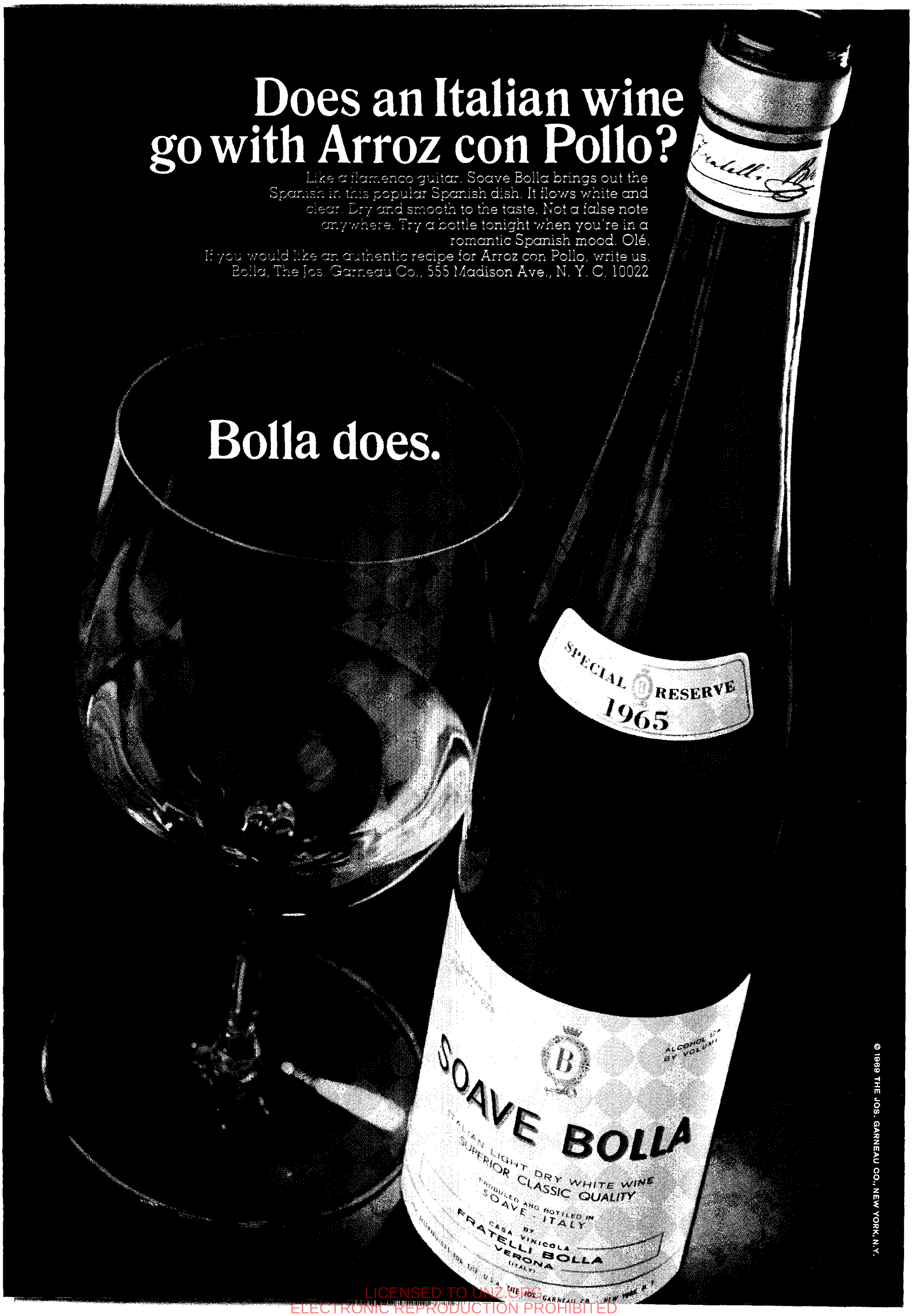
LONDON HILTON
MAINZ HILTON
ORLY HILTON, PARIS
BERLIN HILTON
BRUSSELS HILTON
ROTTERDAM HILTON
AMSTERDAM HILTON
PARIS HILTON

HILTON INTERNATIONAL

Does an Italian wine go with Arroz con Pollo?

Like a flamenco guitar. Soave Bolla brings out the Spanish in this popular Spanish dish. It flows white and clear. Dry and smooth to the taste. Not a false note anywhere. Try a bottle tonight when you're in a romantic Spanish mood. Olé.

If you would like an authentic recipe for Arroz con Pollo, write us.
Bolla, The Jos. Garneau Co., 555 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. 10022


Fratelli Bolla
SPECIAL RESERVE
1965
SOAVE BOLLA
ALCOHOL BY VOLUME
ITALIAN LIGHT DRY WHITE WINE
SUPERIOR CLASSIC QUALITY
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN
SOAVE - ITALY
BY
CASA VINICOLA
FRATELLI BOLLA
VERONA
ITALY
THE JOS. GARNEAU CO. NEW YORK N.Y.

Bolla does.

© 1969 THE JOS. GARNEAU CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

Sheer indulgence.

Hanes®

Our geniuses have a maddening capacity for taking pains.

Fortunately.

We've been telling you for several months now that we'd rather be a great small furniture company than an ordinary big one.

And you must have been paying attention. Because we find we're getting bigger.

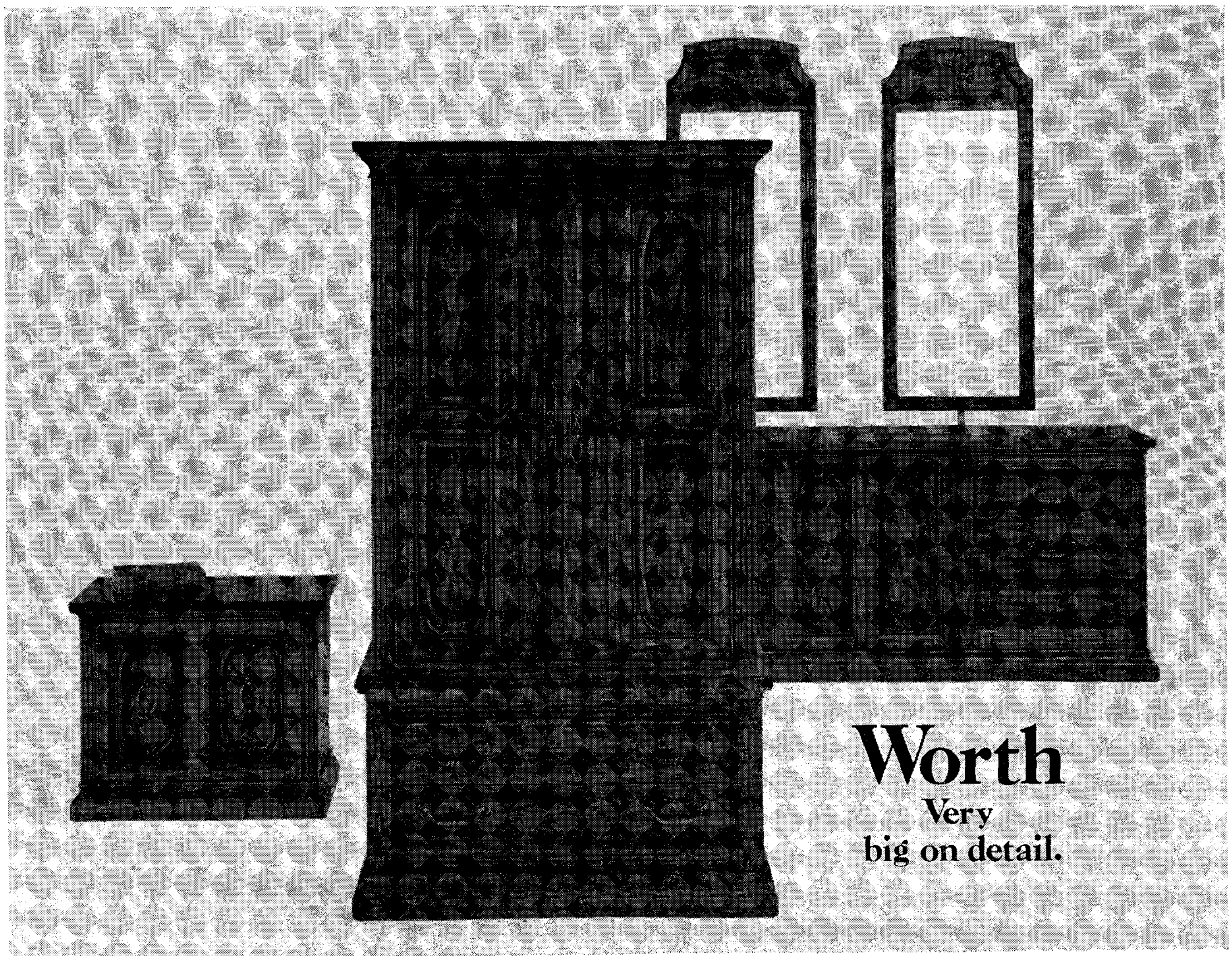
Which presents problems. For, too often, the price of growth is mediocrity. In the pressure to boost production, for example, the temptation is to cut a corner here, lower a standard there.

A temptation, we're proud to say, our geniuses in charge of production are not about to succumb to.

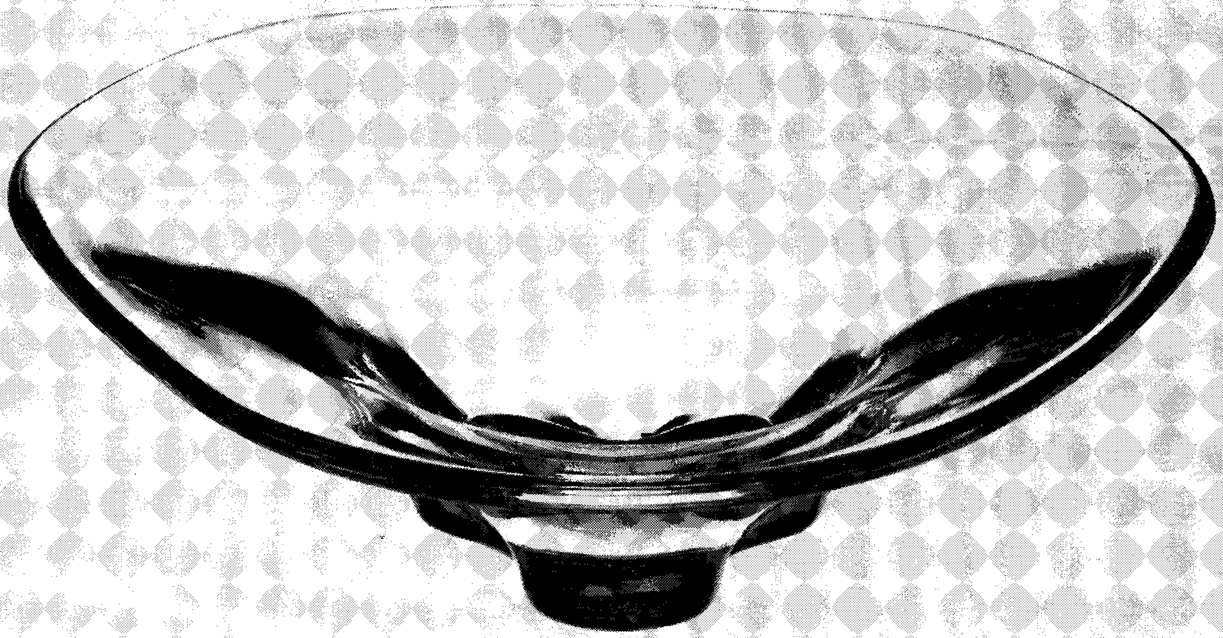
Witness our elegant Criteria group, a small sampling of which is shown below. It has been a classic of our line for quite some time. Time enough to have learned how to cut corners in making it. But we resist.

It's a matter of principle. The principle being that the minute we started compromising with quality, you'd know it. And we can't afford to let that happen.

We're Worth Furniture, Ridgeway, Virginia 24148, and we'd like to show you more. If you'll send us one dollar, we'll send you a folio which illustrates in copious detail what we're so proud of. Meanwhile, ask your favorite dealer about us. And help stamp out creeping mediocrity.



©1969 Worth: Division of Gravely Furniture Company, Ridgeway, Virginia 24148



"elegant, imaginative shapes . . . graceful and airy"

Internationally famous Nils Landberg is the most lighthearted of the Orrefors designers. His world of form has been described as "a graceful and airy play . . . elegant and imaginative." Landberg uses the glass blower himself as a kind of medium, working along with him by the blazing oven doors to achieve fresh, often spontaneous, new designs. He created the handsome bowl, priced at $45.00, and the cut-crystal stemware, from $7.75 each. Whichever you choose, you will have an exquisite Landberg for your very own.

For brochure of fine crystal pieces by Landberg and other famed Orrefors designers, write our U.S.A. representative, Fisher, Bruce & Co., 221 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19106 or 527 W. 7th St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014.

ORREFORS
CRYSTAL

Stereo for the man who has nothing.

*Mfr.'s suggested retail price. © 1969 Sony Corp. of America. Visit our Showroom, 585 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

No turntable, no speakers, no amplifier, no tuner—nothing.

The Sony HP-188 stereo gives you everything you haven't got in one compact package.

A four-speed BSR automatic turntable with cueing control for safe, easy record handling. And a featherweight cartridge we designed ourselves.

An FM stereo FM/AM tuner with FET circuitry in the FM for more sensitivity and less distortion.

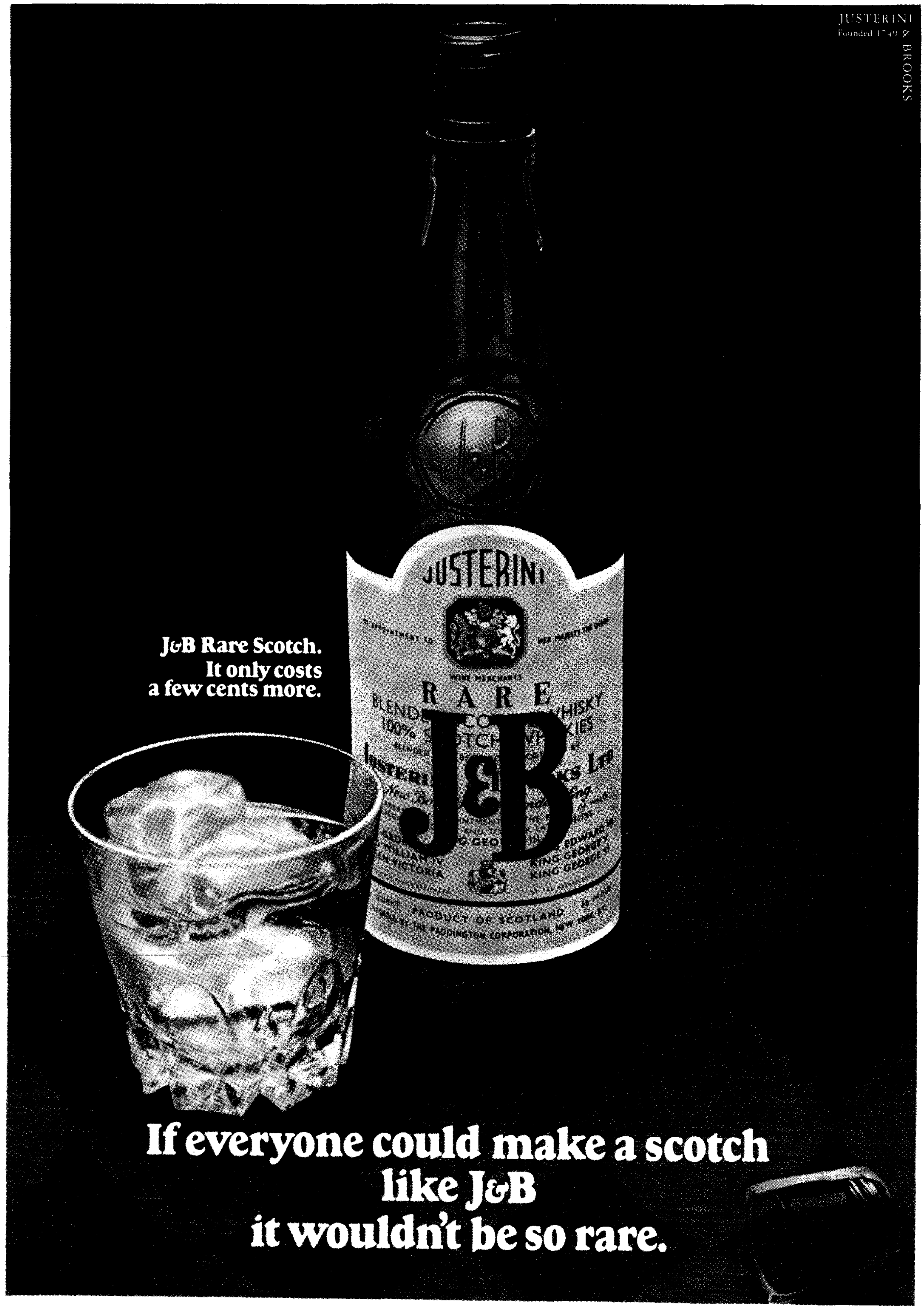
An amplifier with all-silicon transistors.

And a pair of two-way high-compliance speakers for true high fidelity sound.

Everything is just $239.95.* (The HP-155, everything minus tuner, $179.95.*) So you'll have something left to spend on other lovely things.

The Sony® HP-188. A complete stereo music system.

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky • The Paddington Corporation, N.Y.


JUSTERINI
Founded 1749 &
BROOKS
JUSTERINI
RARE
J&B
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
J&B Rare Scotch.
It only costs
a few cents more.
If everyone could make a scotch
like J&B
it wouldn't be so rare.

What you save shopping in Curaçao can pay for your trip.

As long as cruise ships have plied the Caribbean, Curaçao has been the port to shop.

Of course, how much you save depends on what you buy. But there's a world of shopping to choose from:

China and crystal from England, Ireland, France and Scandinavia. All the prestige name watches, photographic equipment and optical devices. Plus exotica from the Near and Far East. Not to mention perfume, liquor and tobacco at a fraction of their U.S. cost.

The savings on just the man's wristwatch in the picture would pay for a whole week of sun and carousing, including the airfare.

But even if you don't want to spend enough to save enough to pay for your trip, Curaçao will give you plenty to brag about back home.

You can fly to Curaçao for $165*. On KLM Royal Dutch Airlines and ALM Dutch Antillean Airlines. On the same ticket you can visit Aruba and Bonaire, too.

This ad is brought to you by KLM, ALM, Aruba, Bonaire and Curaçao.

KLM
ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

---

*17-day round-trip economy excursion fare from N.Y.

"Just show me the Jerry Silvermans, please."

Designed
by
Shannon
Rodgers

*Fur products labeled to show country of origin of imported furs.

Real wild jaguar* trims this coat. By comparison, the coat's smart style seems quite tame! Wool. Black or red. 8 to 16, 145.00†

†Slightly higher on the West Coast

Peck & Peck domesticates the jaguar.
For a certain kind of woman.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

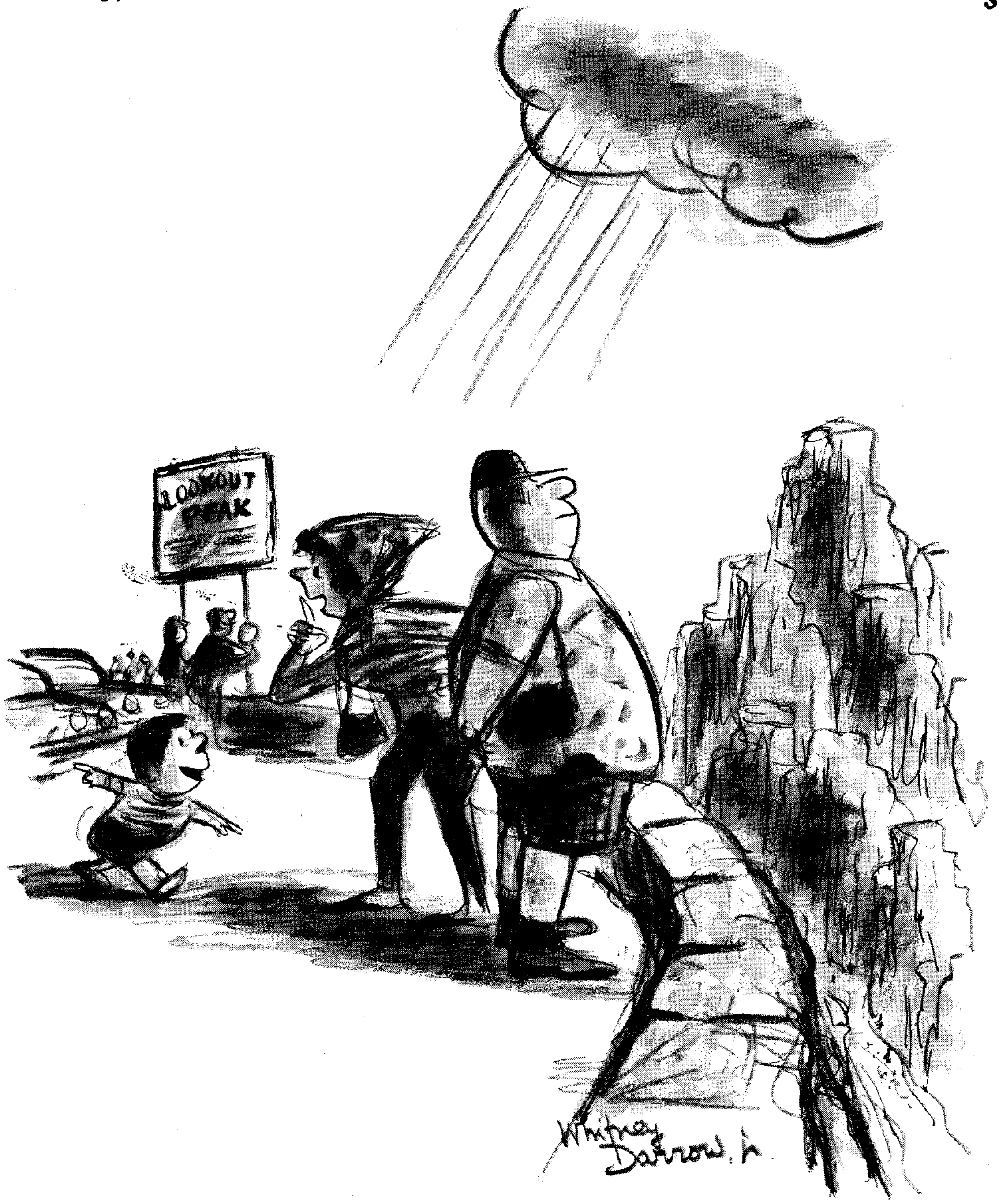
Notes and Comment

A FRIEND who lives on eastern Long Island has sent us the following note: "I'm sure you remember that stretch of diluvian weather a couple of weeks ago. Well, I had the unfortunate occasion to drive in to the city on one of those wretched days. It wasn't, however, a total misfortune. There was one good moment—a sight that made it almost worthwhile. The setting was a long underpass (where the Veterans Memorial Highway cuts under the Long Island Expressway), and the scene was three flatbed trucks loaded with baled hay and parked head to toe along the shoulder, sheltering from the rain. It was pure Americana. It needed only a touch of imagination. I changed the trucks into wagons. I changed the underpass into a covered bridge. And I signed it Currier & Ives."

Goodbye, Leo

SHEA STADIUM doesn't have any bleachers. Instead, it has an enormous upper deck with general-admission seats at the top. This is where the bleacher crowd sits—in the gods, like the noisemakers in "Les Enfants du Paradis." We sat up there last Tuesday night, in a dollar-thirty seat behind and slightly to the left of home plate, and watched the Mets beat the Cubs, 7–1, and complete the sweep of a two-game set with Chicago. We sit up there whenever we can; it's cheap, it's dedicated, it's above the garbage line, so you don't get "objects," as the scoreboard calls them, thrown down on you, and it's out of reach of the television cameras. The patrons downstairs, in the mezzanine, loge, and field-box areas, pay good money for good seats, and then spend a sizable part of every game turned away from the field, craning and waving at the cameras. Very often, it is cold in the general-admission seats, and quite often it is impossible to get anything to eat up there. The concessionaires don't like the climb. But the fans have ways of coping. On opening day a couple of years ago, we sat next to a big, black ball fan who was chilled to the bone and who kept trying to attract the attention of a kid selling coffee to the box- and reserved-seat set lower down. In the first inning, he yelled down to the kid, "Hey, Brother, up here with the coffee!" He was ignored. In the second, he called out, "Hey, Cousin, up here with the coffee!" Nothing. Finally, in the bottom of the third, he got results, because this time he bellowed, "Hey, *Step*brother, bring me some coffee!" The fans in the gods often get kicked out of the ballpark for being too rowdy. In baseball language, this is known as being "ejected from the Stadium." Last Tuesday night, we sat next to a kid—he was on our right—who claimed he had been ejected sixteen times. He always gets to the Stadium early, so he will have plenty of time to get kicked out in. On Tuesday, he got there at six-thirty—an hour and a half before the game was scheduled to begin. We got there ourself at seven, and were lucky to get a seat, because almost all the general-admission seats were already filled. The night before, the Mets had taken a close one, 3–2, from the Cubs behind the sturdy pitching of Jerry Koosman. It had been a good game, and we, to our regret, had had to miss it, because we had promised to attend a birthday party. We managed to sneak over to a television set at the party and catch the last two innings, and we could hear the crowd at the Stadium—a crowd of about forty-eight thousand that night—making tense, World Series noises, cheering or booing or sighing after every pitch. Those are the three basic noises of any ballpark crowd: ā, o͞o, ŏ. The other vowels don't get much use. Tuesday night, there was a much bigger crowd—58,436—and the Tuesday crowd started off the evening with the same noises and the same World Series tension. Later on, though, things changed.

Before the ballgame started, the fans in the gods spent most of their time discovering traitors in their midst and denouncing them. The traitors were four or five people, widely scattered, who were wearing replicas of Chicago Cub batting helmets and waving Cub banners. The Cub rooters and their helmets were pelted with comestibles and shouted at, and attempts were made to ignite their banners, with limited success. It was suggested that the Cub rooters were relatives of Leo Durocher, the manager of the Cubs. Five Puerto Rican boys in identical scarlet football jerseys sat on our left, and the first time somebody tried to set a banner on fire one of them yelled, "It won't burn, it's so cheap!" The fans also chanted. They chanted "Let's go, Mets!," which prompted the same boy on our left to yell "Save that jive!," and they chanted "We're Number One!"—hyperbole, of course, since the Mets trailed the Cubs by a game and a half. When they chanted, "We're Number One!," they marked time by waving their hands in the air, first finger extended. In New York, this salute has in the past two weeks replaced the V-for-victory salute. Just before the game began, our old friend Jane Jar-



"Sh-h-h! Don't disturb Daddy while he's drinking it all in."

vis, the Mets' organist, played two tunes—"Meet the Mets" and "The Star-Spangled Banner." The fans stood during both, and more of them sang the fight song than sang the national anthem. In the first inning, every pitch by either of the two starters, Tom Seaver and Ferguson Jenkins, evoked a cheer or a boo or a sigh. But already a metamorphosis was in the works. With two outs in the top of the first, and the count on Billy Williams, the batter at the plate, two and one, a black cat ran in front of the Cubs' dugout. Everyone stood and cheered. Tension began to ebb, and cheerfulness broke in. In the second inning, the crowd quieted down. The Mets were ahead, first 2–0, then 4–0, then 5–1, then 6–1. In the top of the seventh, the fans in the gods broke into song. A group of a couple of hundred on our right, near first base, started it. To the tune of "Good Night, Ladies," they sang:

"Goodbye, Leo,
Goodbye, Leo,
Goodbye, Leo,
We hate to see you go!"

As soon as they stopped, a group of about five hundred on our left, near third base, took up the song, and *they* also waved white handkerchiefs. Then, antiphonally, and with handkerchiefs, the entire right side of the upper deck started singing the song. A minute later, the mezzanine was singing and the loge was singing. After that, even the field boxes sang. Everyone in the ballpark sang, and everyone except the group sitting in the field box belonging to Mrs. Joan Payson, who owns the Mets, waved a handkerchief. They sang while the Cubs were at bat, and they sang during the seventh-inning stretch, and they sang when the Mets came to bat in the bottom of the seventh and scored the final run of the game. After the game, they sang on the ramps and escalators of Shea Stadium, and they sang on the subway going back to town. Three hours after the game had ended, we walked into McSorley's Old Ale House and found six young fans around a table drinking ale. As we came in, they were proposing toasts. They toasted, in succession, the Mets, Tom Seaver, and Nancy Seaver, Tom's wife. Then they looked at each other. And then they sang "Goodbye, Leo."

Information

ALMOST everybody has a tale of telephonic woe to tell these days, but certainly the most mysterious mishap so far occurred to a woman we know who was having a pleasant chat with a friend when suddenly the operator cut in and said, "Your phone is off the hook, Madam."

Sesquicentennial

THE Nantucket Harbor that Ishmael sailed into on the Moss, with Queequeg, the royal savage, on his way to ship aboard the Pequod is a brisk walk from the Jared Coffin House, which was once the home of a shipowner and is now an inn. The other evening, the Melville Society met at the Coffin House to begin a three-day celebration of the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of Herman Melville's birth. The proprietor of the Coffin House, a gaunt man named Ronald Baird, spoke in the rigorous tones of the old Nantucketers as he turned away strays who came to celebrate, but had not registered in advance. At one point when two townspeople arrived, the secretary-treasurer of the Society—Dr. Hennig Cohen, a compact, gray-haired scholar in a soft, sea-gray suit—interceded for them. "When a hundred people, more or less, are gathered in an obscure corner of New England to celebrate the greatest writer America has ever produced," he said to Mr. Baird, "surely there are two more seats in this fine dining room." Mr. Baird relented, and the two guests entered, passing by an old swivel music stand to sit down to a bowl of Nantucket quahog chowder.

In the large, wallpapered dining room, Gilbert Wilson, who has painted a hundred or so scenes from "Moby Dick" and made a color film from them, compared beards with Dr. John Seelye, professor of English at the University of Connecticut. Dr. Seelye, who is also program chairman for the Society, had let his brown beard slide onto his cheeks, Elizabethan fashion. "We're growing, Gil," he said, turning to thoughts of the Society. "But where is Melville's marker on the map at Woodlawn? Only the doughty can find his grave." Dr. Seelye had chosen Nantucket for the sesquicentennial, and had blended a concert of sea chanteys with technical papers and a visit to the Whaling Museum.

Dr. Cohen, who is a professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania, joined the group. "What has the White House done about Melville's birthday?" he said. "We asked for a stamp, but we didn't get one. Mark Twain is a landmark—a phenomenon—while Melville, who represents this country's darker side, the subversive force, is unknown. Let's eat, gentlemen."

At dinner, Dr. Donald E. Stanford, a professor of English at Louisiana State University, who is co-editor of the *Southern Review*, speculated about Melville's and Whitman's contacts with each other. Did they know of each other? "If they did, you can be sure they didn't like each other's work," he said. "It's a controversial subject, I know, but I believe that Melville disliked the Transcendentalists." The conversation turned to Melville's last twenty years, spent in almost total obscurity. What did he do with himself? It was difficult to accept the fact that after the amazing production of ten books in eleven years he set aside writing. One scholar commented that even the despair of a writer who originally received considerable recognition and was now barely mentioned, like James Farrell, did not keep him from writing. Dr. Stanford then reviewed Melville's last years—a source of curiosity to most Melvilleans—and the short pieces, letters, and long narrative poem that he wrote in addition to "Billy Budd." And Shakespeare, Dr. Stanford said—did he stop writing when he left London? *That* was lost in obscurity.

After dinner, the Society members pushed back their cane chairs, left the Coffin House, and walked over to the cobblestone Main Street and the American Legion Hall to hear a concert of sea chanteys. After the chanteys came a spectacular documentary film, "Whaler Out of New Bedford," a picture about a voyage that paralleled the voyage of the Pequod. Then everyone returned to the Coffin House and settled in the Tap Room, a wood-panelled basement room resembling an English pub.

Dr. Seelye, after ordering a cup of coffee, proclaimed "Moby Dick" a lesser book than "The Confidence Man," which he said he regarded as Melville's greatest.

One of the members' wives said she couldn't understand "The Confidence Man."

"Of course, dear," Dr. Seelye said. "It's a man's book. But his greatest. You like 'Pierre,' don't you? 'Pierre' is a ladies' book."

Dr. Cohen spoke up. "That is Melville's mark," he said. "Each book is different from all the others. Most authors in this country have written the same book over and over again. But that is the mark—a writer whose books are different from one another."

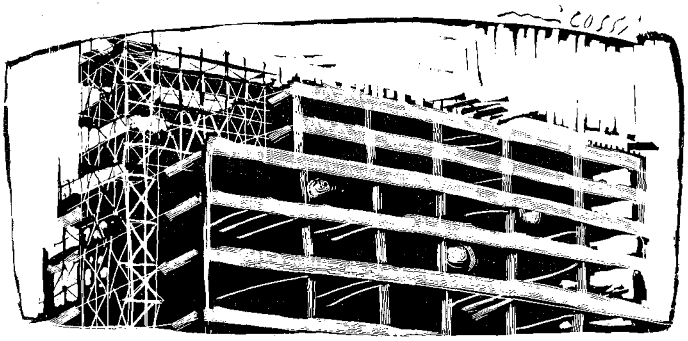
With that, the members adjourned until the next morning's reading of four papers on "Melville and the Sea."

•

OVERHEARD on a commuter train leaving Grand Central, Gucci attaché case to Brooks Brothers shirt box: "He's crazy to be developing charisma at his age."

Model VI

THE other day, we paid a visit to the Hayden Planetarium to watch the installation of its new projector—a Zeiss Planetarium Projector, Model VI, a complicated instrument that can flash the sun, the stars, the planets, the moon, comets, asteroids, and just about any other heavenly body onto the inside of the Planetarium's big white dome. The new projector looked simpler to us than the old one had, but otherwise it was much the same. All planetarium projectors, with their spindly legs, globular appendages, and odd lenses jutting in all directions, have a way of looking like monstrous insects. An electrician's floodlight cast a shadow of the machine on the dome, where it looked like a grotesque constellation—a rapacious celestial ant that had gobbled up all the other constellations, for there wasn't a single star in the bone-white Planetarium sky. We had paid a visit to the Planetarium under similar circumstances nine years ago, when the projector that the Planetarium had been using since its opening, in 1935—a Model II—had worn out to such an extent that it rattled and wobbled like an old car and had to be traded in for a Model IV, the one that was being replaced now. The Hayden is the only planetarium in the world that is on its third projector, and Dr. Franklyn M. Branley, its chairman—who, like us, had dropped in to see how the installation was going—says he isn't sure whether the Hayden is harder on projectors than other planetariums are or is just more demanding. The Model IV had already been packed away in the wooden cases that the new machine had arrived in, and the cases were addressed for the return voyage to Carl Zeiss, Oberkochen, West Germany. The Model IV had not worn out, the way the Model II had, Dr. Branley said; rather, the Planetarium was trading in the Model IV because the Model VI had so many new features that it made the old machine obsolete. The Model VI will be a good deal easier to operate (once the astronomers get the hang of running it), since it has much more in the way of automatic electronic equipment. (Dr. Branley is looking forward to installing a model some-



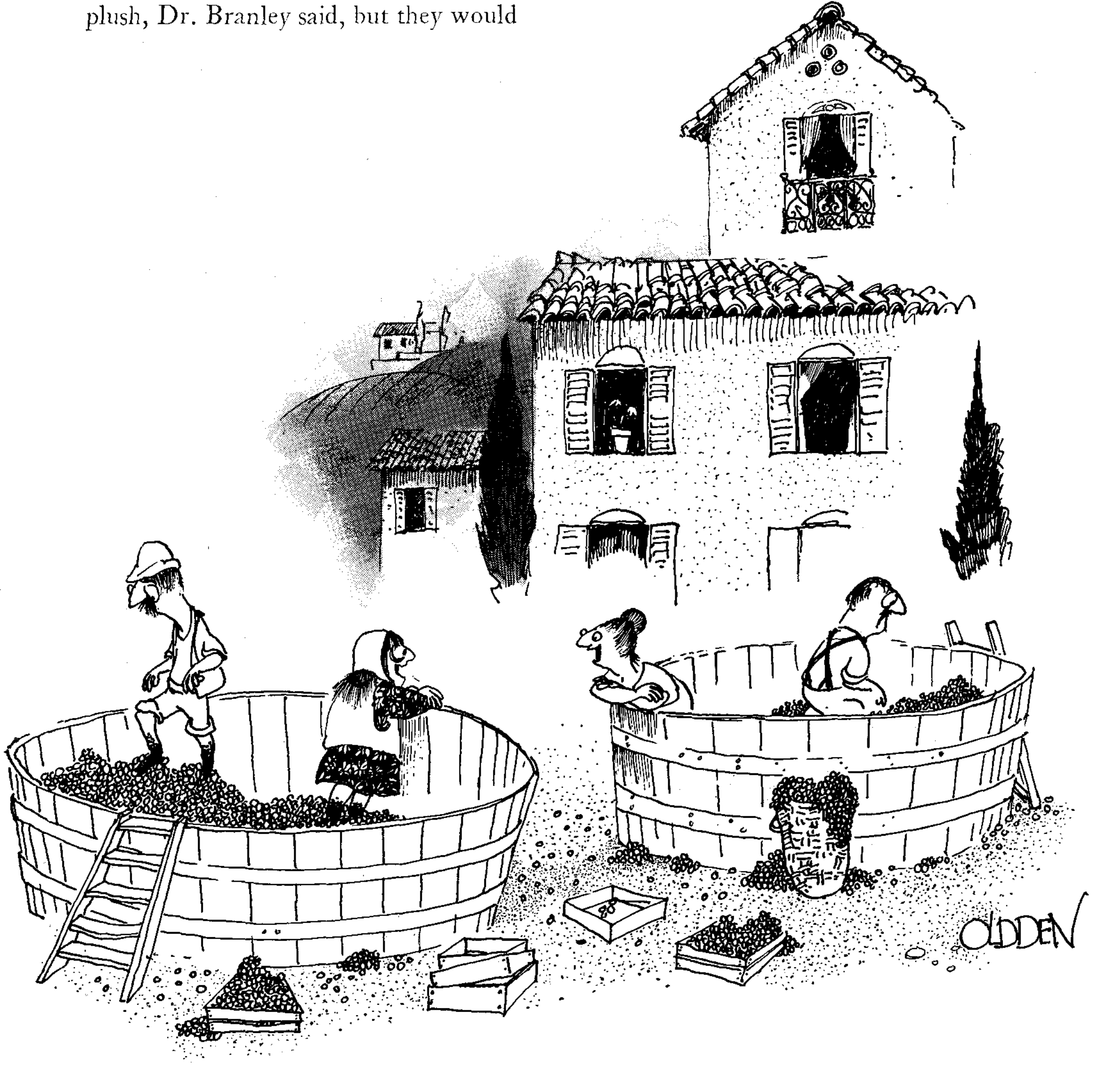
day that will be run entirely by a computer.) The Model VI's stars will be brighter than the Model IV's, for the light inside each of the two big star balls—the globes at either end of the instrument, with holes punched in them for the stars—will come from an arc lamp, which is considerably brighter than the thousand-watt incandescent bulbs that projected the stars before. The bulbs shone with a yellowish light, unlike that of most stars (except when they're viewed through smog); the arc lamps cast a bluer beam, and hence project a truer star, on the whole, for many stars shine with a bluish light. The planets will be tiny spots of light, the way planets ought to be, but Saturn and Jupiter can be made bigger with zoom lenses. Also, the new machine can show a greater variety of eclipses than the old one. "The Model VI is the Rolls-Royce of the planetarium business," Dr. Branley, a wiry man with graying hair, said proudly.

Dr. Branley led the way to the new projector's control console, cautioning us against tripping over bolts that jutted from the floor; all eight hundred of the Planetarium's seats had been uprooted, pending the arrival of new ones. The new seats would be quite plush, Dr. Branley said, but they would do no more than the old seats to solve an ancient complaint of stargazers—stiff necks. At one time in the Planetarium's history, Norman Bel Geddes, the designer, suggested turning the dome upside down and putting a glass floor over it, so that stargazers could merely look down between their legs, but that plan was never adopted. At the control console, which Dr. Branley likened to the driver's seat of a car, a stocky, dark-haired man, who proved to be Dr. Kenneth L. Franklin, the assistant chairman of the Planetarium, was poking curiously at the new switches and dials. Both Dr. Branley and Dr. Franklin said they felt as uncertain, and as excited, as a man with a new automobile. "All I want to do is to get behind the dashboard and play with the controls," Dr. Branley said.

Dr. Franklin ran his fingers across a row of ten buttons, eight of which governed solar eclipses, ranging from partial to total. Instead of a written label, each button had a diagram of the type of eclipse it produced—a good solution to the language problem, it appeared, for an American technician had just been trying to read some directions printed on the console in German and had given up in exasperation, saying, "You would think they'd learn English." Dr. Franklin fingered the two remaining buttons in the solar-eclipse row. Each of these had printed on it a circle with a dot in it, and Dr. Franklin said that the two buttons controlled movements known as the transits of Venus, in which Venus passed in front of the sun. He took the opportunity to remind Dr. Branley that the projector produced these movements backward. Dr. Branley replied that he had already complained about Venus to the Zeiss people, adding, for our benefit, that every new car has its bugs. Dr. Franklin was reminded of some bugs in the old machine—particularly of a time when some electricians had accidentally hooked up all its motors the wrong way, so that every heavenly motion had been backward. (The lecturer had simply thrown the machine into reverse gear, which made everything run forward again.) Dr. Franklin said he had no nostalgia for the old machine.

Just then, Dr. Thomas D. Nicholson, a former Planetarium chairman and the new director of the American Museum of Natural History, joined Dr. Branley and Dr. Franklin behind the console. Dr. Nicholson lifted one of the control panels and whistled appreciatively as he examined the intricate electronics underneath—yards of orange wires expertly kinked into numerous angles. "I guess I'll have to learn to run this thing all over again," he said, and Dr. Franklin set about showing him how to make the moon and the planets brighter; there was, he indicated, a master button that could dim or brighten the lot of them simultaneously. Dr. Nicholson asked Dr. Franklin how a button labelled "Correct Sun and Moon" worked, and Dr. Franklin said he wasn't sure. Dr. Branley said he felt that for him the most disconcerting thing about the new machine was going to be that the control console was in a different part of the room, so he would have to learn the stars all over again; it would be as if he had been suddenly transported to a different part of the universe.

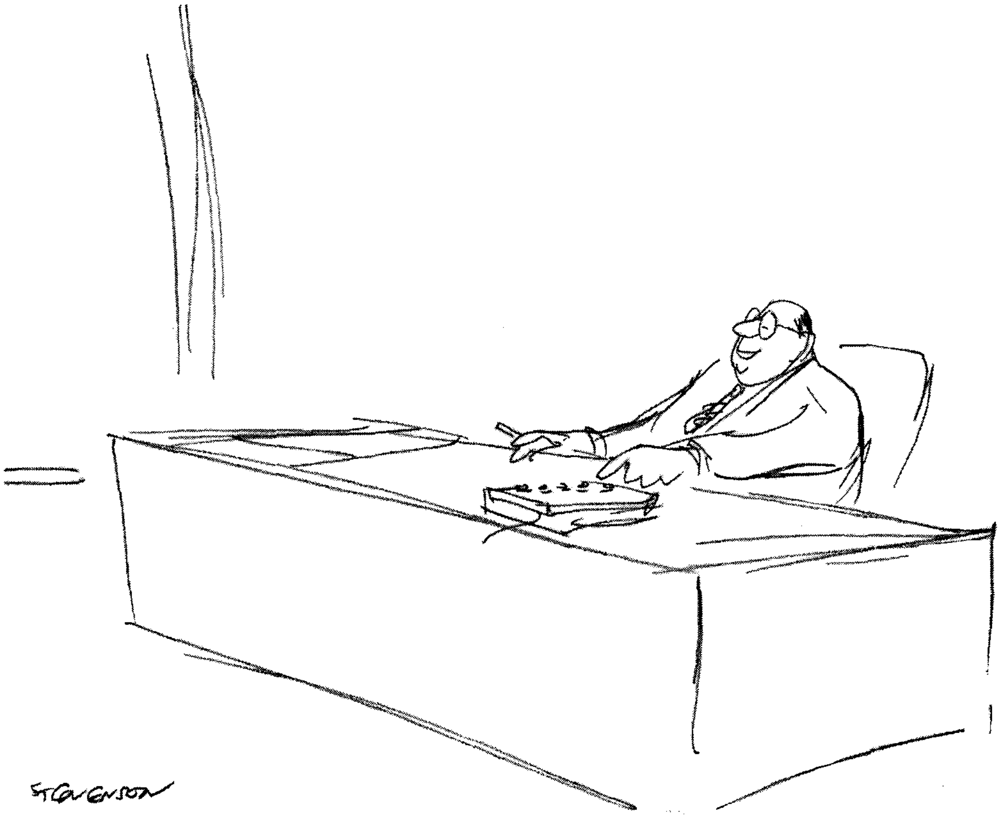
Dr. Franklin says he is



looking forward with some trepidation to the morning of October 3rd, when he will be doing the first show for the public with the new projector. He thinks that when the lights are turned down and the stars twinkle on, the dashboard will look almost as pretty as the sky, because all the controls will be glowing blue-green, with a scattering of yellow light from a few ordinary light bulbs. His notes, typed on translucent paper, will be glowing up at him, for they will be lying on a glass lectern illuminated from below. We asked whether he planned some sort of celestial bombshell for the première—a rousing assortment of eclipses, meteors, and comets, to put the Model VI through its paces—and he replied that he planned nothing of the sort, for merely getting the machine started was going to be cause enough for celebration. "I think I'll just turn on all the stars and leave," he said.

•

A Hollywood butcher advertises "All Meat Custom Cut to Your Likeness."



"Miss Morris, send in somebody who's secure enough to take a little kidding."

• •

Marchi Campaigning

LAST week, we accompanied John Joseph Marchi, Republican and Conservative Party candidate for mayor, on a campaign tour along Ninth Avenue. He was also accompanied by a city detective, Tom Carley; a campaign aide, Jim Hackett; a contingent of newspaper reporters; and a brigade of Youth for Marchi supporters—seven boys and two girls wearing imitation-straw boaters with red-white-and-blue hatbands that bore Marchi's name. The youngsters, all neatly dressed and giggling, in a restrained way, among themselves, carried bunches of "Marchi for Mayor"-stamped balloons on strings. They smacked the balloons listlessly against each other as they waited for the signal to start campaigning. We all gathered on the southeast corner of Ninth Avenue and Fifty-first Street. "This is going to be a walking tour," Jim Hackett told the reporters. "We walk up from Fifty-first to Fifty-seventh on the west side of Ninth, then we cross and walk back. Got it?"

The Youth for Marchi supporters stopped kidding around and got their balloons ready. Each of them was also carrying a pack of Youth for Marchi cards, with a picture of the candidate on one side. On the other side, the cards read, "John Marchi is 48 years old, married, and has two daughters. He is a graduate of St. John's University Law School (J.D.) and Brooklyn Law School (J.S.D.). Senator Marchi served in the Coast Guard during World War II and is a Commander in the active reserves. He was first elected to the State Senate in 1956 and is Chairman of the Committee on the City of New York." At the bottom of the card, we read:

Vote for
*Law and order
*Lower taxes
*Safer schools
Vote Marchi

"Let's go!" Hackett called, looking around. "Where's Senator Marchi?"

Senator Marchi had already started campaigning. He was shaking hands earnestly with a weary-looking man standing in the doorway of a small shop on Fifty-first Street. "Capitol Battery Service," read a sign on the glass window of the shop. A pile of used automobile tires was stacked in front of the shop. Beyond the tires, on the sidewalk, lay a drunk, face down. Near the drunk, at the curb, was a pile of uncollected garbage.

"Glad to see you," Senator Marchi was saying as he shook hands.

"Lofaro. Patsy Lofaro," the man whose hand was being shaken said. "I thought it was you."

"Ask him if he's gonna do somethin'!" a woman's voice called from inside the Capitol Battery Service shop.

A Youth for Marchi supporter went inside and left a balloon.

The woman appeared in the doorway, the balloon lingering over her head.

Hackett moved toward the woman. "Say hello to the Senator," he said.

"Hello, Senator," she said.

Senator Marchi smiled, and looked directly into her face and shook her hand.

"Let's go," Hackett said, steering Senator Marchi across Ninth Avenue.

On Marchi's other side, Carley, a tall man, hovered over the candidate protectively. It was about four in the afternoon, and warm, and Senator Marchi looked rather wilted. He had on a light-blue raw-silk jacket and wrinkled blue trousers. He looked game, though. A good sport. Willing and eager to do what was asked of him.

"Say, John," one of the reporters said to Marchi. "How come no bullhorns? You ought to have one bullhorn in front of you and one behind. This thing isn't even organized."

"In here," Hackett was saying, and Senator Marchi quickly walked into a shop called the Rex Hand Laundry. When he came out, a moment later, he was followed by the man in charge of the Rex Hand Laundry.

"I call the police and they tell me they have nobody to send and I should call the Sanitation Department," the man was saying to Senator Marchi. "But the Sanitation Department tells me it's up to the police."

Senator Marchi half turned and gave the man a sympathetic pat on the shoulder. A Youth for Marchi handed the man a balloon and a campaign card.

A couple of neighborhood small fry moved alongside Senator Marchi. He patted their heads, and they were given balloons and cards.

"In Brooklyn last Saturday, at least they had bullhorns," the bullhorn advocate said to a colleague, with a mildly sympathetic sigh. "You'll notice nobody asked Marchi for his autograph. He's the kind of man who doesn't get asked for his autograph."

Just then one of the small fry presented Senator Marchi with a campaign card to be autographed.

"Not often, anyway," the reporter said.

On to Met Foods, on the corner of Ninth and Fifty-first. A woman was picking up a bag of groceries after paying the cashier. "Glad to see you," Senator Marchi said to her, offering her his hand. Politely, she put down her bag of groceries, so that she could shake hands. Then she picked the bag up again and left.

"Glad to see you," Senator Marchi said to a white-aproned man at the cash register. "Do you have any problems here?"

"Problems!" the man said, shaking Senator Marchi's hand and starting to draw a deep breath.

Senator Marchi looked sympathetic. "We're going to have to roll up our sleeves and go to work," he said.

Into Montalvo's Superette—Productos Tropicales. "Hello. It's nice to see you," Senator Marchi said, offering his hand to the woman in charge. She was elderly and gray-haired, and she wore a black dress. She shrugged politely, shook his hand, and said, in Spanish, that she didn't speak English.

"*El Alcalde, el Alcalde*," Senator Marchi said.

Into Lopez Radio & TV Sales & Service. Quickly *out* of Lopez Radio & TV Sales & Service.

Into a shop with a large sign in the window reading "50% Off on All Clothing This Week." And out again, fast. In a doorway sat a second drunk, drinking from a pint bottle of whiskey. "Happy hallelujahing!" the drunk called out to Senator Marchi and his group.

The Senator skipped the drunk and went into El Cabo Rojo Restaurant, a luncheonette, where a couple of young men in shirtsleeves sat hunched over the counter eating some kind of noodle soup. They looked up glumly at the Senator when he entered, and then concentrated on their soup.

Into the Sunrise Bakery. Signs posted on the wall behind the counter read "No Eating on Premises" and "Do Not Handle the Merchandise."

"We've just about had it here," a woman behind the Sunrise Bakery counter told Senator Marchi. "I hope you'll be the one to clean it up."

"We'll make New Amsterdam look like Old Amsterdam," Senator Marchi said to her earnestly. "We're going to have to roll up our sleeves and go to work."

Across West Fifty-third Street and into Amato's Meat Market, a Pork Specialties Shop. Sign in the window: "Fresh Beef Kidneys 4 Lbs. $1.00." "Hello, glad to see you," Senator Marchi said pleasantly to several harassed-looking women inside. They seemed to be concentrating on the pork specialties.

Senator Marchi bent down and patted the head of a ten-year-old girl with dark curly hair. She held a paper bag of groceries. "Boy, that's a heavy package for such a little girl," he said to the little girl as a Youth for Marchi tied a balloon string around one of her wrists. "What's your name, sweetheart?"

"Maria."

"That's my wife's name," Senator Marchi said.

Next stop, Garcia Spanish-American Grocery. Two potential women voters stood behind the counter. Senator Marchi offered them his hand. Silently, they shook it, staring at him without expression.

Next, Bill's Odds & Ends Shop: "A Thrift Shop. Clothing for Men, Women, and Children. Shoes. Antiques. Small Appliances." No potential voters inside—just a little boy with a cap pistol, who shot it at Senator Marchi. "Nice seeing you," Senator Marchi said to the little boy.

Next, Allcoin Laundry: "Service Wash and Dry. With Soap and Bleach 95c up to 9 Lbs. Dry 10c."

"You going to get rid of the sales tax?" a man waiting for his laundry to dry asked the Senator.

"No, not for a while, I'm afraid," Senator Marchi replied softly.

"You should have been with us this morning on Fifth Avenue, when he went into all the shoestores," the reporter who advocated bullhorns said to us. "He *really* had a captive audience in those shoestores this morning."

Mario's Pizza next. "What city are you from?" Senator Marchi asked the proprietor.

"*Roma*," the proprietor replied.

"Ah, *Roma!*" Senator Marchi said, putting his fingertips to his lips.

"This organization is totally inadequate for a major political campaign," the critical reporter said.

The Bendix Launderette, between Fifty-fifth and Fifty-sixth Streets. A bearded young man who wore blue jeans and a white T-shirt bearing the inscription "U. of P. Gym '44" stood in front of the Launderette. Senator Marchi went up to him and shook his hand, saying, "How do you do? Nice to meet you."

"Nice to meet *you*," said the young man.

"What do *you* do?" a reporter asked the young man as Senator Marchi moved on and into a large A.&P.

"I teach elementary school in Bedford-Stuyvesant," the young man said.

"I thought you were going to be rude to the Senator," the reporter said.

"I don't like him, but I wouldn't be rude to him," said the young man.

Fin 'n Paw Pet Shop. St. Paul Barber Shop. Morris Lourie, Inc., Liquor Shop. Service & Coin Operated Laundry. Nick's Wine & Liquor Store. A hot-dog cart.

Last stop, Fifty-seventh Street. Here Senator Marchi and his entourage crossed Ninth again and stopped at a corner where a campaign table-with-American-flag was stationed. Senator Marchi stood by the table and drank a Coke.

"You feel buoyed up, John?" one of the newspaper reporters asked the Senator.

"Yeah," said Senator Marchi. "You can tell by looking in a person's face if they're interested or involved or committed. It's a very stimulating personal experience. You give some human dimensions to the problems and to the people. I like to observe human nature anyway."

"How's it all look to you, John?" the reporter asked.

"Coming along fine," said Senator Marchi. "This is only very early September."

TO THE FJORD COUNTRY

I HAVE been alerted by my father to the fact that my mother is lying in wait for me in the drugstore where I have lunch after swimming at the Y. She's got my father's proofs; she had inveigled him into sitting for a "black-and-white executive portrait plus six glossies." "She wants you to look at them with your artist's eye," my father had said when he called.

My mother is in one of the booths, a half a cup of coffee before her. This is a prop. I feign surprise by throwing up my hands and making "O"s of my mouth and eyes. In the same way, I obligingly stagger all over my father's office when he hands me one of his rosy checks for my birthday.

"I took a chance," my mother says as I slide in opposite her.

Blowing on spoonfuls of cream-of-turkey soup, I go over the proofs. These consist of both head and bust shots, and my father is either smiling rather roguishly or pretending to be deep in thought, as though he were about to raise an index finger and say "Ah!" Perhaps he really was inspired; after all, when it dawned on Henri Poincaré that the transformations he had used to define Fuchsian functions were identical with those of non-Euclidean geometry, he was boarding a bus. By what had my father been struck? I'd ask, but he'd tell me, in the pidgin French he regularly spouts, that I was a *"petit stinquer."*

"You didn't dry your hair," my mother says.

I raise my index finger and say "Ah!"

In the bust shots, my father is variously fondling his glasses. "He insisted on draping my fingers over them," my father had said on the phone, "although I told him that, in life, my glasses are either on my nose or tucked securely in their case in my pocket."

I point out this discrepancy to my mother.

"Your father has well-modelled fingers," she says.

In the bust shots, they are smooth, lustrous, marmoreal, as though carved by Canova. The retoucher, I realize, has been at his sly work on my father's face as well, unclouding his brow, firming up his chin, putting a gleam in his eye.

I order a B.L.T. down, easy on the mayo.

"Why have you let them do this to him?" I ask my mother.

"Do what?" she says.

"This! This! This!" I cry, jabbing at one of my father's head shots.

"What's wrong?" my mother says, alarmed. "I didn't bring my glasses."

"He's been retouched."

"Has he?" my mother says. "All our friends say they look like him."

I excuse myself and call up my father.

"Are you aware that you've been retouched?" I ask him.

"No," he says.

"Well, you have," I say.

"You have a practiced eye," my father says.

I rejoin my mother.

"They didn't drain the bacon," she says. "I took a very small bite. A nibble. Do you think any of them sum him up? I'm going to bow to your judgment."

I flip through the set of proofs again. The more I gaze upon my father's polished face, the more unfamiliar it becomes. I no longer know what he looks like; I must never have known, never will know.

"He kept up a patter to relax me," my father had said during our first phone call. " 'Do you tell stories?' he said. I told him you don't push a button to tell stories. So he chattered on, and from time to time gave vent to little expressions of approval. Your mother was sitting in a far corner, out of range, making comments."

I confront my mother with this.

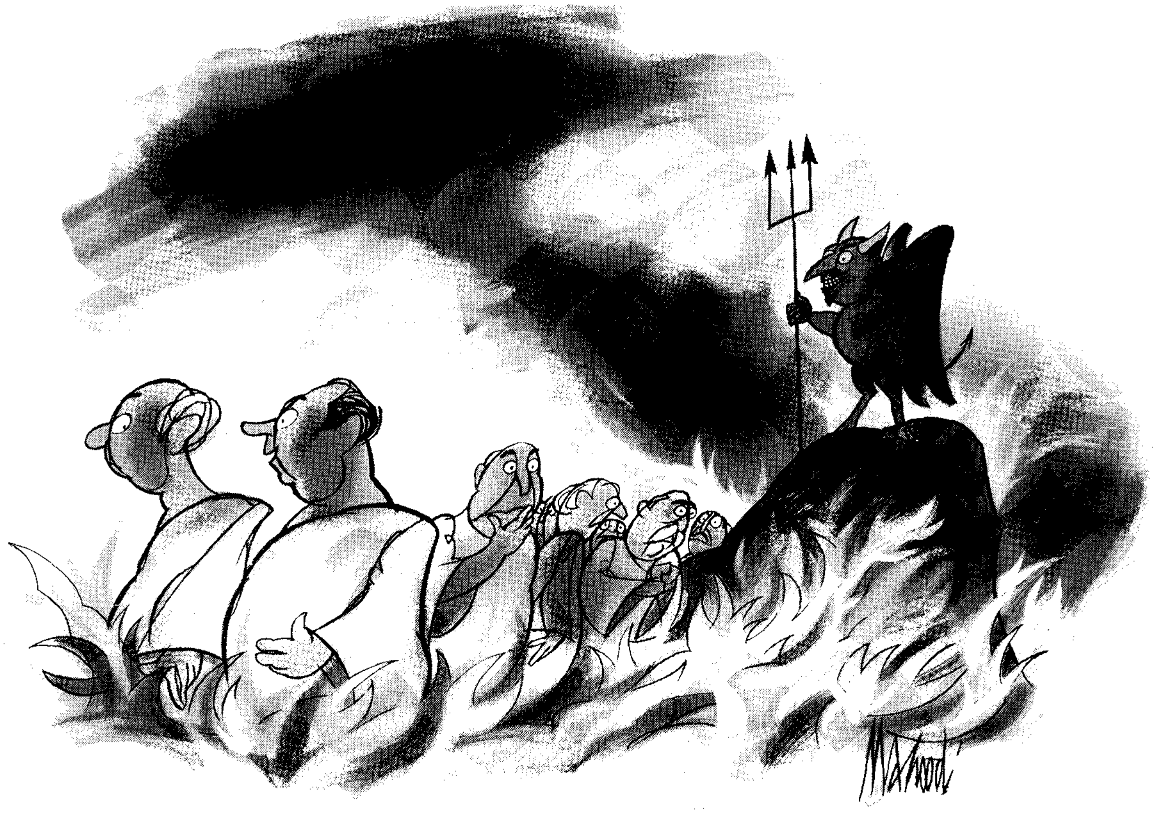
"They didn't want to let me watch," she says. "I told them they didn't have to worry about me, I'd be a little mouse. You see, I like to know what's going on. I'll sit in a dark corner on the sidelines, I told them."

"Were you a little mouse?"

"Oh, you know me," my mother says. "I have to express myself. He was beginning to get rather fixed in his expression. I said something that relaxed it. He was very docile, all things considered. When we arrived at the studio, one of the young men asked your father if he would like to go in and fix his hair. 'It's already in place,' your father told him."

I AM at my mother and father's for dinner. Tomorrow they're going to Europe on a New York County Lawyers Association charter flight.

Suppose the photographer were



"There's one thing to be said for being down here. It relieves those feelings of guilt."

seated in the maid's room across the areaway, with a long lens, watching, through our dining-room window, my father pouring salt on the fresh stains on the tablecloth, me endeavoring to put reverse English on my napkin ring, my mother very gracefully holding her arms above her head.

We had been kicking the past around when my mother said, "At Lydia Wadleigh High School, I always played center because I had such long arms." And she reached up, as though in the act of rebounding, and stared at the ceiling. I told my mother her arms seemed about average length to me, but she wasn't paying attention. My father gave me the look that meant I was letting my mother down.

After a bit, my mother lowers her arms, and the dinner-table conversation turns to the fate of her African violets, several of which are in bloom.

"I'm willing to take them home with me tonight," I say. "Believe me."

"But how will you ever manage?" my mother says.

"I'll splurge on a cab," I say.

"Must you eternally load people down?" my father says to my mother.

"I'm paying for the cab," my mother says, and trots into the bedroom, where the violets are set out on the radiator cover getting, as she puts it, the benefit of the natural light. When she's carted them all into the dining room, she begins packing them in shopping bags, but some leaves fall off, so she unpacks them.

"You see," my father says. "I say forget about them. Let them die, for God's sake."

The photographer leans forward, twisting his great lens.

"I'm more than willing to come up three times a week to water them, if someone will show me how," I say.

"Nobody's going to water your mother's African violets while we're gone," my father says. "What's going to happen is they're going to be allowed to die. Then, when we return from Europe, I'm going to buy your mother some new ones. What is it, two dollars, two dollars and a half per plant? Four, five dollars if they're blooming? So that's . . . There's seven plants, and that makes it ten. . . . And three with blooms on them. . . . All told, say, what—twenty-five dollars?"

"Please, Dad, don't do it," I say. "I'm coming up."

"I'll change the locks on you," my father says. He rises and, getting down on one knee, gathers the fallen leaves.

"I would have attended to it," my mother says, crouching beside him. By this time, however, my father has picked up all the leaves, which he doesn't seem to know what to do with. He remains kneeling, as though forever, like an insignificant figure in a corner of a *quattrocento* Adoration.

Now. Shoot. I recognize him. I am that man's son.

My mother holds out a hand, and my father lets the leaves drop into her palm.

I have an impulse to help my parents to their feet, but don't follow through.

"Did you pack my flannel pajamas?" my father says to my mother. "I hear it gets cold in the fjord country at night."

COLLEGE
STUDENT
APOLITICAL

"You didn't push your chair in," I say to my father.

"*Petit stinquer*," my father says to me.

I AM taking my mother and father to the airport in a Carey I hired.

On the Van Wyck, my father withdraws a sheet of paper, folded many times, from the pocket of his drip-dry shirt—a piece of correspondence, he announces, that he found in a lockbox he had opened in connection with an estate he's handling.

I tell my mother I smell a rat.

My mother gives me a look that means I'm not supposed to disparage my father.

My father unfolds the letter; it is nearly worn through along the creases. "A communication from Chronic Diseases," he informs us, "thanking my client for a substantial contribution he made a number of years ago. I'm taking the liberty of reading the closing to you: 'You're a sincere Jew with a Jewish heart, and that means a man of great and noble spirit.' "

"What else did you find in there?" my mother asks.

"Zip," my father says.

"Zip?" my mother says.

"Otherwise empty," my father says.

We ride in silence. I can think of nothing to say to them. My father folds the letter and puts it back in his pocket. He is taking it with him to the fjord country.

"How would you like to have our subscription to the Philharmonic?" my mother says at last.

"After all these years!" I say.

"It's no use," my mother says. "If you don't want the seats, I'm going to have to abandon them."

My father adjusts the air-conditioning.

"I'm submitting myself to your father's will," she continues.

"These modern pieces they insist on playing are an assault on one's ears," my father says.

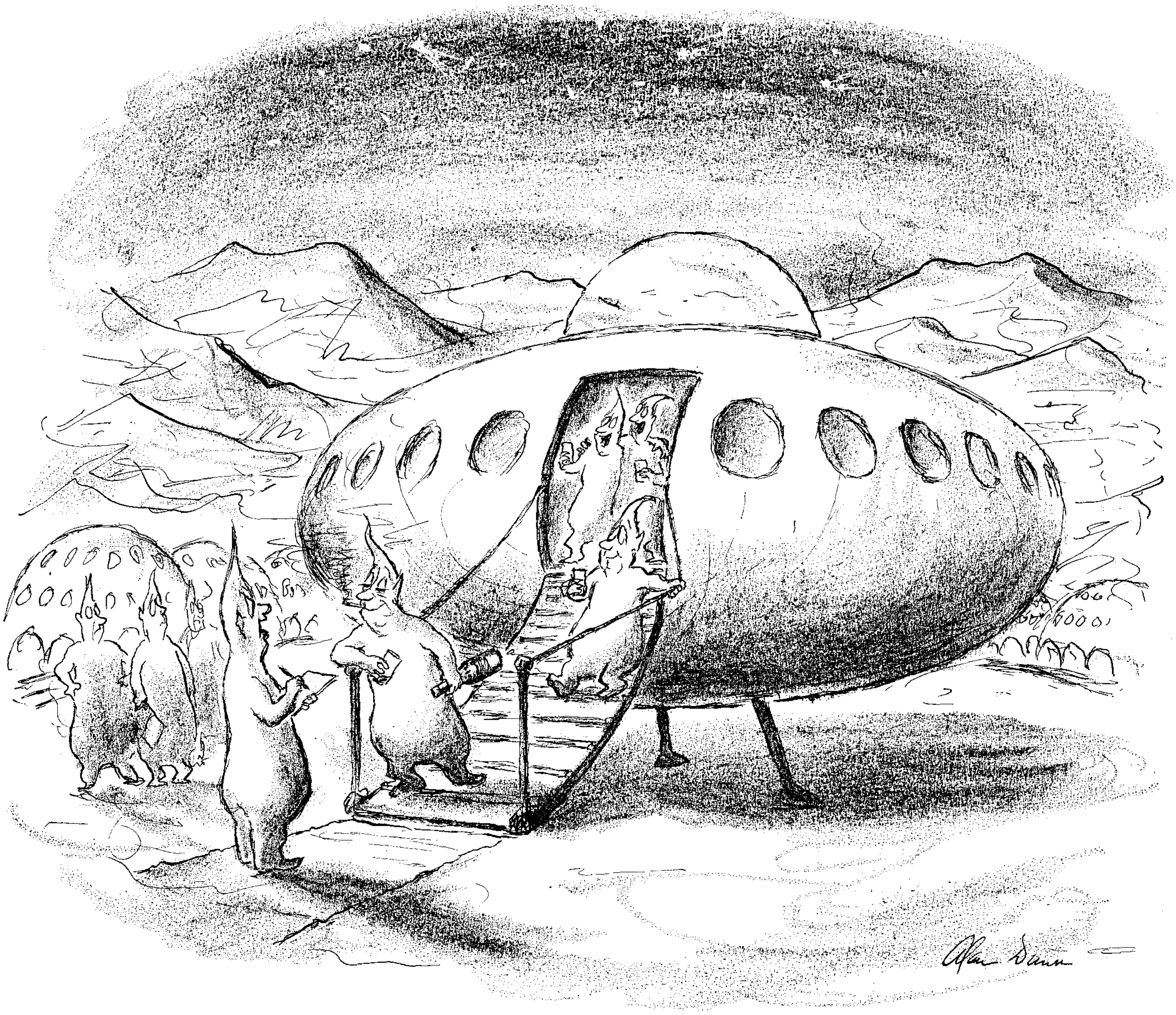
"We should make an extra effort to keep up," my mother says. "Leonard Bernstein wouldn't include them in the program unless they had merit."

"But Bernstein's left," my father says.

"The last time we went, we had 'The Rite of Spring,' " my mother says.

"I told your mother we had arrived at the crossroads," my father says.

"I informed him that 'The Rite of Spring' wasn't modern anymore," my



"What else did Earth Mission II learn, Professor?"

• •

mother says. "It was first performed in 1913."

"I said I'd be a good scout for her sake," my father says.

"You said you'd stiffen your sinews," my mother says.

"It's all the same," my father says.

"But in the middle he began casting frequent glances at the ceiling," my mother goes on, "so I took his hand and we left. I must say, however, that that Boulez is no Leonard Bernstein."

"Schonberg has praised him lavishly," my father says.

"Boulez," my mother says, "is a little fat man, and he doesn't move very much."

I kiss my mother goodbye at the International Departures Building.

"Don't worry," I whisper. "I'm going to sneak up and water them anyway."

"It's too late," she whispers back.

"He's uprooted them?" I say. My father has drifted out of earshot.

"His pictures," my mother says. "They don't look like him anymore."

"Aren't you going to order any?"

"I should have made him go for a sitting years ago," she says, "but you know me."

A WEEK later, I get a picture postcard from my mother, showing the fjord country:

> Violets are always watered from the BOTTOM! Don't use cold water. Make sure it's TEPID! Water when the soil appears very dry. From my experience, this is every other day. Once a week give them a little violet food, which you'll find nearby.
>
> Love,
> Mom

I had forgotten the pain-in-the-neck plants. I dream of an irremeable past. In the dream, I take a cab to my mother and father's. There, I go into the kitchen. On the drainboard is a pitcher I have never seen before; it must have been broken long ago. Had my father thrown it in a rage? I fill the pitcher with tepid water and head down the hall. The blinds are drawn in the bedroom; nonetheless, it is favored with light—the natural light my mother is always pointing out to everybody. There are no violets; they won't be bought for years and years. The radiator cover is bare, and two people are sleeping in my mother's bed. My father's is empty, but has been slept in. I kneel to see the sleepers' faces better: my mother and father, breathing in harmony, her arms about him. They are terribly young; their faces are those in the snapshots obliging strangers took on their honeymoon. In front of the Antlers Hotel. At Echo Lake. In the Garden of the Gods. I am going to be born. I am going to let them down and disparage them. —GILBERT ROGIN

AUDUBON: A VISION AND A QUESTION FOR YOU

I

Was not the lost dauphin, though handsome was only
Baseborn and not even able
To make a decent living, was only
Himself, Jean Jacques, and his passion—what
Is man but his passion?

Saw,
Eastward and over the cypress swamp, the dawn,
Redder than meat, break;
And the large bird,
Long neck outthrust, wings crooked to scull air, moved
In a slow calligraphy, crank, flat, and black against
The color of God's blood spilt, as though
Pulled by a string. Saw
It proceed across the inflamed distance.

Moccasins set in hoarfrost, eyes fixed on the bird,
Thought: "On that sky it is black."
Thought: "In my mind it is white."
Thinking: "*Casmerodius albus*, heron, white."

Dawn: his heart shook in the tension of the world.

Dawn: and what is your passion?

II

(a)

His life, at the end, seemed—even the anguish—simple.
Simple, at least, in that it had to be,
Simply, what it was, as he was,
In the end, himself and not what
He had known he ought to be. The blessedness!

To wake in some dawn and see,
As though down a rifle barrel, lined up
Like sights, the self that was, the self that is, and there,
Far off but in range, completing that alignment, your fate.

Hold your breath, let the trigger squeeze be slow and steady.

The quarry lifts, in the halo of gold leaves, its noble head.

This is not a dimension of Time.

(b)

Keep store, dandle babies, and at night nuzzle
The hazel-nut-shaped sweet tits of Lucy, and
With the piratical markup of the frontier, get rich.

But you did not, being of weak character.

You saw, from the forest pond, already dark, the great trumpeter swan
Rise, in clangor, and fight up the steep air where,
In the height of last light, it glimmered, like white flame.

The definition of love being, as we know, complex,
We may say that he, after all, loved his wife.

The letter, from campfire, keelboat, or slum room in New Orleans,
Always ended, "God bless you, dear Lucy." After sunset,

Alone, he played his flute in the forest.

(c)

The world declares itself. That voice
Is vaulted in—oh, arch on arch—redundancy of joy, its end
Is its beginning, necessity
Blooms like a rose. Why,

Therefore, is truth the only thing that cannot
Be spoken?

It can only be enacted, and that in dream,
Or in the dream become, as though unconsciously, action, and he stood,

At dusk, in the street of the raw settlement, and saw
The first lamp lit behind a window, and did not know
What he was. Thought: "I do not know my own name."

He walked in the world. He was sometimes seen to stand
In perfect stillness, when no leaf stirred.

Tell us, dear God—tell us the sign
Whereby we may know the time has come.

III

(a)

He walked in the world.   Knew the lust of the eye.

Wrote: "Ever since a Boy I have had an astonishing desire
to see Much of the World and particularly
to acquire a true knowledge of the Birds of North America.'

He dreamed of hunting with Boone, from imagination painted his portrait.
He knew that the buzzard does not scent its repast, but sights it.
He looked in the eye of the wounded White-headed Eagle.

Wrote: ". . . the Noble Fellow looked at his Ennemies
with a Contemptible Eye."

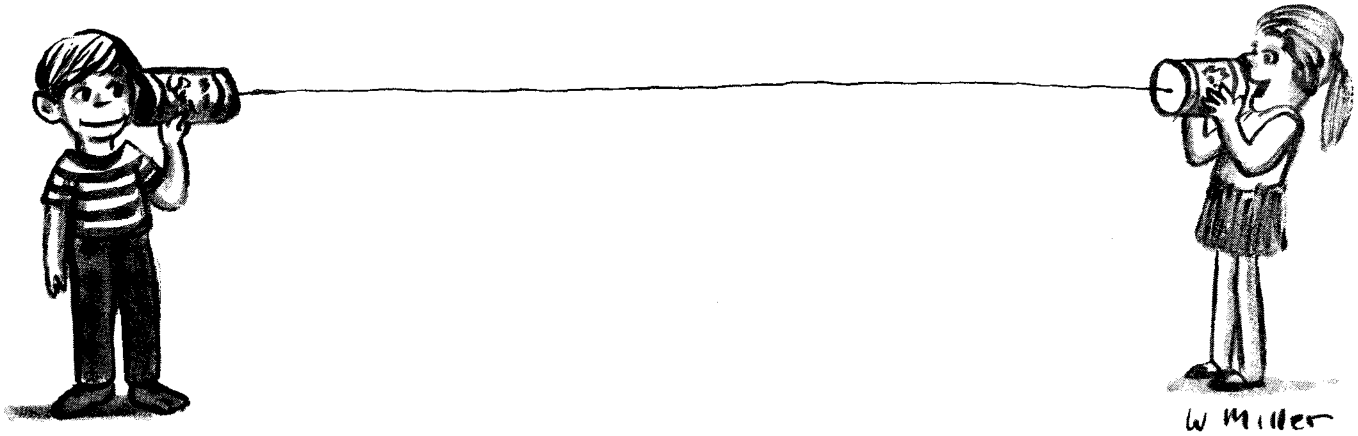
At dusk he stood on a bluff, and the bellowing of buffalo
Was like distant ocean. He saw
Bones whiten the plain in the hot daylight.

He saw the Indian, and felt the splendor of God.

Wrote: ". . . for there I see the Man Naked from his
hand and yet free from acquired Sorrow."

Below the salt, in rich houses, he sat, and knew insult.
In the lobbies and *couloirs* of greatness he dangled,
And was not unacquainted with contumely.

Wrote: "My Lovely Miss Pirrie of Oackley Passed by Me
this Morning, but did not remember how beautifull



"Mr. Smith is not at home. When you hear a 'beep,' leave your name and number. This is a recording."

• •

I had rendered her face once by Painting it
at her Request with Pastelles."

Wrote: "... but thanks to My humble talents I can run
the gantlet throu this World without her help."

And ran it, and ran undistracted by promise of ease,
Or even the kind condescension of Daniel Webster.

Wrote: "... would give me a fat place was I willing to
have one; but I love indepenn and piece more
than humbug and money."

And proved same, but in the end, entered
On honor. Far, over the ocean, in the silken salons,
With hair worn long like a hunter's, eyes shining,
He whistled the birdcalls of his distant forest.

Wrote: "... in my sleep I continually dream of birds."

And in the end entered into his earned house,
And slept in a bed, and with Lucy.

But the fiddle
Soon lay on the shelf untouched, the mouthpiece
Of the flute was dry, and his brushes.

His mind
Was darkened, and his last joy
Was in the lullaby they sang him, in Spanish, at sunset.

He died, and was mourned, who had loved the world.

Who had written: "... a world which though wicked enough
in all conscience is *perhaps* as good
as worlds unknown."

(b)

Night leaned, and now leans,
Off the Atlantic, and is on schedule.
Grass does not bend beneath that enormous weight
That with no sound sweeps westward. In the Mississippi,
On a mudbank, the wreck of a great tree, left
By flood, lies, the root system and now stubbed boughs
Lifting in darkness. It
Is white as bone. That whiteness
Is reflected in dark water, and a star
Thereby.

Later,
In the shack of a sheepherder, high above the Bitterroot,
The light goes out. No other
Light is visible.

The Northwest Orient plane, New York to Seattle,
has passed, winking westward.

IV

Their footless dance
Is of the beautiful liability of their nature.
Their eyes are round, boldly convex, bright as a jewel,
And merciless. They do not know
Compassion, and if they did,
We should not be worthy of it. They fly
In air that glitters like fluent crystal
And is hard as perfectly transparent iron; they cleave it
With no effort. They cry
In a tongue multitudinous, often like music.

He slew them, at surprising distances, with his gun.
Over a body held in his hand, his head was bowed low,
But not in grief.

He put them where they are, and there we see them:
In our imagination.

What is love?

One name for it is knowledge.

V

Tell me a story.

In this century, and moment, of mania,
Tell me a story.

Make it a story of great distances, and starlight.

The name of the story will be Time,
But you must not pronounce its name.

Tell me a story of deep delight.

—Robert Penn Warren

THE EXECUTOR

Mr. Ruffino was tall and thin, and walked with his back very straight. We were looking at an apartment in New Jersey. He was the rental agent. He spoke with a slight British accent. We walked down a long, silent hall together. It was an interior passageway—no windows; just doors on either side, with small brass letters tacked onto them. The hall was painted white, and dim lights and red carpeting gave it some warmth.

Mr. Ruffino said to my wife, Lana, "I am not supposed to show this apartment just now. The woman who lived in it died in the hospital last week, and the contents are part of the estate, which hasn't been appraised yet. But her brother is the executor, and he's spending a few days here, and perhaps he'll let us have a look." He stopped at a door on which a note was taped: "This apartment is not to be entered under any circumstances. The Management." Mr. Ruffino pressed the doorbell, and after a while the door opened.

An old man let us in. Mr. Ruffino spoke to him in a loud voice. The man shook a little, did not seem to understand. Mr. Ruffino repeated, "I'm sorry to bother you. This is Mr. and Mrs. Landau. They want to have a look at the apartment—is that all right?" He turned to us and said, "This is Mr. Norris."

"How do you do," I said. "I'm Bill Landau. This is my wife, Lana." I put out my hand.

His hand was big and red and surprisingly strong. He cocked his head and frowned.

"Is it O.K. if we look around?" I shouted.

"Oh, sure," he said. "Come right in." He put his palm up and motioned toward the interior. "Just goin' through papers and stuff, and I don't know which end is up. I can't even see straight. The place is a mess right now." He looked at Lana and smiled.

She is light and small and pretty. She said, "As long as we're not disturbing you." She talks very softly; I was sure he didn't hear her.

"Now, you see," Mr. Ruffino began, sweeping past Mr. Norris, "this apartment is a little smaller than the other ones. But the living room faces onto the woods, as you can see, and you'd have privacy—you wouldn't hear the cars at all." The building, H-shaped, was on a road leading to a resort lake; in the summer the road was never still from early morning to late at night.

My wife excused herself shyly as she walked in front of Mr. Norris and followed Mr. Ruffino to the window. The blinds were raised. I went over and stood beside her. We looked out at pines, a thick, old, forked white birch, some maples. Birds darted. The land sloped gently, rolled away in a little grassy hill. Far away, we could see the beginning of the lake.

"It's really nice," Lana said.

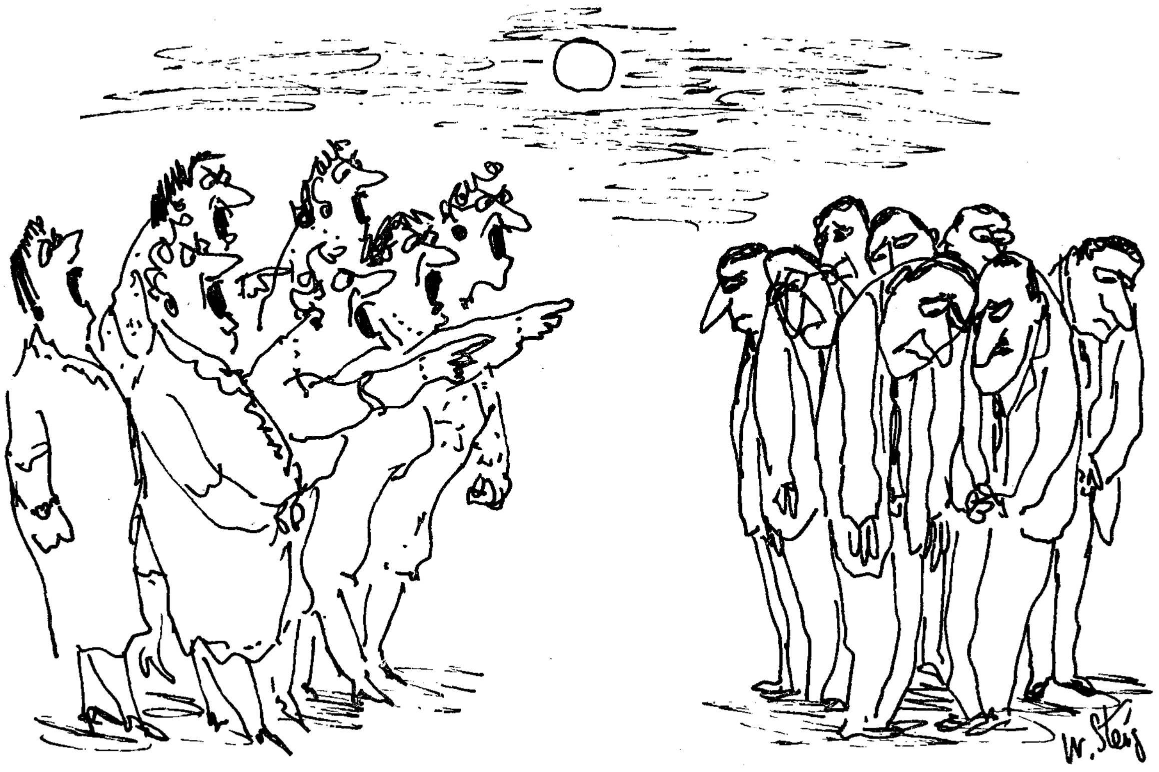
Mr. Ruffino took Lana's arm and led her off, talking of closet space, the compact kitchen and how handy it was, the garbage-disposal unit, the automatic dishwasher. He showed her the two bedrooms, the bath. He answered questions about children and pets. We didn't have either, but we wanted a baby soon. He said that they were welcome. There were no restrictions.

All the while, I felt obliged to stay with Mr. Norris. He had shuffled from the door to the window. I said loudly, "It's certainly a pleasant apartment. Nice view of the woods."

He nodded, put his hands into his pockets, looked at the floor, and stuck out his bottom lip. He was bald, and his forehead looked vast. His eyes were large, flat, blue, wet. His skin was quite pink. He was wearing a plaid wool shirt and loose, heavy dark pants held up by suspenders. It was hot out, and I wondered how he tolerated these clothes.

I glanced around the room. The apartment *was* a mess. It looked as if it had been ravaged, turned over by a burglar. All drawers were open; every surface had something on it—newspapers, magazines in piles, books in piles, vases, flowerpots, baskets, sewing things. Underneath the disorder, a home, a mixed personality showed through faintly. There was a fine, faded Oriental rug, an Empire sofa with a lot of mahogany and rose silk cushions. There were two milk-glass lamps, a cherry drop-leaf table with a Tiffany lamp on it, an elegant pale-blue wing chair, and a corner cupboard. A large Boston rocker. Two wicker armchairs. Framed, hand-embroidered samplers hung on the walls, and a bucolic oil, and three brownish photographs of people dressed in clothes of the nineteen-twenties. There was far too much furniture.

I understood something about Miss Norris, the sister of this man. She had come here to die. Perhaps at one time she had owned a nice country



PRIVATE BEACH

“Damn it, fellow, can’t you read?”

• •

cottage, had got too old to keep it up, and had come to live conveniently in an apartment. It had been difficult for her to give up her possessions, so she had stuffed them all in here—a great but necessary burden.

Mr. Norris must have been watching me. He said, “My sister was a nurse. She had a lot of friends, and they were always givin’ her things. See anything you want? If you do, let me know. The man’s comin’ tomorrow to appraise everything, and I’ll make a note of prices of anything you want.”

He did not sound very businesslike. He sounded weary. His voice was slow and sleepy. Suddenly, I pictured him lying asleep on the sofa. Surrounded, covered over by papers, bills, receipts, old cancelled checks, antimacassars, sofa pillows, afghans, pictures, dust. He was lying in a swirl of his sister’s things, asleep.

He blinked and said, “I guess there’s some genuine antiques here.” He said “gen-u-wine.” I wished he would say it again.

There was a silence, and I could hear Lana in another room asking about heat, the laundry. I felt compelled to talk. I said to Mr. Norris, “Maybe my wife is interested in that Tiffany lamp. It *is* a Tiffany lamp, isn’t it?”

“Huh?”

I said it again, pointing.

“Guess so,” he said.

“It’s nice. How much would you want for it?”

He shrugged and looked around as if he wondered where he was. “Ten dollars?” he said.

Mr. Ruffino and Lana came back to the living room. I asked Lana about the lamp.

“We’ll see,” she said. When Mr. Norris wasn’t looking, she frowned at me.

“Are you from around here?” I asked him.

“No. From Maine. Five hundred miles from here. Little place near Portland. Know anyone who needs a car? My sister left a good car. I don’t need it, I got a good car. She left a ’65 Olds. I guess it’s an Olds. Or is it a Pontiac? It’s in good shape.”

I said I didn’t know anyone who needed a car.

“May I take a quick look in the other rooms?” I asked Mr. Ruffino.

“Of course. I was just showing your wife.”

I looked into the two bedrooms. Again there was an excess of furniture. More prints and photographs. One of the photographs showed a grinning slim young woman in a knee-length, black one-piece bathing suit. There was faded writing on it: “To Edna, Always remember the dear times at Sebec. Always remember me. Affectionately, Cora. 7-26-25.”

The smaller bedroom was set up as a kind of den, and it lay in confusion like the living room—a sagging couch, a ladderback chair, a Colonial chest, stacks of old books, yellowed newspapers, clippings, stationery. A sheaf of financial papers fanned out of an open top drawer of a desk onto a chair, ending in a heap on the floor.

I went back to the living room. “What made your sister come all the way here to Jersey to live?” I asked.

My wife gave me a terrible look.

“She had a few friends left here,” he said. “When she was married years ago once, she lived here.” His voice choked up, trailed off, but not in an emotional way. He was exhausted.

“Excuse me,” Lana said. “Mr.

Norris, when do you think the place will be available?"

"I expect to be out of here before the weekend. I might have to sell the car to one of them crooked car dealers. My nephew's comin' down tomorrow or the next day with a truck. We'll take some things back with us—whatever the furniture dealer don't want after he appraises everything."

"Thank you. It was nice of you to let us in. We're sorry if we intruded."

"Perfectly all right. Nice to see young people takin' the place." His lips twitched in a crooked way, gently.

I thanked him, too. Mr. Ruffino nodded at him, and the three of us left the apartment.

In the office, I made out a check for a deposit on the next month's rent.

"I'd like it repainted," Lana said. "Maybe all off-white. It's not a big apartment, and that would make it seem more spacious and brighter, too. I'm not fond of the colors she has. And the venetian blinds. I'd want them taken down. I don't like venetian blinds. Would that be all right?"

Mr. Ruffino, wearing thick-rimmed glasses, sat at a huge carved desk and wrote a receipt for the deposit. "No problem at all," he kept saying.

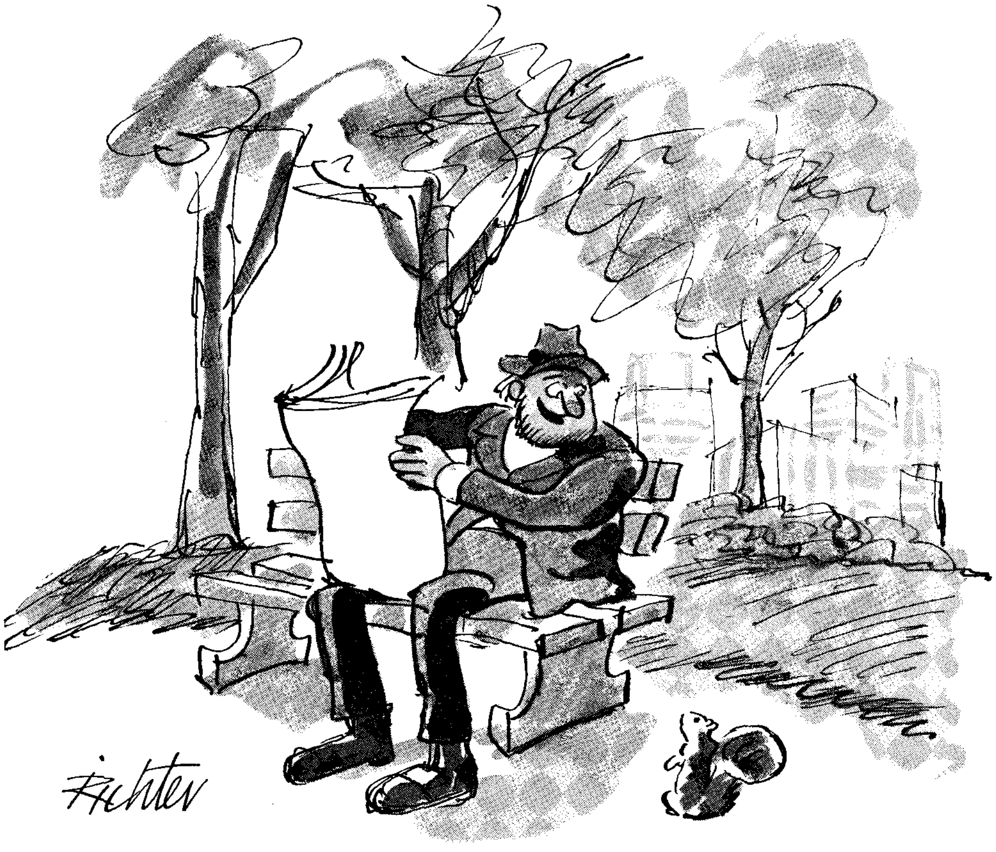
Outside, Lana gave me hell for asking Mr. Norris questions. "It wasn't any of your business," she said. "And besides, it wasn't a very pleasant situation for him, the poor thing. I never saw such a confused old man."

I said I certainly didn't mean to hurt his feelings. "I was just standing there, and I couldn't think of anything to say, and I *was* curious." I asked her about the Tiffany lamp.

She said, "You mean that thing just inside the door?" She shook her head and made a face. "Besides, it wouldn't go with any of our things."

A WEEK went by. We were excited now about moving, and apprehensive about Mr. Norris's not moving out. The apartment we were living in was old and musty and falling apart. There were no trees, no grass. The faucets dripped and it was gloomy, especially in the long, narrow living room.

Each night, we would drive across town and slowly pass the far end of the new apartment building, and I would say, "Is he still there?" Lana would say, "The light's on in the bedroom, I think. It's hard to see, because it's so far over." And we would drive back the other way, and I could see. "Oh, God," I'd say. "He's still there." I wondered privately what he was doing day after day, night after night. Was he trapped in there by all those possessions? It made me lonely to think of him.



"The Dow-Jones dropped another eight points today, I'm sure you'll be interested to know."

A few days later, I got a call from Mr. Ruffino. He said the place was empty now if we wanted to see it and tell him what needed to be done.

It was a sunny afternoon. We went right over. The apartment was shockingly empty. For a second, I missed all the furniture. I missed the tall, stooped old man with the suspenders. I looked at the walls. There were picture hooks all over the place. I said, "They'll have to come down."

"Certainly," Mr. Ruffino said, writing on a pad.

"And I'd like the walls painted off-white," Lana said.

"Certainly."

"And the floors are scratched."

"We'll see that they're polished." He kept writing.

"When may we move in?" I asked.

"Let me see. I have to think about the painters. . . . Would next Tuesday be all right?"

"I think so. If I can get Ronny to help us that day. Someone else from the office might help—Joe Wright, and Duke."

"Where should we put the sofa?" Lana said.

Mr. Ruffino excused himself and told us to take our time and to stop off at the office if we had any problems. He left.

After the door shut, we hugged each other in the middle of the empty living room. Lana said, "Isn't it bright and new and pretty here?"

I said, "A lot better than that other place."

I walked around in the echoey rooms and opened closets. What had happened to all the things? Had he sold everything? Was his sister now completely disassembled, vanished?

In a hall closet, on a shelf, stood the Tiffany lamp. I lifted it down. It had a tag on it, with an inscription: "For Mr & Mrs Landau. from Leon Norris." The handwriting was from another century—shaky, thick, laboriously gouged into the paper.

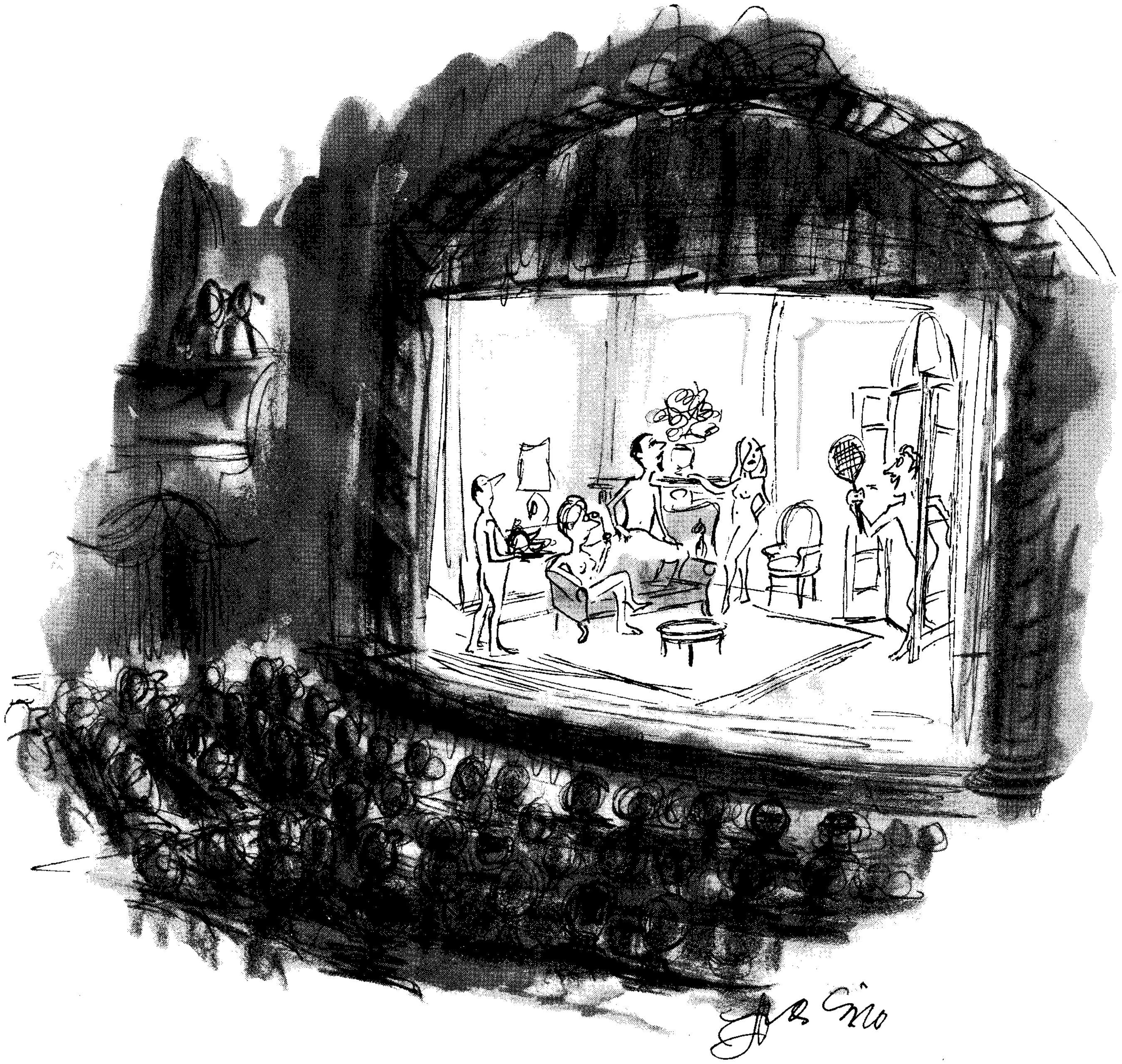
Lana said, "Oh, no. This piece of junk. What'll we do with it?"

I felt like saying something cruel. Instead, I said, "Piece of junk? *I'll* use it. On my desk. I like it. And I liked *him.*" I put it back on the shelf and slammed the closet door.

"Now, please don't preach and be mad," Lana said. "I just don't happen to like the lamp, that's all."

We walked in silence down the muffled hall.

The sun was bright and very hot



"Tennis, anyone?"

• •

when we reached the street. Lana squinted. She said, "We've got to call the power company and the telephone company. And let's go look for some big cardboard boxes somewhere."

"To put all *our* junk in," I said. "And Mr. Norris and his sister and you and me. All in cardboard boxes. Gen-u-wine antiques."

Lana shook her head.

I said maybe we could look behind the supermarket. She didn't answer.

In the car, she said, "You spoiled it."

"What?"

"Moving."

"What do you mean?"

"The fun of it."

"You think you didn't?"

We drove through town. Behind the A. & P., in the huge flat asphalt lot, near a loading platform, we scavenged among the trash—rotten fruit, flies, and lettuce crates—slowly, like two rats. We stuffed four large, clean, empty canned-goods cartons into the trunk of the car.

"Watch out for cockroaches," I said, shaking some shredded paper out of another box.

"Watch out for old lamps, too," Lana said. "And big, dark thoughts. Be sure and dump those out."

I looked at her. She smiled. Then I did. Then we started to laugh.

We were still laughing as we got into the car and steadied ourselves for the job ahead of us. I wiped the sweat off my face.

Lana was all right. On the way home in the fierce afternoon, she talked and I nodded, but I didn't say much. Inside my head, I kept driving by the building late at night, and the light was on, the only light in the place. In the apartment, I saw the old man dressed in his heavy clothes—pink, bloated, still, floating among his sister's many things.

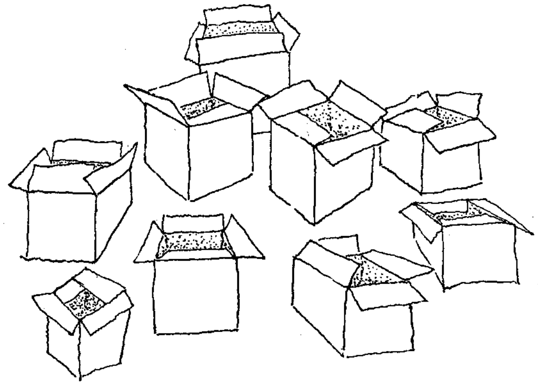
—H. L. MOUNTZOURES

•

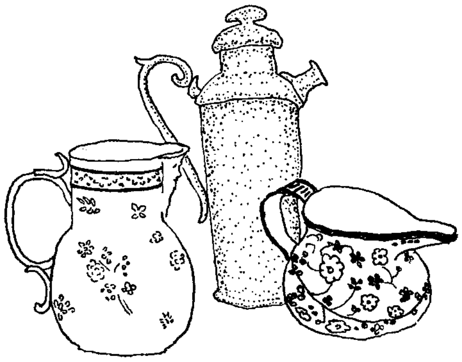
I like the plan of a Connecticut businessman. Each morning after getting to his office and taking a look at his schedule, he spends a few moments in quiet medication.—*Norman Vincent Peale in the Santa Ana (Calif.) Register.*

That's what that bottom drawer is for.

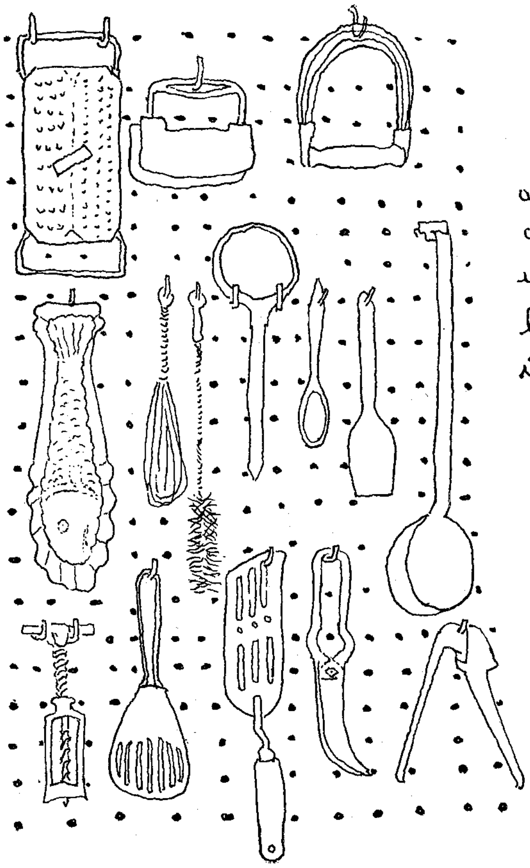
A TIME FOR CHANGE



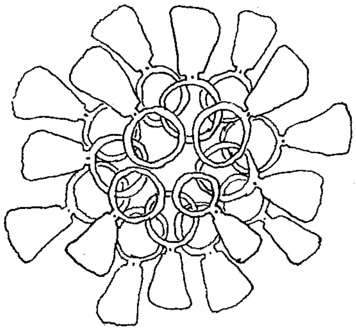
When empty boxes
represented life



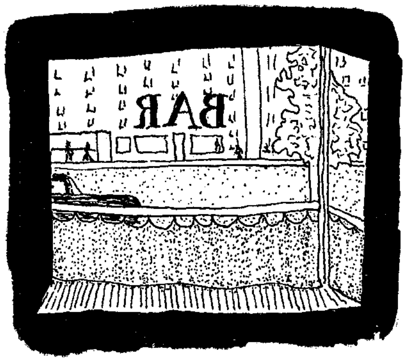
and water pitchers became
critical inanimate forces



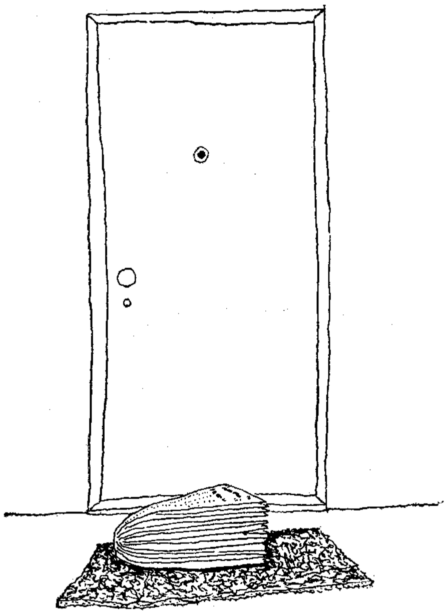
and
cooking
utensils
became
instruments
of torture,



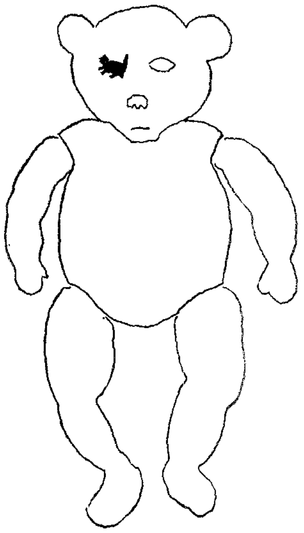
it seemed reasonable, also, then,
that to become independently wealthy
it would be merely necessary to
discover a use for beer-can tab openers.



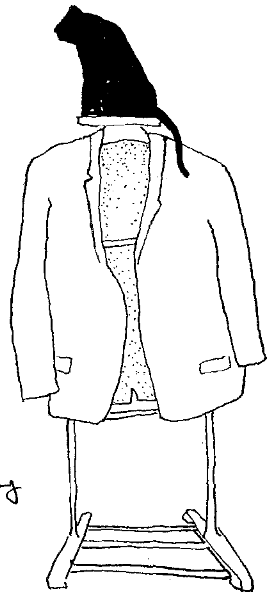
It made me sleepy
to think on these
things. Sleep suggested a summer afternoon,



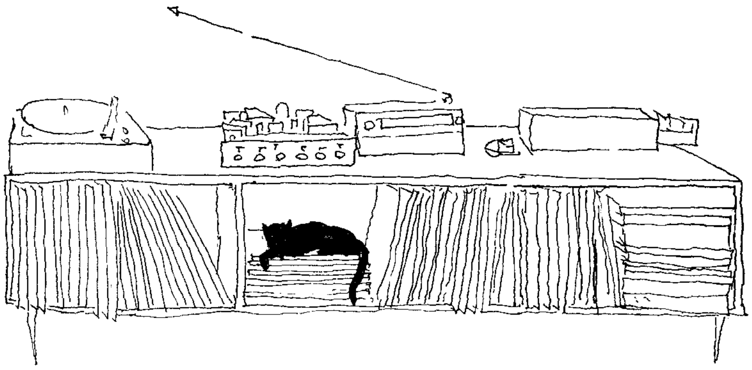
the Sunday "Times."



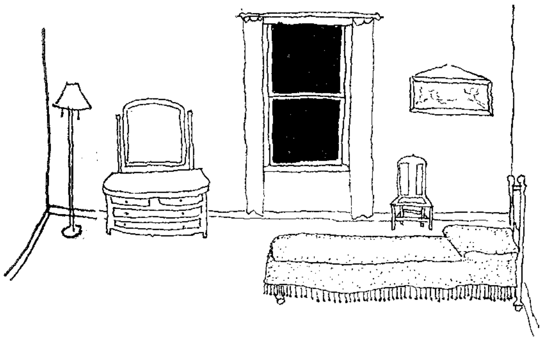
Frequently, closing my eyes at night began a fantasy concerning a stuffed toy bear. Where one eye had been, a small black cat appeared.



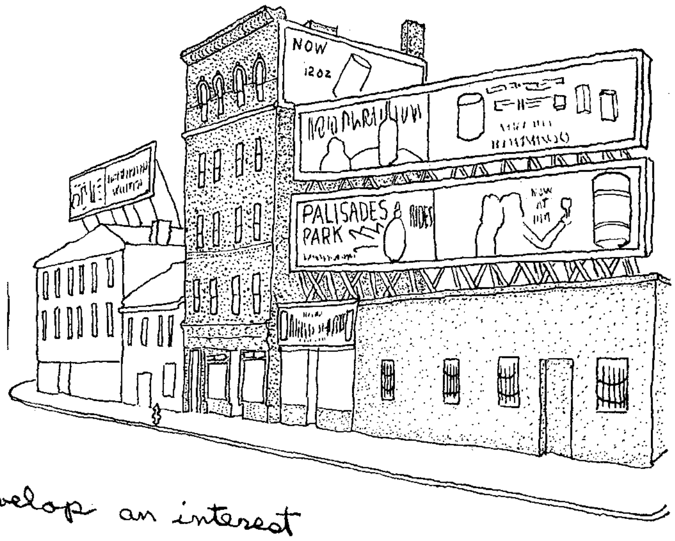
Sometimes this cat was on the top of the thing I hang my clothes on,



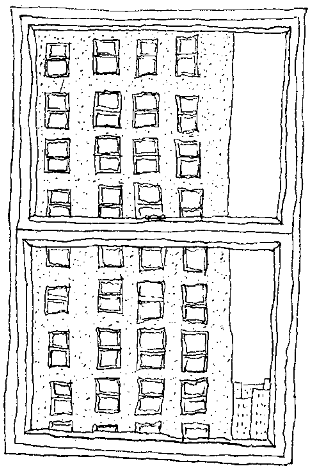
or in the midst of the records.



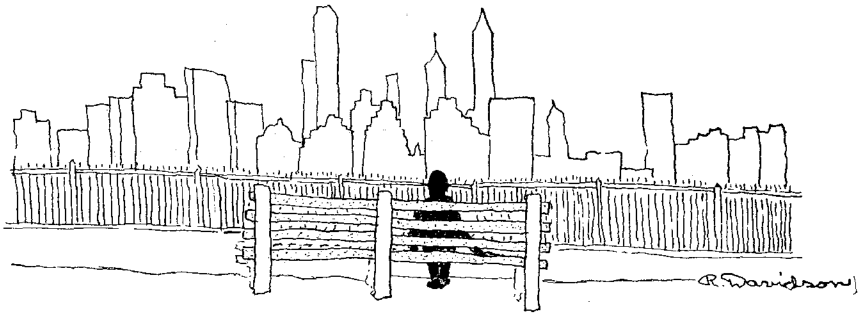
When I could not spend a weekend in the room


NOW
12oz
PALISADES PARK
RIDES

or develop an interest in city streets



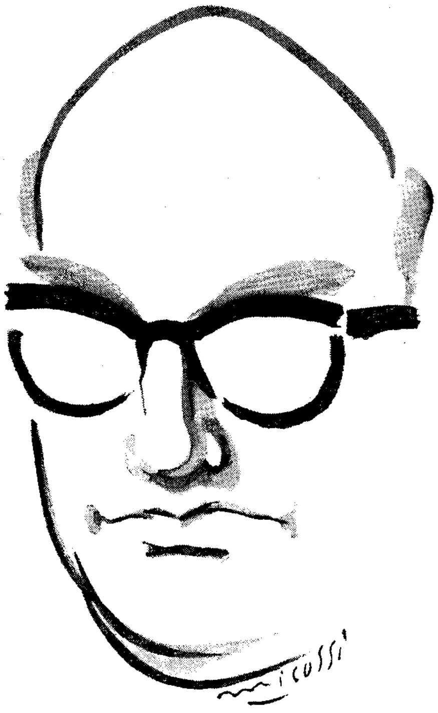
or count windows from a window,



I meditated.

PROFILES

ONE-MAN THINK TANK



Richard M. Scammon

THERE are politicians and journalists in Washington who believe that Richard M. Scammon was manufactured a few years ago at an I.B.M. plant in Poughkeepsie. They maintain that he is a System/360 computer disguised as a giant person. But the facts are otherwise, as Scammon himself might say. Though it is true that his brain is computerlike in its agility and retentiveness, and that he is big enough—standing almost six five and weighing two hundred and eighty pounds—to house the circuitry of a computer, Scammon is a real human being, who was born fifty-four years ago in Minneapolis. A former director of the Census Bureau and now the director of a nonprofit organization called the Elections Research Center, Scammon is a statistician, a political scientist, and an authority on American elections and voting patterns. He can recite from memory an astonishing array of social, political, economic, and demographic facts about cities, wards, precincts, and neighborhoods all over the United States. Mention your home town to him and the chances are that Scammon remembers which way it went in the last Presidential election, recalls watching your neighbors vote in the high-school gym during a local election, and knows which parts of town are inhabited by the gentry. If someone asks him where to go to interview, say, Jewish voters in Baltimore, Scammon does not give a vague answer such as "the northwest part of town" but is likely to suggest Reisterstown Road, Park Heights Avenue, and the 103rd and 104th Precincts of the Twenty-seventh Ward. He knows with similar precision where to find the Slavic voters in Philadelphia, the Italian voters in Newark, the lower-middle-class voters in Toledo, the well-to-do voters in Little Rock, the middle-class Negro voters in Queens, the Mexican-American voters in Denver, the Irish voters in Buffalo, and the Roman Catholic voters in Stevens Point, Wisconsin.

Scammon loves facts, or, as he usually says, the data. "Yes, that could be, but what do the data show?" he will counter when anyone offers him an interesting but not wholly convincing interpretation of a political event. His explanation of why he left the Census Bureau, in 1965, after four years as director, is that he was losing his grip on the data. "When you're in an administrative job and you have to start looking up what you should know—like, in which states did La Follette run second in 1924?—then it's time to get out, to get back to the data," he says. Scammon's term for staying close to the data is "marination." Over the years, he has marinated himself by reading American history, by gathering and studying election statistics, by paying close attention to public-opinion polls, and by travelling extensively in this country and abroad, observing elections. Scammon is one of the few men in the country who uses the phrase "going to an election." He does not just vote in elections or read about them; he attends them, almost the way other people attend movies. He always has a good time at them, he says, and he never fails to find out something he didn't know. An acquaintance once asked Scammon why he had bothered to memorize some fairly unimportant information he had picked up on an election trip, and he answered, "Well, I'd just rather know it than not know it."

Scammon has two careers—one as an elections expert (or psephologist), and the other as a political analyst. As an elections expert, he directs the work of the Elections Research Center, writes scholarly articles on the electoral process, acts as a consultant to the N.B.C. News elections unit, and sometimes serves on a government commission—for instance, President Kennedy appointed him chairman of the President's Commission on Registration and Voting Participation, in 1963. He has occasionally taught political-science courses, at Johns Hopkins University, at George Washington University, and at Howard University. As a political analyst, he writes articles for newspapers and popular magazines, delivers speeches to business and civic groups, and gives out free advice to a sizable number of Washington journalists.

"There must be twenty or thirty reporters who talk to Scammon frequently—who lunch and dine him," David Broder, a political reporter for the Washington *Post*, said not long ago. "He's a one-man think tank for all of us."

Joseph Kraft, the syndicated columnist, has said of Scammon, "He's unique. His judgment is enriched by a wealth of political experience, historical knowledge, and foreign travel. He has an exceedingly detailed knowledge of voting patterns and ethnic relationships, county by county. He's just far more familiar with the basic elements of American politics than most newspaper and magazine people are."

Whether or not Scammon's data-based approach to political analysis makes him unique, it certainly makes him unusual. It sets him apart from newspaper reporters, most of whom, by the nature of their work, spend their lives recounting isolated and untypical events; from columnists, who are often less concerned with describing the nation's ills in a balanced way than with prescribing cures; and, especially, from the sort of literary-political intellectual who sees the world through a fog of ideology. Scammon has not only a different approach from these other commentators but also a different set of concerns. While the news media naturally concentrate much of the time on the exceptional—the left, the right, the rich, the poor, the hippies, the protesters, and so on—Scammon is interested mainly in the American center, the middle- and lower-middle-class citizens who make up the vast majority of the nation's electorate. To many intellectuals, these people are stock comic characters at best, and at worst are vaguely sinister, in their "plastic" and "antiseptic" suburbs and small towns. To the press, they are good for color stories at election time; Eastern reporters track them down in faraway Iowa—quaint men who work in banks and drugstores, fantastic creatures in gum boots who drive pickup trucks. To Scammon, they are simply the people who decide the outcome of elections.

SCAMMON is a liberal Democrat, in the sense that this term was used during the Administration of John F. Kennedy. When pressed for a label today, in this time of escalation in political rhetoric, Scammon warily calls himself "an independent liberal Democrat," or "a man of the center," or "an independent liberal of the center." Many of his views are even more unfashionable than any of these descriptions implies. He is not in despair about the nation. He thinks that—domestically, anyway—things are getting better instead of worse. Unlike many New York political observers, he wonders not what the effect of the "New Politics" will be but whether such a thing as a New Politics exists. He is skeptical about the width and the newness of the famous generation gap. He thinks that turmoil and dissension are not unique to the present but are constants in the life of the nation. He regards the talk about revolution in this country as naïve. He believes that all real change in American life is evolutionary rather than apocalyptic. Thus, Scammon's opinion of where this country stands today differs from that held by much of the national press, which has become so diligent in sniffing out trends and discovering generations and revolutions.

Not long ago, I visited Scammon at the Elections Research Center, which occupies a suite of offices on Massachusetts Avenue, in Washington, and spent most of a day asking him questions about American politics. Scammon is a big man but not really a fat one; he looks like a former athlete who has developed a paunch. He is mostly bald, and he wears glasses. Even while motionless, he has an air of restless energy, which is heightened by a rapid speaking pace and a ready, booming laugh. The interview began early in the morning, but Scammon was already wide awake and in high spirits, and was puffing a large cigar. He had just arrived at his office from Somerset, Maryland, where he lives with his wife, Mary, and their teen-age daughter, Anne. He wore a dark suit, a white shirt, and a plain dark tie. He was sitting at a cluttered desk. Two walls of his office were lined with reference books, and half the floor space was taken up by stacks of newspapers, from all fifty states.

I asked Scammon what he made of the 1968 election and what sort of Administration he thought Richard Nixon's might be.

"One interesting thing about the election was the survival of the Roosevelt coalition," Scammon said. "It's one of the myths of American politics that the coalition is dead. In each four-year period, we spend forty-seven months talking about its death and then one month commenting on how it's really alive. And we saw that this time. The columnists announced that with the disaffection of the young, the poor, and the black the coalition had fallen apart. But the coalition survived, with the one major exception of the South. I don't say it *will* survive in the future—I say it has survived up to now. In terms of the basic voting patterns of the nation, you have today very much what you had in Roosevelt's day. There are modifications, of course, but basically the better-educated and those with more income tend to vote Republican. People with less income and less education tend to vote Democratic. The countryside and the rural areas in the North are Republican. The cities are Democratic. Normally, Roman Catholics vote measurably more Democratic than Protestants. Jews vote measurably more Democratic than

"... *and, furthermore, we find the Socratic dialogue irrelevant.*"

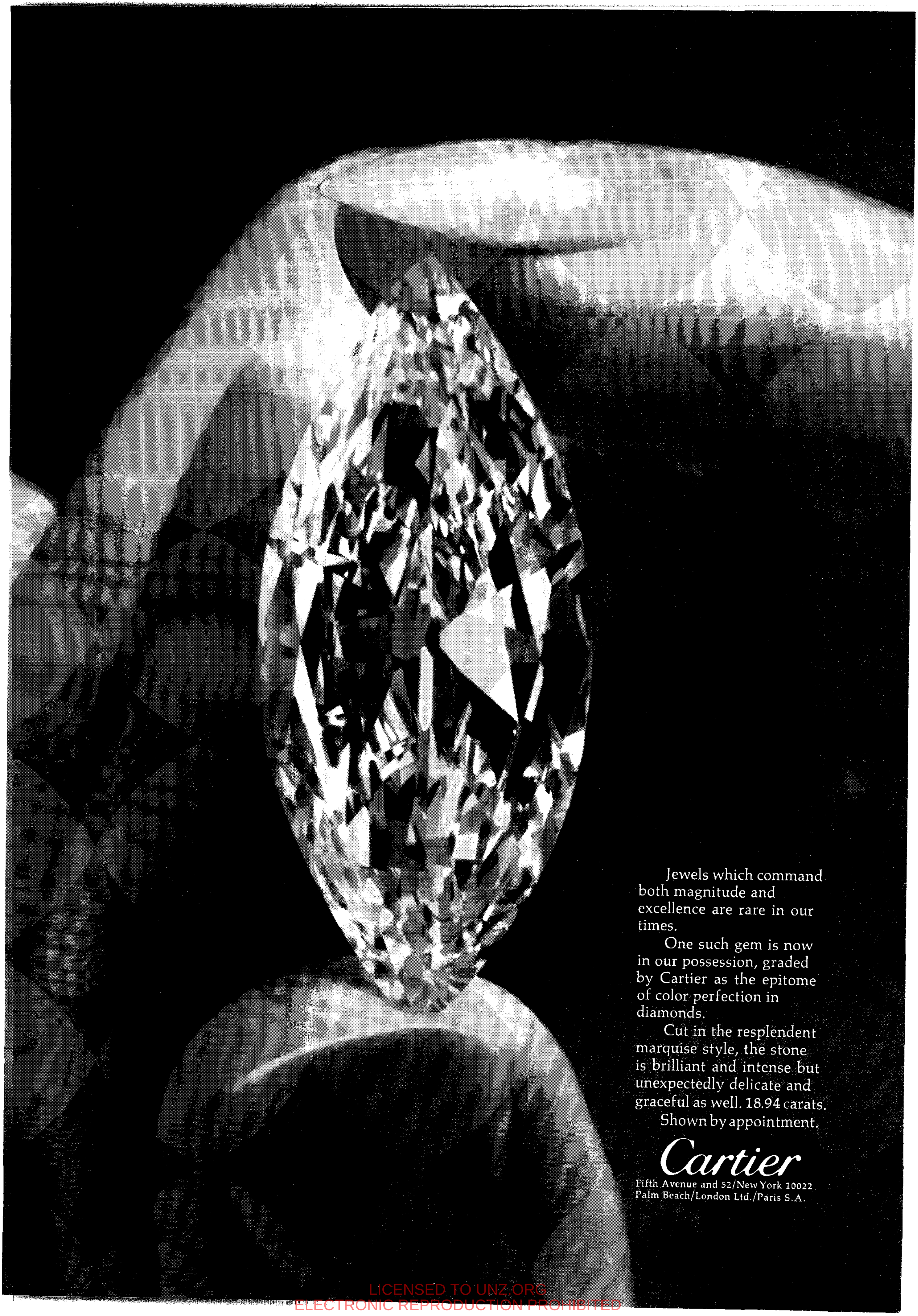
Catholics. Slavic-Americans, Italo-Americans, Latin-Americans, Puerto Ricans, Mexican-Americans vote measurably Democratic. Negroes vote the most Democratic of all. Suburbia is perhaps less Republican than it used to be a generation ago. But this is interesting, because it may be the exception that proves the rule. Because it reflects the change in suburbia itself. As the white working class moves more and more into the middle class, suburbia becomes more and more a mirror of white America.

"Now, as for Nixon, I should think that the basic purpose of his Administration would be to find the center. I think he will try to build of the Republican Party a moderate, middle-of-the-road party of government. A party that doesn't lose its cool, a party of efficiency, a party of good public service. A party that is not reactionary in the normally accepted sense of the word. I think both the Democrats and the right-wing Republicans will be surprised that Nixon will stay pretty well in the middle. The Nixon government will try to be pragmatic, and to represent as best it can the great majority in the country.

"Nixon may have a great opportunity here. He knows as well as any of us that until the domination of Mr. Roosevelt in American politics, the Republican Party had really had an almost unchallenged sway, from 1896 to 1933, except in the period of 1912, when it fell apart by itself. It didn't win everything, but it certainly had more than its share. I think Nixon may well strive for a new Republican generation, and he may get it. Because, as more of the American people move into the middle class, there are many elements in our society that Nixon has the opportunity, I think, to detach from their historical loyalty to the Democratic Party. Some of them are in the ethnic and religious and racial groupings. Many others are in the trade-union movement. And there is a possibility that by following a centrist line—conservative, but moderately conservative—he could build up a great new party of the center, and so insure victory for the Republicans not only during his career as President but perhaps during that of his successors as well. We hear a lot about a New Politics, but I think that *this* is the New Politics we're likely to see, rather than one from the left."

Hardly pausing for breath, Scammon went on, "Now, what about the Democrats, the McCarthy people, and the Wallace people? The position of the Democrats is far different, of course, from what it would have been if they had ended up with the monstrous defeat so many of them were afraid of in September and early October. If you're reassessing from a

"Oh, Pete, what fun we could have doing over one of those brownstones!"



Jewels which command both magnitude and excellence are rare in our times.

One such gem is now in our possession, graded by Cartier as the epitome of color perfection in diamonds.

Cut in the resplendent marquise style, the stone is brilliant and intense but unexpectedly delicate and graceful as well. 18.94 carats.

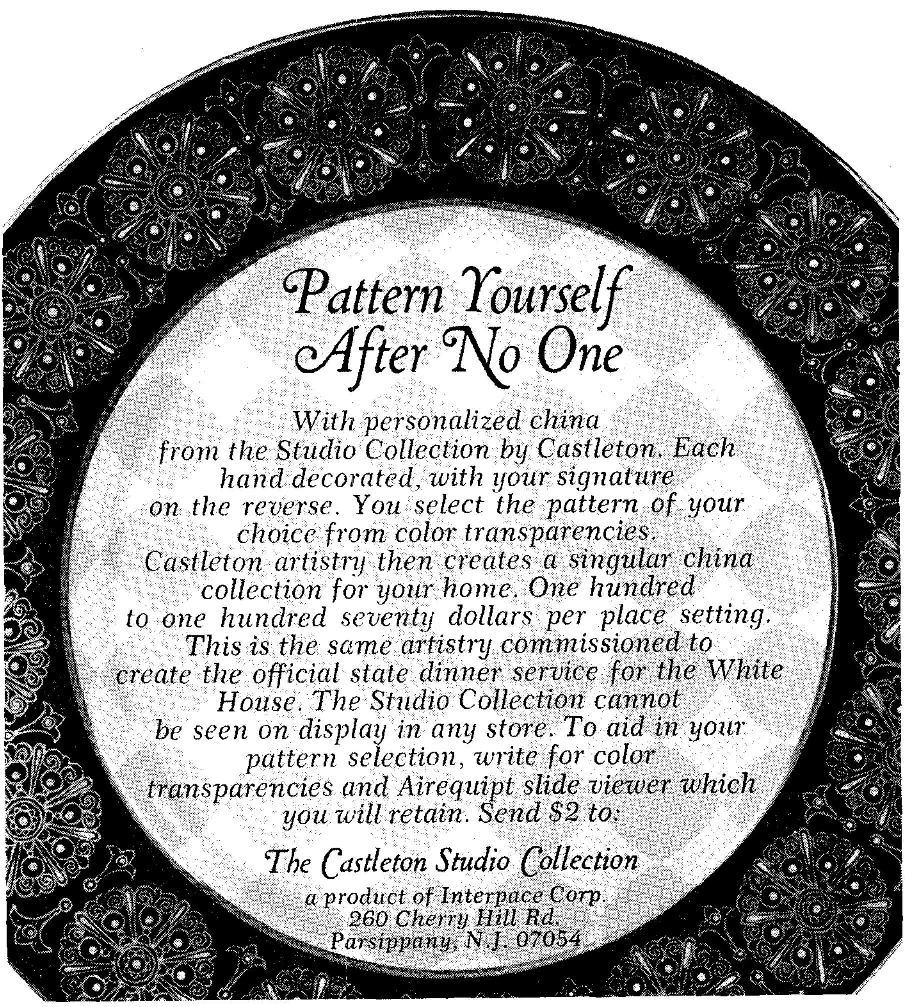
Shown by appointment.

Cartier

Fifth Avenue and 52/New York 10022
Palm Beach/London Ltd./Paris S.A.

Where in the world can you find crystal like this?
In the very best homes. And at fine stores everywhere.
Paul A. Straub & Co., Inc., 19 East 26th St., New York, New York 10010

PASCO CRYSTAL IS HAND BLOWN, HAND CUT, HAND POLISHED BY THE FOREMOST CRYSTAL MAKERS IN THE WORLD. ASK FOR PASCO CRYSTAL. PATTERN BROCHURE AND PRICES ON REQUEST.



Pattern Yourself After No One

With personalized china from the Studio Collection by Castleton. Each hand decorated, with your signature on the reverse. You select the pattern of your choice from color transparencies. Castleton artistry then creates a singular china collection for your home. One hundred to one hundred seventy dollars per place setting. This is the same artistry commissioned to create the official state dinner service for the White House. The Studio Collection cannot be seen on display in any store. To aid in your pattern selection, write for color transparencies and Airequipt slide viewer which you will retain. Send $2 to:

The Castleton Studio Collection
a product of Interpace Corp.
260 Cherry Hill Rd.
Parsippany, N.J. 07054

position of having lost the Presidency by less than half a million votes while retaining control of the House and Senate, the need for drastic action to change your image is not great.

"For Mr. McCarthy and the New Left in the Democratic Party, I should think the next four years would bring a great deal of decibel action but not necessarily a great deal of electoral victory. The McCarthy people themselves are active in the extreme. They will be active in primaries, they will be active in the 1970 off-year elections. Their problem, of course, is that elections are not decided by that segment of the American population which they represent, but, rather, by one-half, or approximately one-half, of some seventy million voters. So I should think that the activities of the McCarthy people will be extensive and will be much remarked in the press, but I don't think they'll lead to control of the Democratic nomination.

"As far as Mr. Wallace is concerned, I'm sure he would like to run again in 1972 and plans to do so. And, if necessary, in 1976 and 1980. But for the moment— Well, let me put it this way. Several months ago, I was on a panel with Leonard Hall, the former Chairman of the Republican National Committee, and he said that the longer he was in politics the more he was convinced that we were all prisoners of events, that really we affected events far less than events affected us, and that the future was dependent on the nature of events. Of course, Nixon, Wallace, Humphrey, McCarthy—all of them are prisoners of events. But perhaps Wallace more than any other. The Wallace movement was basically a movement of apprehension and concern about domestic affairs. It had very little international implication. Now, if the circumstances that gave Wallace his ten million votes are duplicated or exacerbated in the next four years, Wallace will be an active candidate, and he might even come measurably close to winning. On the other hand, if the conditions of social disorder, riot, crime in the streets, and so on are improved to a certain extent, or if the people have the *feeling* that there is improvement—and perhaps this is even more important than the fact—then I think Wallace will have little opportunity of being more than a way-out, very minor fringe candidate."

I said that, events in the streets aside, some reporters, such as Robert McCormick, of N.B.C. News, had predicted difficulties for Nixon, because he

CANADIAN
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WH
A BLEND
OF RARE SELECTED WHISK
DISTILLED, AGED, BLENDED AND BO
THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN
THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS
BLENDED AND BOTTLED
JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SON
WATERLOO · ONTARIO · CANADA · DISTIL
86.8 PROOF
FINE

If you're having them in for a nightcap, you better have the Smooth Canadian, too.

Since Seagram's V.O. is the best liked brand of all imports, chances are it's their favorite, too. The one they've enjoyed earlier in the evening. Because it's smooth. And because it's light. For these very reasons, shouldn't you have V.O. in, as long as you're having *them* in?

Seagram's VO Canadian.
Known by the company it keeps.

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES. 6 YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM [illegible]

Tell a Montrealer you're at Le Château Champlain and you tell a lot about yourself.

You tell him the mundane just *doesn't satisfy you.*

You tell him you appreciate beauty.

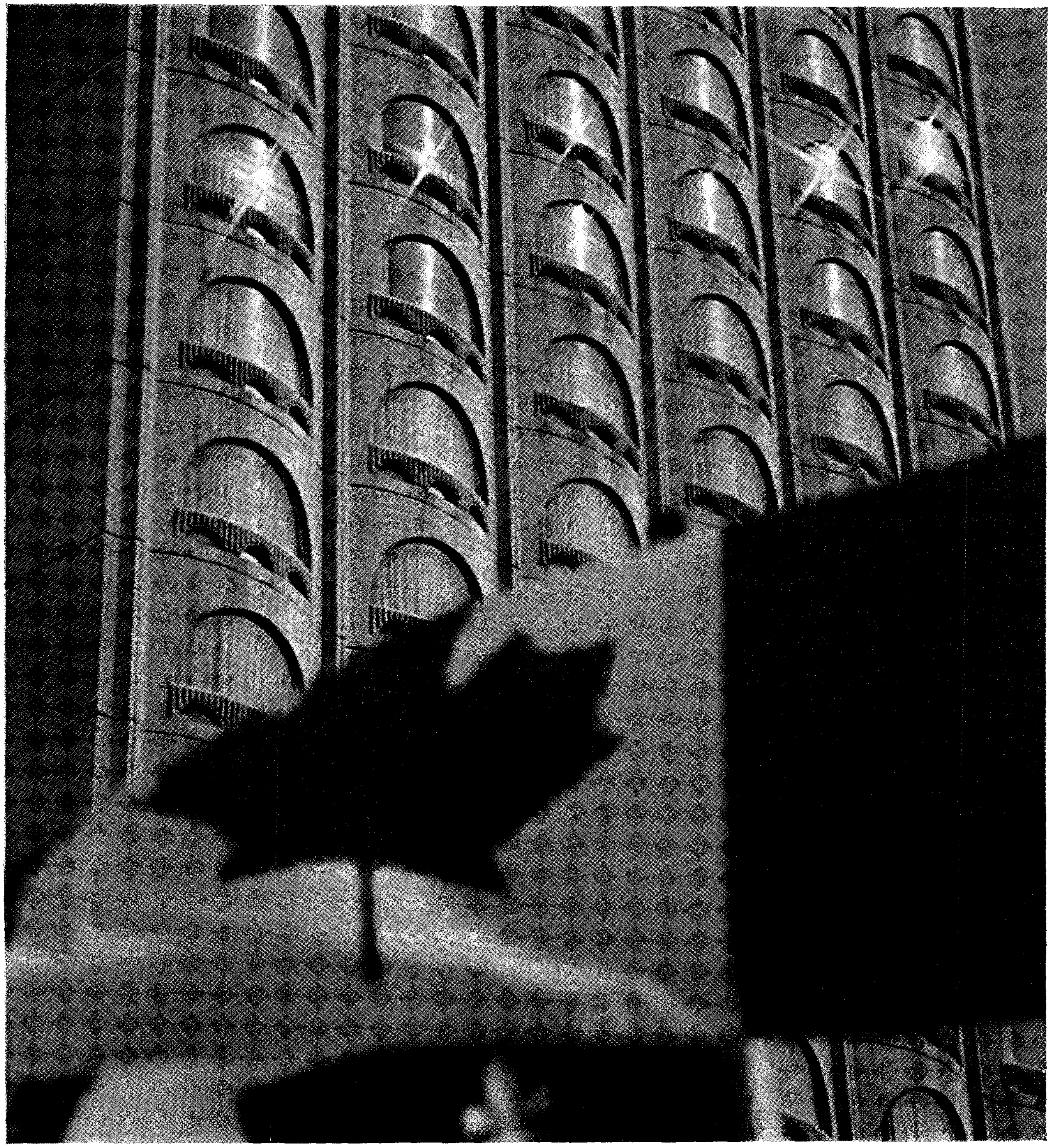
You tell him you know fine food.

You tell him . . . well, just watch his eyes light up, when you say you loved the wild Can Can spectacular in the Caf' Conc' Supper Club.

To a Montrealer, staying at Le Château Champlain tells him . . . everything. Next time you come to Montreal, stay at Le Château Champlain.

You couldn't find a better address.

LE CHATEAU CHAMPLAIN



Call your Travel Agent

CP Hotels

had no large mandate and because the Democrats controlled Congress.

Scammon chomped his cigar happily and laughed. "With all respect to Bob McCormick, I just don't think that's true," he said. "The mandate is utterly unimportant. Nixon has a somewhat larger mandate than Jack Kennedy had. He has a mandate, certainly, of the same proportions as Woodrow Wilson's in 1912. A man makes his own mandate. Now, if you were talking about the parliamentary system, where your tenuous control of the legislative body depended on a one-and-a-half-vote majority, or something of the sort, that would be true. But in our system, once you're in there, once you take that oath on the twentieth of January, then you're President of the United States. And it doesn't matter a hoot in hell whether you got there by six votes or six million. The best example of this is the mandate that Johnson got in 1964, by the biggest margin in history. It didn't take long, as far as the general public was concerned, for that mandate to evaporate."

"But he got a lot of legislation."

"Yeah, in the first month or two," Scammon said. "But I think that was because he had the majority of the Congress going with him, not because of his mandate. Now, Nixon will have difficulties with the Congress. But they will tend to be the standard, book-type difficulties between the executive and legislative branches. They will not be ideological and philosophical. I think that actually the Congress and Nixon are more in tune on their general viewpoint than Humphrey and the Congress would have been. Even though, theoretically, in terms of label loyalty, there are more Democrats than Republicans. This is not germane, except in terms of who gets what staff jobs and who gets chairmanships of committees. What is germane is that the philosophical center of the Congress and the philosophical center of the Administration are going to be about the same."

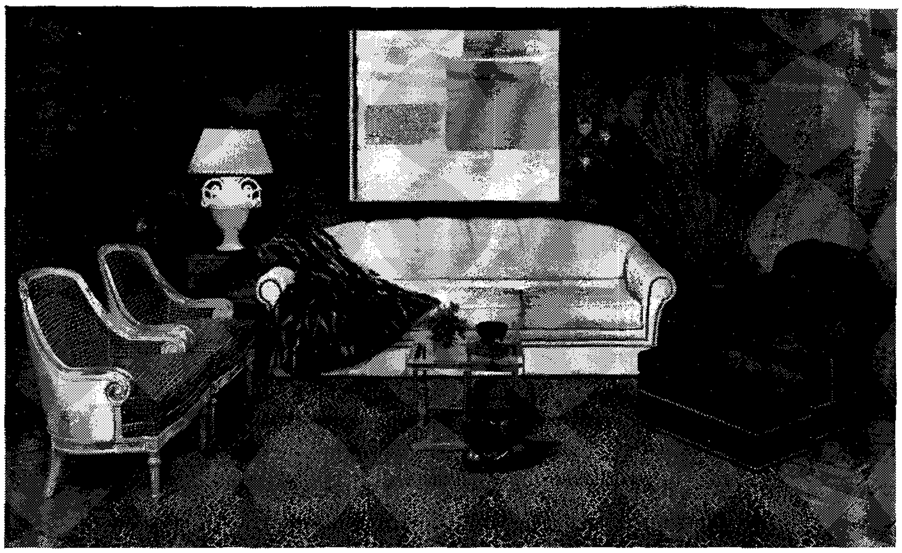
I asked Scammon whether he thought Nixon was willing to spend the money to solve the problems—in the cities, for instance—that, in a way, helped bring him to office.

"I think he's perfectly willing to spend the money," Scammon replied. "If an economist came in and said, 'Now, Mr. President, in order to get the economy back on an even keel, we've got to accept a ten-per-cent unemployment rate,' I'm sure that Nixon would throw him out of the office. Nixon is a political man, and I think

Nothing surpasses a black-and-white Bachrach portrait except a portrait in Bachrach Direct Color.

The cherished portrait is by Bachrach

Bradford Bachrach, photographer of women
Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men
48 East 50th Street, New York • PLaza 5-6233
Baltimore • Boston • Hartford • Philadelphia • Providence • Short Hills, N. J., • Washington
(Studios for men only also in Atlanta, Chicago and Philadelphia)



Just one nice thing after another! Knapp & Tubbs has so many wonderful things for you to see. American, English and European craftsmanship at its best. And documented antiques. We'll be delighted to show you around. Your interior designer or furniture dealer will provide the needed introduction.

K&T

Knapp & Tubbs

NEW YORK: 979 Third Ave. (Decoration & Design Bldg.) · CHICAGO: Merchandise Mart · CLEVELAND: 2900 Superior
GRAND RAPIDS: Exhibitors Building · LOS ANGELES: 8778 Beverly Boulevard · SAN FRANCISCO: 737 Sansome Street

peony garden

Emphasis is on the poetic nuance of color in this elegant fabric from our new "Of Jasmine and Jade" collection. The group includes six screen printed designs inspired by Century-old art to bring the splendor of the Orient to your interiors. For brochures showing all new Greeff collections, write Dept. N-9 or ask your interior designer.

Greeff

155 E. 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022

A growing source for coordinated fabrics, wallcoverings, custom upholstered furniture, carpets, handcrafted rugs and E. C. Carter fabrics for fine curtains. Available through interior designers and decorating departments of fine stores.

he understands the way government works and what the people want. I think he'd be perfectly willing to spend money in the ghettos, in the cities, if he thought it would work. One of the problems that have troubled many people here—and this doesn't apply just to Republicans—is their feeling that somehow the money that has already been spent hasn't worked. Their feeling that the more money you put in, the more crime you get, for example. Their theory was that if you put a lot of money into the ghetto you could raise it up to typical white middle-class standards and there wouldn't be any more crime and the kids would skip rope at school and everything would be fine. There is dubiety about that now, and you hear talk about turning the tax money back to the states, and about involving the private sector. You hear that the answer is not just more money. I certainly don't know what the answer is. But I think Nixon will be highly pragmatic. If somebody comes up with a good idea, I'll bet that Nixon will buy it. And I think that if he's got a good idea that doesn't *look* particularly good to the public, he'll try to *make* it look good. You know, 'It looks ugly as hell, but that's all right, that's what we've got a P.R. man for—here, dress it up.'

"In many ways, you may find Nixon a successor to Lyndon Johnson and consensus, rather than a departure from them. The problems that Nixon has to face internationally and domestically are no different from the ones Johnson had to face. And if both men are really trying to find the best answer, in an honest way, their viewpoints are not that far apart. I doubt very much whether you'll have major philosophical or administrative changes—sharp movements to the right or left—as a result of Nixon's election. You'll change people. You'll change some of the ideas. You'll have a new team, and that always changes things somewhat. People are always different. But I don't think the nature of the problems or, basically, of the suggested solutions will be suddenly changed. A new team may be more willing to *look* at new solutions. But there really *aren't* any new solutions. There are modifications, adjustments. Most good ideas have already been thought of. You don't really come into a situation like this with a totally new concept. You improve this, polish up that. You take a plan that was discarded four years ago, and you pull it out and look at it. And maybe you salvage Points One, Eleven, and Twenty-nine. As the circumstances

Only a few people in the world will ever savor a month like this.

New York
Cannes
Naples
Sicily
Malaga
Madeira
Canary Islands
Dakar
St. Thomas
Bahia
Rio de Janeiro

It's the Ultimate Cruise.
On the Ultimate Ship, the S.S. France.

Thirty-three days of sybaritic pleasures, with every wish and whim attended to.

Calls at the most fascinating and romantic ports on three continents, and the Caribbean.

And 180 French chefs to delight, dazzle and beguile the palate.

Four magnificent meals a day in what New York's most celebrated gourmet calls "the finest restaurant in the world."

Legions of French waiters to restore the lost art of gracious dining.

Limited guest list assures maximum conviviality. With accommodations from $1,500 to $15,000.

The Ultimate Cruise sails February 14, 1970. Bookings can be arranged through your travel agent or by corresponding with the French Line.

French Line®

555 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Tel. 212-883-7012

SAFETY INFORMATION: The S.S. FRANCE, registered in France, meets International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1960 and the 1966 fire safety requirements.

After you've admired his savoir faire, ask to see his Marie Brizards.

"That's how to learn for certain whether he's really as polished as he seems. If he proves he has taste enough to own a Marie Brizard liqueur, consider him worth your time. If he proves rich enough to own all 18, start working overtime to show him you're worth *his* time."

Crème de Menthe, Crème de Cacao, Anisette, Apry (Apricot), Blackberry, Curacao, Banane, Café Brizard, Crème de Cassis, Cherry, Kirsch, Kummel, Mandarine, Marasquin, Parfait Amour, Peach, Prunelle, Triple Sec.

Marie Brizard
Imported liqueurs

Marie Brizard Liqueurs. 50-100 Proof. © Imported by Schieffelin & Co., New York

The sights of Rome without the sound.

Only at the Cavalieri Hilton.

Worldly travelers know that Rome is eternally fortissimo, which is why the Cavalieri Hilton is perched on Monte Mario in its own serene, landscaped cypress park. Yet from the balcony of your air-conditioned room you can see St. Peter's and nearly all of Rome—and be in the heart of Rome in only minutes. And return to the Cavalieri's pool, tennis courts and La Pergola Roof Garden—one of its four restaurants—on the Cavalieri's own courtesy bus.

For Roman luxury, Italian flair, American comfort—the Cavalieri Hilton, the Roman hotel with an American accent.

For reservations: call your travel agent, any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Service.

CAVALIERI HILTON

change, it suddenly becomes more applicable than it was."

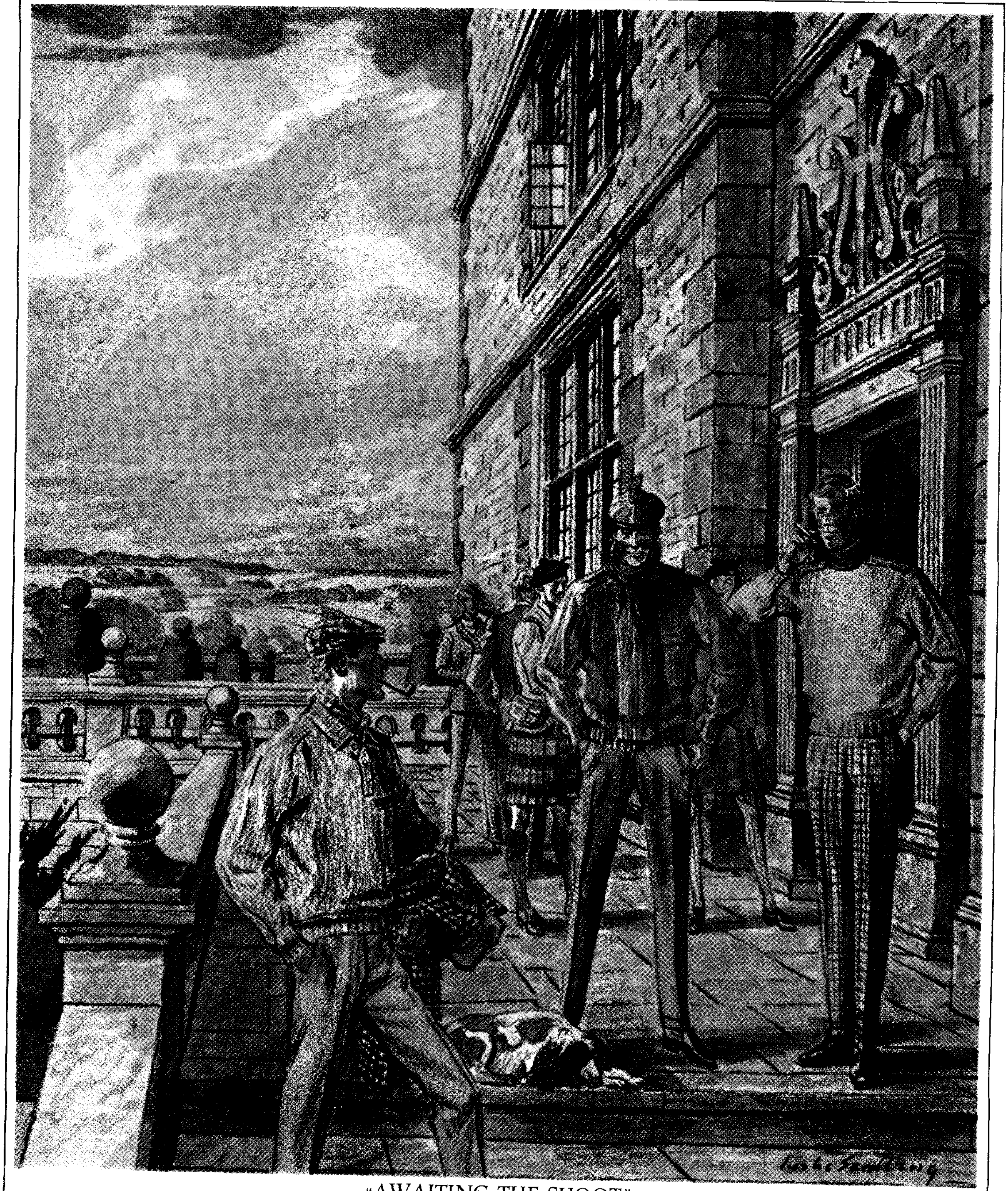
I ASKED Scammon for his assessment of the New Politics.

"I don't know what the New Politics is," he said. "If you mean left politics, that I can understand—that's obviously an identifiable thing. If you mean by New Politics the movement of the younger people into the leadership, this is the norm. If you mean youth politics, there's nothing in our politics now to equal the drive of William Jennings Bryan in 1896, when he was nominated for President at the age of thirty-six. So if you're talking about youth, I should say that's normal. Go back to our own Revolution and you find a good many young people involved. Look at the Secretary of Defense, Laird. He was elected to Congress when he was thirty years old. That was sixteen years ago. He previously had been elected to the state senate of Wisconsin when he was in his twenties. I can think of a lot of people in this category. Ben Barnes, the Lieutenant Governor of Texas, was the speaker of the lower house of the state legislature when he was in his twenties. There's Jay Rockefeller, in West Virginia. At any time in our history, you can find this kind of young leader coming up. To go back to left politics, there are a lot of young people associated with this. O.K. But there is also a right-wing politics, and a lot of young people are associated with this, too—which some people seem to forget. Is the New Politics a move by the young to get more people to participate in politics? That might be. But many people who are urging more participation are not young people—they're people of the age of Gene McCarthy, and their hair is a little white. My difficulty with the 'New Politics' is like my difficulty with 'power politics.' It's redundant. All politics is new in the sense that politics is always new and changing in many ways. And all politics is power politics in the sense that it is associated with trying to get into a position where you can do something or get something. So this phrase just has no meaning to me. It means so many different things to so many different people that it's difficult for me to make a judgment of it."

"Well, leaving the left and youth out of it," I said, "some people seem to mean by 'New Politics' simply a bypassing of the old leaders and the political machines, a groundswell of public participation."

"Yeah, but you see, *what* ground-

WRITE BERNHARD ALTMANN, DIVISION OF McGREGOR-DONIGER INC., 666 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, FOR A PRINT OF THIS LESLIE SAALBURG ORIGINAL WATERCOLOR.



"AWAITING THE SHOOT"
IN HEATHER COLOR SHOOTING SWEATERS BY
BERNHARD ALTMANN

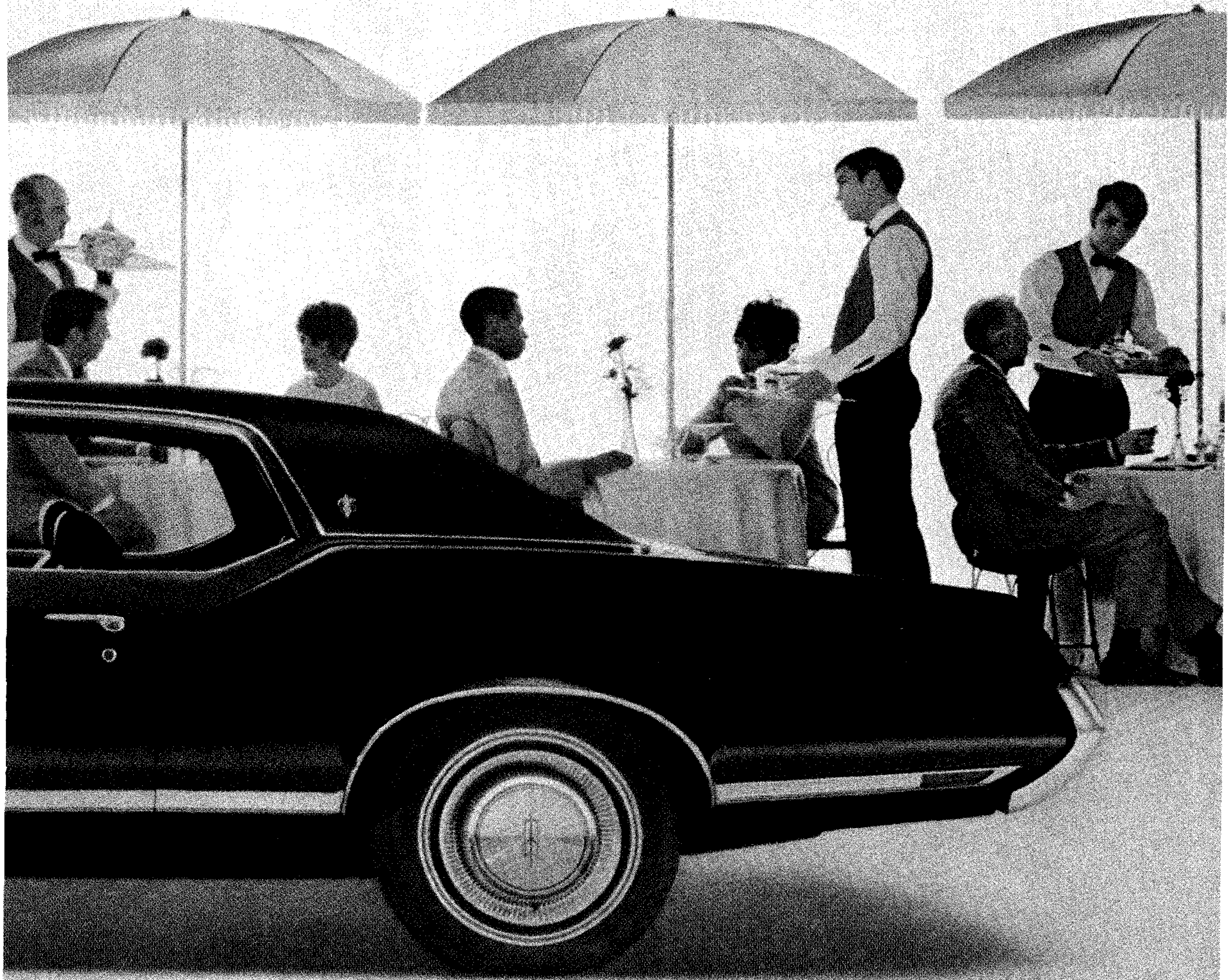
FOR THE GROUSE SHOOT, BERNHARD ALTMANN KNITS SUBTLY STRIPED LAMB'S WOOL SWEATERS, $20 TO $25.

Bernhard Altmann
THE KNITTING ESTABLISHMENT

Orders. Complaints. Another one of those days.

Totally new! 1970 Olds Cutlass Supreme, elegance in a trim new size. Imagine you cruising around town in this beauty. Proud?—you'd better believe it. This trim new personal-size Supreme lets you move up to Olds elegance without leaving the low-price field. But that's *your* secret—

Wouldn't it be nice to have an Escape Machine?

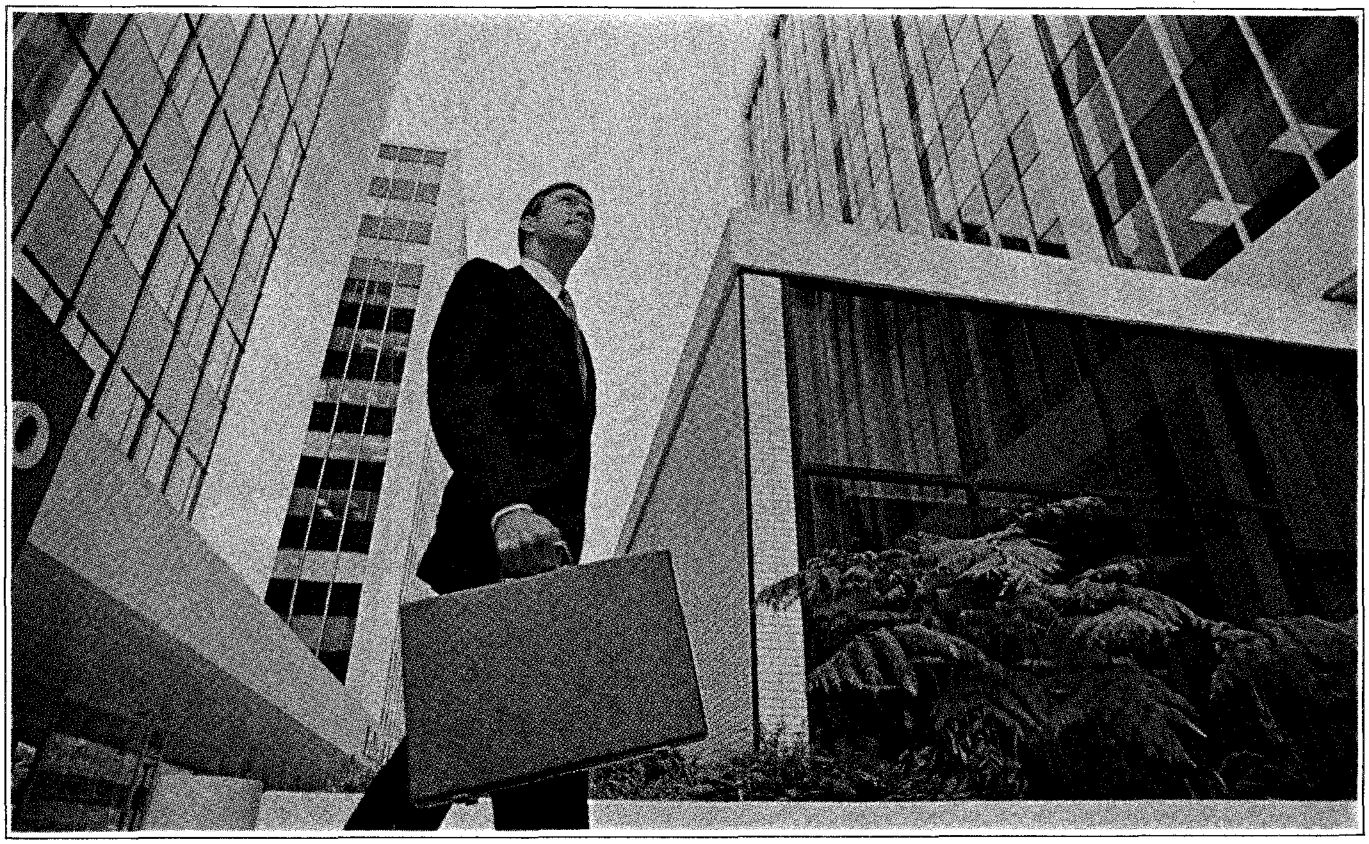


a secret luxuriously hidden under that formal new roof and elegant lines. And there's Rocket V-8 action that won't quit —thanks to Oldsmobile's exclusive Positive Valve Rotators. Cutlass Supreme—one of 29 exciting Escape Machines. Come in and see them all—youngmobile thinking for 1970.

Oldsmobile: Escape from the ordinary.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Carte Blanche invents credit for the young man on the way up.



You know who you are. You've been on the job for about a year, and you're well on your way to making a success of your career. (Chances are, you have a pretty impressive track record, and while your boss probably won't admit it, he thinks the world of you.)

There's only one thing. You may not have had a chance to establish much credit, so consequently it's hard to get.

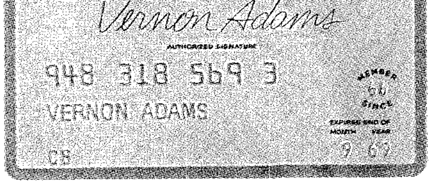
That's where our invention comes in. We call it The Young Businessman's Plan. It's a first in the travel and entertainment field. And if you qualify, you'll enjoy all the privileges of Carte Blanche Membership. Credit at virtually every domestic and international airline that goes anywhere worth going. Dining at some of the world's great restaurants. An international list of hotels, motels, and inns.

In fact, the only significant difference between your Carte Blanche Account and a regular one is that your credit ceiling will be based on your income and the prompt payment of your Carte Blanche bill. (We have faith in you, and as your income increases, so will your credit ceiling.)

There's an old saying about never forgetting your first love. We think it applies to credit cards as well. We think if we're the first travel and entertainment credit card in your wallet, you'll never forget us.

So why not send us one of our blue and white applications today. Or write us at 3460 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, California 90054.

See what it's like to say "Carte Blanche!" (kart' blonsh') instead of "Charge it."



We give you more than credit.

swell of participation?" Scammon said. "Of the right? Of the Wallace people? I would point out that the one way this groundswell was expressed in November was in the vote for Wallace. This isn't the kind of groundswell that most people are talking about when they talk about a New Politics. But it was Wallace who had his name on the ballot."

"All right, but what about the McCarthy movement up through the primaries? What did that represent?"

"It represented the kind of insurgency that is endemic in American politics," Scammon replied. "The whole movement of Republican insurgency, for instance, in the period from 1896 to the final effort that resulted in the nomination of Teddy Roosevelt as the Progressive candidate in 1912. This was the New Politics of that generation. It involved a lot of young people. It was a drive to find new meaning, in a sense, in the political process. This was the period of reform. Woman's suffrage, the income tax, anti-child labor, popular initiative, recall, and referendum. So I should think that the McCarthy movement is comparable to that of the Roosevelt Progressives in the period around 1905, 1908, 1910. Insurgency, I would call it. An attack on the Establishment. It's certainly not revolutionary, and neither are the activities on the campuses. We hear a lot of talk about revolution. If the average middle-class 'revolutionary' ever saw a revolution, he'd puke in the gutter. At the dead children. Most of the people I hear talking about revolution don't know what the hell they're talking about. Revolution is a bayonet in somebody's gut. It's a kid kicked to death. They don't mean this. They mean something they can talk about. You know the old phrase 'parlor pink.' They don't really mean revolution.

"As I said before, I think if there is to be a New Politics in America, it'll be the New Politics of the gray flannel suit, of Nixon's pragmatic center. I don't think it'll be the New Politics of the beard and the sandal and the shades."

I asked what statistical evidence led him to that conclusion.

"The election data and the figures in the public-opinion polls," Scammon said. "The attitude of America tends always to move back to the middle. It doesn't want to bomb Hanoi, and neither does it want to just get out of Vietnam. In domestic matters, it wants to do something about the ghetto, it

The LOOK
GGG creates it.
GGG
CLOTHES

Write for "The Look", colorful style booklet. GGG Clothes, 12 E. 14 St., Dept. J, New York 10003.

MONSIEUR DE GIVENCHY

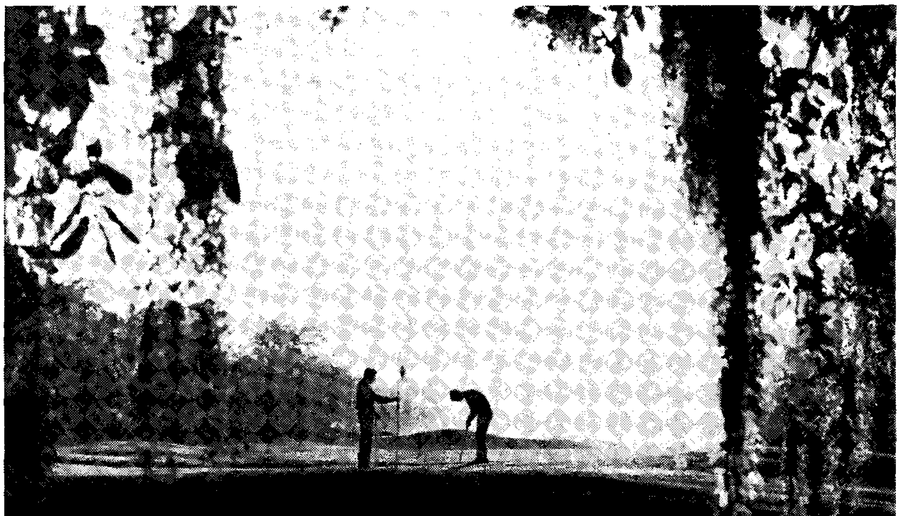
MONSIEUR GIVENCHY

an original...

for the man who is,
by the man who is

From his collection for men—Eau de Toilette, After Shave, Savon. At fine stores.

HUBERT DE GIVENCHY AS SKETCHED IN PARIS



Hilton Head.
Enchanted autumns happen here.

Autumn is a golden time on Hilton Head. Heady. Heart-lifting. Mellow as a sun-warmed winesap. Golf on Sea Pines Plantation's three spectacular, championship courses is at its best. The $100,000 Heritage Golf Classic makes Thanksgiving Week memorable. There's fine sailing, charter fishing, hunting. The Plantation Club for superb tennis, swimming, cuisine. The elegant William Hilton Inn. An autumn island world unlike any other — anywhere. By car, boat or as near as the jets that serve nearby Savannah, Georgia daily. Even closer if you decide on a second home or a permanent one here. For information, write: William Hilton Inn/Sea Pines Plantation, Box 5183-GG, Hilton Head Island, S.C., or contact the Robert F. Warner, Inc., office in your area.

WILLIAM HILTON INN SEA PINES PLANTATION

wants to help the Negro, it wants to lift him up, but it's perfectly prepared to shoot down the arsonists. It is essentially in the middle. Now, I can understand how the New Left or the right wing of Wallace is more interesting. It's more glamorous, it's more attention-attracting. Especially for journalists. This is their business. But it is the center that is the decisive element in American life—political, social, and economic. The great experiment of the Republicans in 1964 with a right-winger, Goldwater, is a perfect example of what happens to a party when it gets out of the center. And the same thing would happen to the Democrats if they went the other way and came up with a left-winger. The people who voted for Johnson in 1964 were voting for what they thought was the center. And that's why the vote was so closely divided between Kennedy and Nixon in 1960 and between Humphrey and Nixon in 1968. Because in both cases the people were voting for the center."

I said that some people were put off by this sort of analysis, because it sounded static and seemed to rule out the possibility of change.

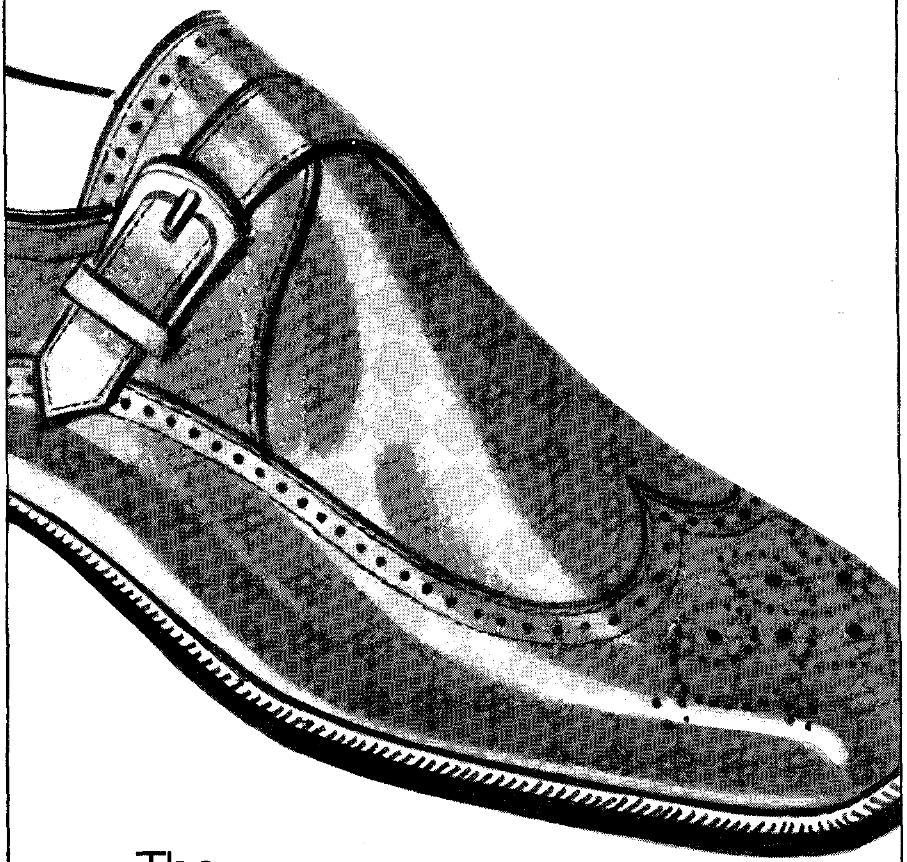
"Oh, no, change is the norm," Scammon said. "The parties change, too. It's just that their position in relation to each other remains just about the same. The Republican Party of today has very little in common with the Republican Party of Alf Landon. My point is *not* that there's no change or that the left and the right have no effect. You see, the center is movable. My point is that the influence of the left and the right is in setting the parameters of the center. It's *not* in winning public office. Norman Thomas made a tremendous contribution to American politics by defining the issues, not by winning elections. Activism is a very important aspect of politics—in conventions, in getting out the vote, and so on. If you've got an active group—call it New Left or New Politics or Reform or whatever—it can have an effect. The most effective demonstration of the New Politics, or youth politics, to my mind, was in New Hampshire, when the young people were practicing the old politics. Getting out the vote, babysitting, canvassing door to door, manning the headquarters. This is the oldest politics in the world. And the kids were very good at it. I watched them work. They were helpful, polite, clean-cut, attractive. The place where they are least effective is where they wave banners and shout and scream—in the university. This is counterproductive, in terms of the general public."

"A COUPLE of your journalist friends in Washington have told me that you know Middle America and the backlash better than anyone else, but that they wonder whether you understand the frontlash," I said. "They think they see changes in society, in politics, and among the young that perhaps can't be measured by your data."

Scammon replied that his friends certainly might be right on this point. But he said he feared that they, for their part, sometimes let their emotions and the opinions of their friends color their judgment. "The problem with many of my colleagues in the press," Scammon said, "is that they've got to remember you must never trust the biasses and opinions of the people around you. Because these people are always going to overrepresent your own judgment. What you've really got to do, you've got to crawl into the mind of the middle middle class and lower middle class and try and figure out what they're thinking. Now, this is why I tend to use the data a great deal. In a sense, the data are a sanitizing device. You take this stuff of Gallup's and Harris's, and it is a salutary sanitation from your personal prejudices and those of your friends.

"The people that I know and associate with are basically Democrats and liberals. When they see a political change, it is from Republican to Democratic or from liberal to radical. Aunt Susy was a Republican and her boy is a Democrat or an activist. But the change is not just one way. What they never see is Jan Černý, whose father cleaned streetcar tracks in Chicago and voted Democratic—Jan is now a rising young lawyer out in the suburbs, voting Republican. They don't see the Italo-American who has a little business that is growing, and who used to vote Democratic. Let's say he had a fruit peddler's shop in the Bronx that's grown into a wholesale market with fifty or sixty employees. What does he see in the New Left? A *menace!* He'd give the New Left Ted Williams' old greeting to the fans in Boston! He might end up voting for Wallace!"

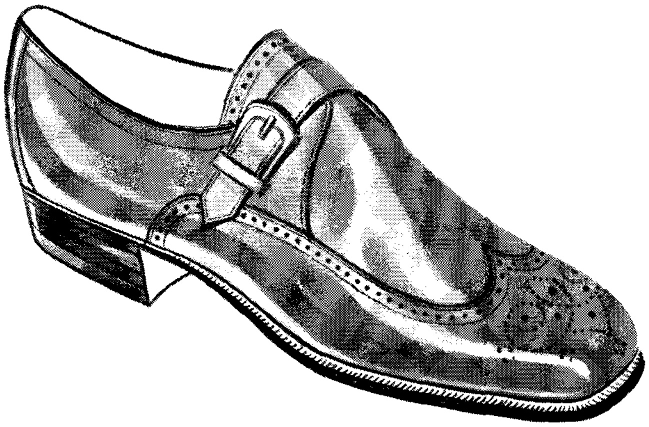
Scammon laughed, and paused to light another cigar. "I was at a dinner party last night," he went on, "and the lady on my right said she just didn't know *anybody* who voted for Wallace. And I said, 'Well, what value do you think your friends have as a political sample?' Now, this happens on every



The
Frank Brothers
Feeling

A feeling for the new and a respect for the classic are not necessarily paradoxical. Though the two qualities may often be mutually exclusive, with Frank Brothers they complement each other perfectly. As in our new British wing-tip. Its sleek and elongated line, subtly squared toe shape, monk strap and antiqued golden-brown leather are clearly of today. Its authentic wing-tip design and superb craftsmanship mark it as a great classic.

If you're one of today's fashionable traditionalists, it's a shoe for you. When you're in town or in tweeds. $50 the pair.



FRANK BROTHERS
The most distinguished shoe in America
Genesco Park, Nashville, Tennessee.

The new edition of the Baker Album of Collectors' Choices presents more than 500 of Europe's most desirable designs. $3.00.

Baker Furniture, Inc.
CABINET MAKERS
329 MILLING ROAD, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN 49423

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • PHILADELPHIA • CLEVELAND
SAN FRANCISCO • ST. LOUIS • DALLAS • ATLANTA • GRAND RAPIDS

BACCARAT . . . the crystal of Kings . . . since 1764

BACCARAT . . . for stemware . . . for gifts . . . from France

BACCARAT . . . for gourmets . . . for brides . . . for hostesses

This brilliantly cut, tall-stemmed, full-lead crystal pattern is EPRON, one of BACCARAT's latest additions to its extensive collection of stemware, plain or cut, traditional or modern, from $6.50 per stem. EPRON, $19 each.

Write Dept. Y17 for illustrated brochures featuring stemware, china, or gifts, 25c each, and/or $1 for "How to Choose and Use Wine Glasses."

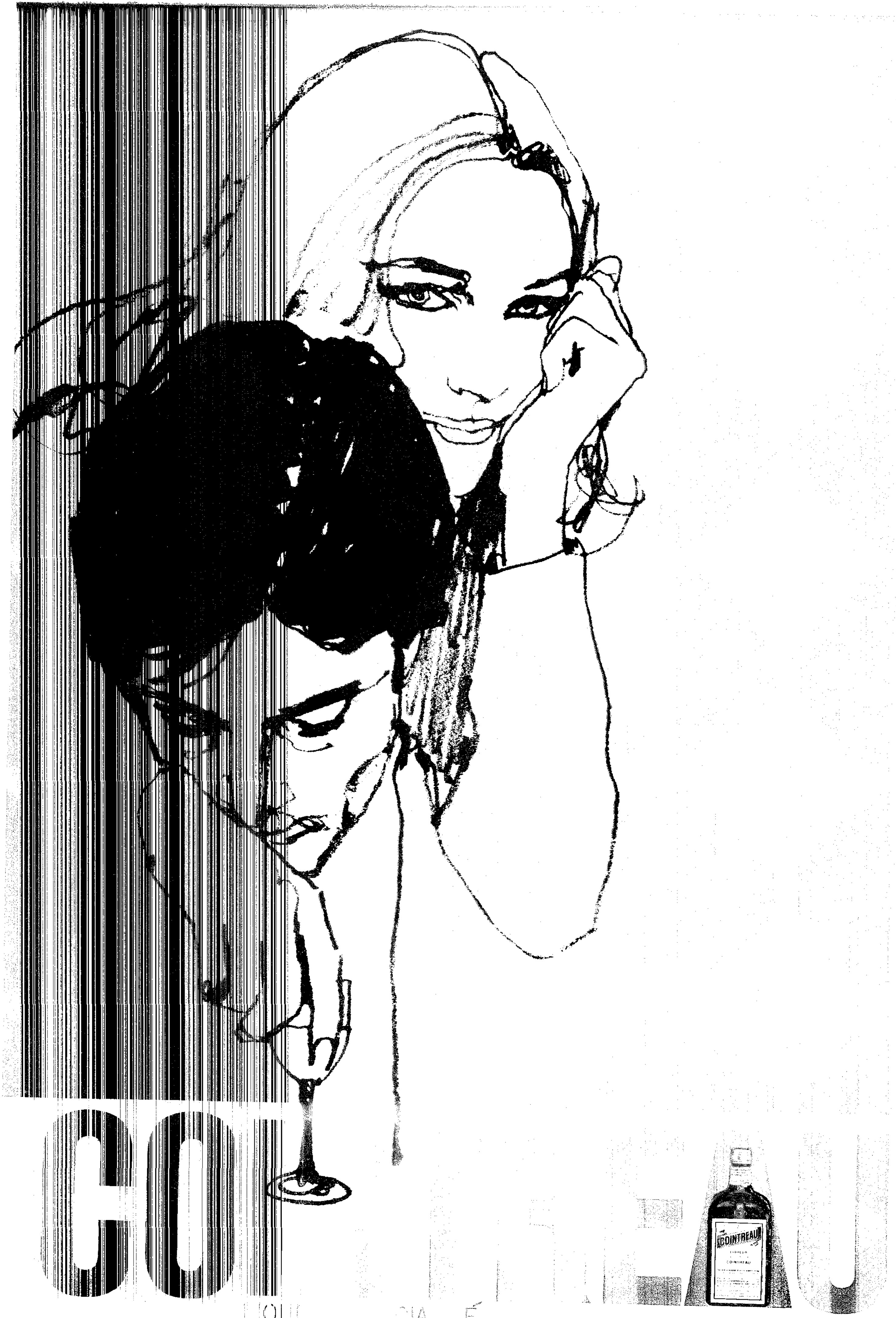
at fine stores and at
BACCARAT
55 East 57th St., N.Y.C.

side. I'm sure that if you had gone down to Alabama before the election, people there would have said, '*Everybody's* voting for Wallace! What do you *mean*, he hasn't got a chance?' People tend to take their universe of political and social and economic behavior from the behavior of their friends. This is why the polls are such a contribution. Because they are humbling devices. They take you away from your personal connection and put you in a much larger compass.

"So many people in this business tend to say, you know, that great, sweeping changes are coming. They just don't look at things historically. Things don't move that fast. Changes do come, but they're evolutionary. Sometimes they come faster than at other times. I should say that those first hundred days of Roosevelt would come as close to a revolutionary change in American life as I have ever seen. It was a time when the full, pent-up worry of the American people about their situation sort of thrust into the Congress, and a whole series of new laws was passed. Now, as far as other kinds of changes go—social changes, more permissiveness, and so on—these are the norm. Society is continually more permissive. I remember the shock of seeing a woman smoke. Women bob their hair, women get the vote, more people go to college, the flapper era—all these things. Society tends to become more tolerant in its general growth to maturity. Now, there are points at which society has violent throwbacks and becomes very regressive. Hitler, the Puritan revolution in England in the seventeenth century, the Soviet Revolution, which had many puritanical aspects to it. But this business of evolutionary change is not abnormal at all. You don't get all excited and call every change a revolution."

One of the two women who, with Scammon, make up the staff of the Elections Research Center entered Scammon's office and told him that the United States Information Agency and the *Reader's Digest* had left phone messages, and that a newspaper reporter was on the phone now and wanted to speak to him. Scammon said he would take the call.

"Yes? How are you? What can we do for you?" Scammon said enthusiastically into the phone. There was a long pause while he listened to the reporter. He leaned way back in his chair and assumed a thoughtful expression. "Uh-huh. Yeah. Well, I don't know. . . . Awfully hard to criticize the winner's campaign, even though he won by


COINTREAU
COINTREAU
LIQUEUR
COINTREAU

LIQUEUR SPECIALE SEC. Produced and bottled by Cointreau Ltd., Lawrenceville, New Jersey

*SLIGHTLY HIGHER ON THE WEST COAST.

Wanderer's Robe.
Greatest travel companion
since Fielding.

Packable, washable
nylon chiffon.
Fleece lined.

Vagabond Blue
or Pink print.
P.S.M. 45.00.*

Elizabeth Arden 691 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.

Find your frames
where the world's great museums do

THE HOUSE OF HEYDENRYK
Now at 417 East 76th St., N.Y.C. 10021 • 249-4903
Frames from $10.95 to $2800.00

very little. He did *win*. . . . I suppose after every campaign you can think of ways it could have been improved. What specifically do they have in mind? . . . Yes, uh-huh—well, this is hard to say. . . . That's a matter of judgment. . . . Quite honestly, I don't think that's important. . . . If you win, that's what counts. Kennedy won by a narrow margin. . . . That's debatable, in a rather theoretical sense. . . . Some might argue that if he had followed those lines he would have lost. . . . It's a contest between the Democrats and Republicans for who will occupy the center. . . . Yes, uh-huh. . . . But, uh, you see, the problem with these viewpoints is that you can never test them in fact. . . . The difficulty with this sort of analysis, what might have been, uh, the sort of science-fiction point of view, is that— Well, you know you get it all the time. What would have happened if Rockefeller had been the nominee? What would have happened if Bobby Kennedy had lived? What would have happened if Lyndon Johnson had not withdrawn? This is like: What would have happened if Booth had missed Lincoln? Or: What would have happened if Charlotte Corday had never gotten into the bathroom and stabbed Marat? Or if the South had won the Civil War? These questions are interesting, they're provocative. But you can never really prove them one way or the other, can you? . . . Yeah. . . . Right. . . . You bet. . . . Any time. Bye now."

Scammon put the phone down and said, "Now, where were we?"

"Talking about the New Politics," I said. "Here's a related subject. How large do you think the generation gap is, and how can it be measured politically?"

"Well, there is always rebellion against parental authority," Scammon said. "I use the word 'decibels' in referring to the New Left. Those people are the ones you read about. But, despite what you read, the average youngster tends to get his politics, like his religion, from his parents. I take the current generation gap to be no more serious than it has been in the past. There has always been a generation gap. The term 'Young Turks' pointed to a generation gap that was quite real. When it was first used, it referred simply to some young Turks who were trying to throw the old Turks out. Of *course* there's a generation gap. There always has been. There's a sex gap, too. There's a gap between right and left. There's a gap between the rich and the poor. There is a tendency to assume that the young people we read most about are representative of all young people, or that they will be the leaders of their generation twenty years from now. I think this is debatable. And what are you talking about when you say 'young people'? Remember that not all of them are in college. 'Young people' includes workers, secretaries, high-school dropouts. But, to take the case I know best, the voting behavior of young people in the last election was not significantly different from that of the rest of the population. There were differences, of course. For instance, Wallace did a little better among people *under* thirty than he did among the population as a whole. Wallace got fifteen per cent of the votes cast by those under thirty and thirteen point five per cent of the votes cast by the whole population, according to the Gallup Poll."

Scammon opened a desk drawer and pulled out a folder of statistics. "This is a Gallup report published in June of 1968, based on more than ten thousand interviews," he said. "Let me read you part of it: 'Much that has been said of the subject of the "generation gap" must be regarded as unwarranted. Our survey shows conclusively that the young people are in the mainstream of public opinion. This applies to political attitudes in general and to reactions to candidates and issues. There are some differences between the young group and their elders, of course. But we have concluded that there is far less of a generation gap on political attitudes between those in their twenties and those between thirty and fifty years old than there is between those thirty to fifty and those over fifty. Of course, the difference between the twenty-one to twenty-nine group and those fifty and over is substantial, but the young people are moving into the traditional pattern which has characterized American society.' "

Scammon thumbed through the report for a moment or so, and then said, "Let's take political affiliation. Seventeen years ago, among people twenty-one to twenty-nine, twenty-four per cent were Republicans. Now it's twenty-two per cent. Forty-one per cent were Democrats, and now thirty-eight per cent are. Thirty-five per cent were independents, and now forty per cent are. So there is a little increase in independents and a slight decline in both parties. Where is this great trend of change?"

"Some people would say that the increase in the number of independents and the decline in the parties shows a

El Conquistador Hotel and Club
is a hillside of miracles.
It's decks and docks, tennis and terraces,
patios and pools. It's golf and go-go,
saunas and sunsets; paisleyed walls
and chairs of patent leather.
It's places to dine, to drink, to dance,
to dream. It's a tramway and a funicular
gliding from level to level.

El Conquistador is southern France
in eastern Puerto Rico.
It's the Atlantic and the Caribbean.
It's blues and greens and a view
you'll never forget. It's nowhere
and somewhere and everywhere.
It's an unforgettable vacation experience.

New miracle summer rates, from $21 per person, per day, double occupancy,
Modified American Plan

EL CONQUISTADOR
Hotel and Club
Las Croabas Puerto Rico

...Also visit our other great resort,
El San Juan Hotel, San Juan, Puerto Rico.
Lou Puro, Chairman of the Board • Sam Schweitzer, President
David C. Botbol, V.P./Managing Director
For reservations, see your Travel Agent or write or call
850 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 688-8815

dissatisfaction with the old political forms—that it shows the young are moving away from the parties," I said.

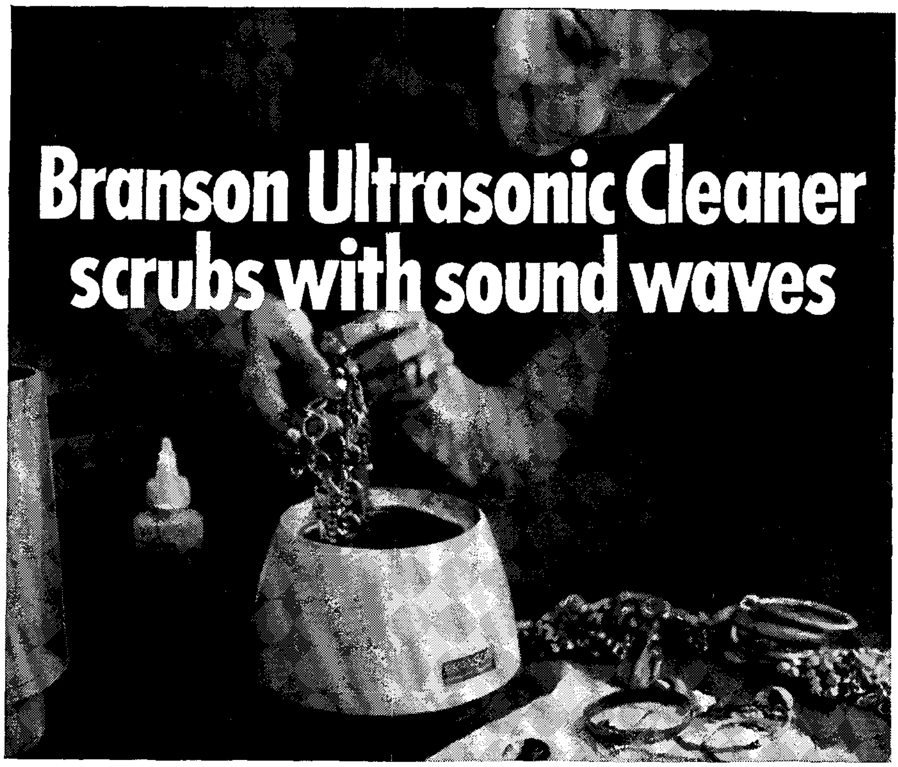
"All right," Scammon replied. "In seventeen years, you move from thirty-five points to forty. That is at the rate of about one-third of a per cent a year. Now, among older people, people over fifty, the Republicans are down nine points and the Democrats are up eight. So there's been far more change in political affiliation among older people during the last seventeen years. Look at this. In 1936, a landslide Democratic year, people from twenty-one to twenty-nine years of age voted sixty-eight per cent Democratic and thirty-two per cent Republican. Almost thirty years later, in 1964, another landslide Democratic year, they voted Democratic by sixty-four per cent to thirty-six. So Goldwater did four points better among young people four years ago than Landon did back in 1936."

"There seems to be a feeling in the country that the population is becoming much younger—that in a few years young people will be in the majority," I said. "Is that true? And if it is, how will it affect voting patterns?"

"The population has been younging a bit, though not as much as some people seem to think," Scammon said. "The median age of the population has come down from twenty-nine and a half in 1960 to about twenty-seven now. It may come down another year or so, and then it'll start going up again, because the birth rate right now is very low. The median age of the *voting* population right now is in the mid-forties, and, as far as one can tell, it will probably never go below forty."

"Why is that?"

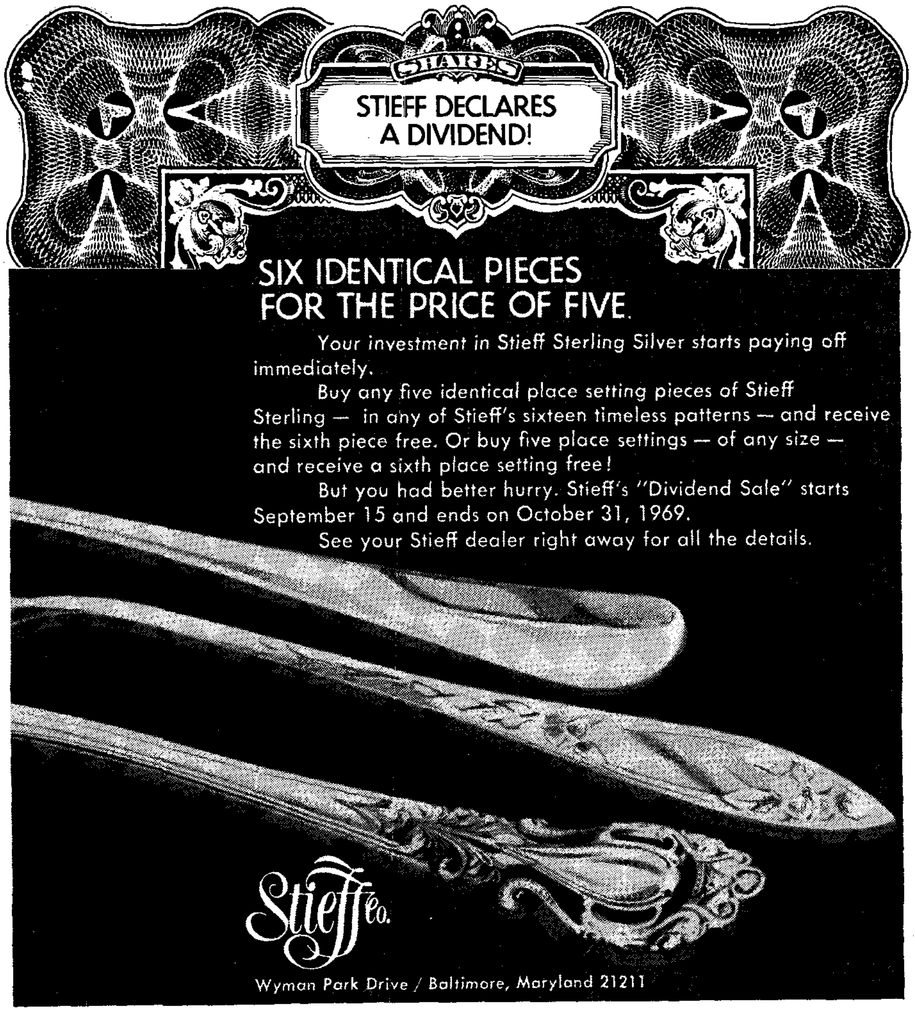
"Because, first, you're dealing with adults, not total population. So as long as the voting age starts primarily at the age of twenty-one, as it does now in the great majority of states, your curve runs up from twenty-one. The median is not based on zero, it's based on twenty-one. And the median age of the total population twenty-one years old and older is forty-five. Secondly, you get variant voting behavior. This is very clear not only in this country but in every country in the world—every democratic country, where there's an option about voting. Young people and the aged vote least. The greatest turnout of voters, percentage-wise, is in the middle age groups. There are a number of reasons for this. Young people are not yet established in the society. They may be in the armed forces, or in school, or moving around. They don't have roots in the community. Their



Removes difficult-to-get-at grime from silverware, jewelry, optical materials, bath and kitchen utensils, workshop tools and all sorts of hobby items. Cleans quickly and gently with millions of ultrasonically activated bubbles that get into every crack and crevice.

A solid state instrument meticulously designed for home and office use. Light, compact and portable, the Branson Ultrasonic Cleaner carries a full year guarantee. Deluxe model includes base unit, two large Sonitanks and special cleaning solutions at $49.95.

At many fine stores. Mail orders (add $1.00 shipping) to Branson Instruments Company — Dept. 25, 76 Progress Drive, Stamford, Conn.



SIX IDENTICAL PIECES FOR THE PRICE OF FIVE.

Your investment in Stieff Sterling Silver starts paying off immediately.

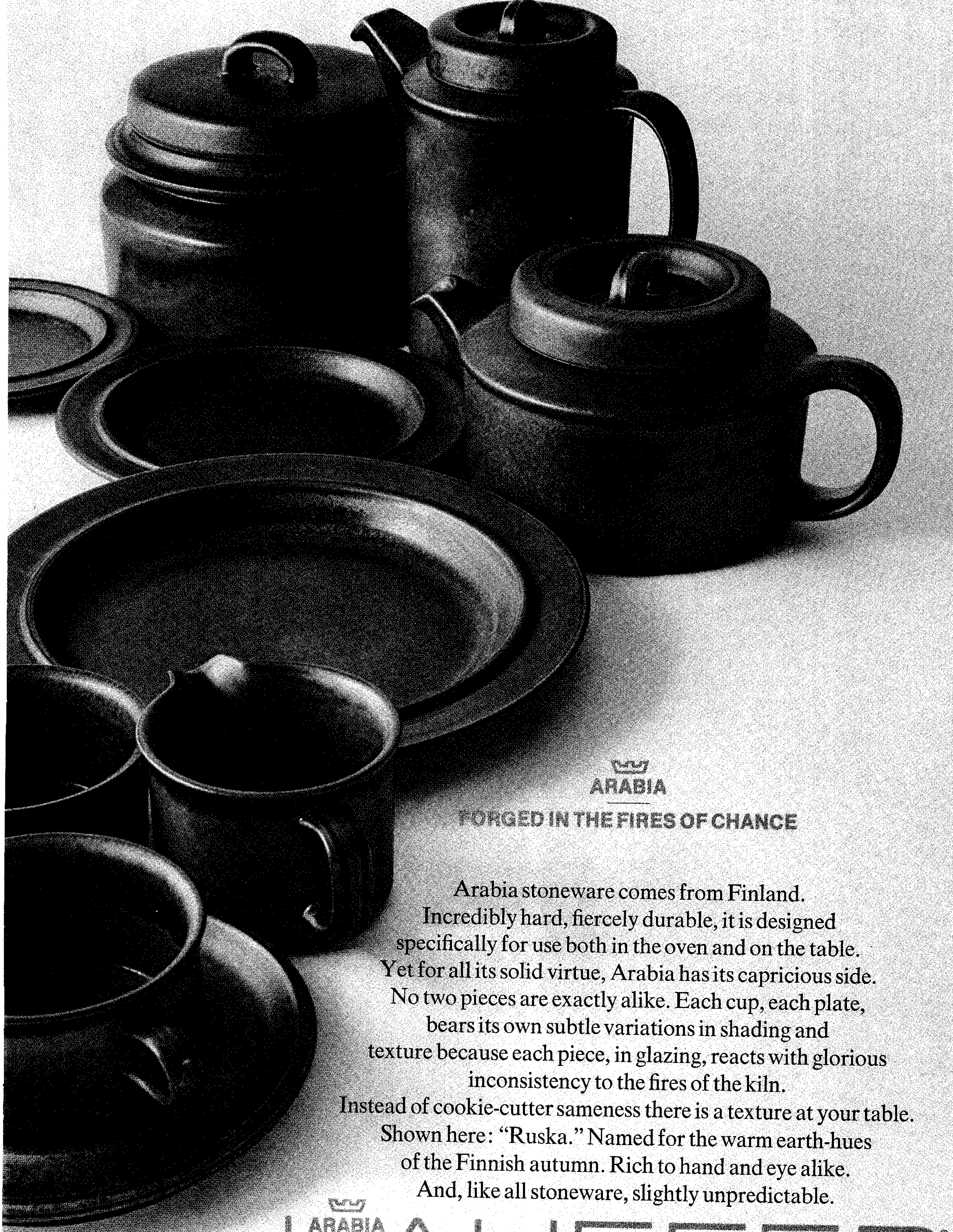
Buy any five identical place setting pieces of Stieff Sterling — in any of Stieff's sixteen timeless patterns — and receive the sixth piece free. Or buy five place settings — of any size — and receive a sixth place setting free!

But you had better hurry. Stieff's "Dividend Sale" starts September 15 and ends on October 31, 1969.

See your Stieff dealer right away for all the details.

Stieff Co.

Wyman Park Drive / Baltimore, Maryland 21211



ARABIA

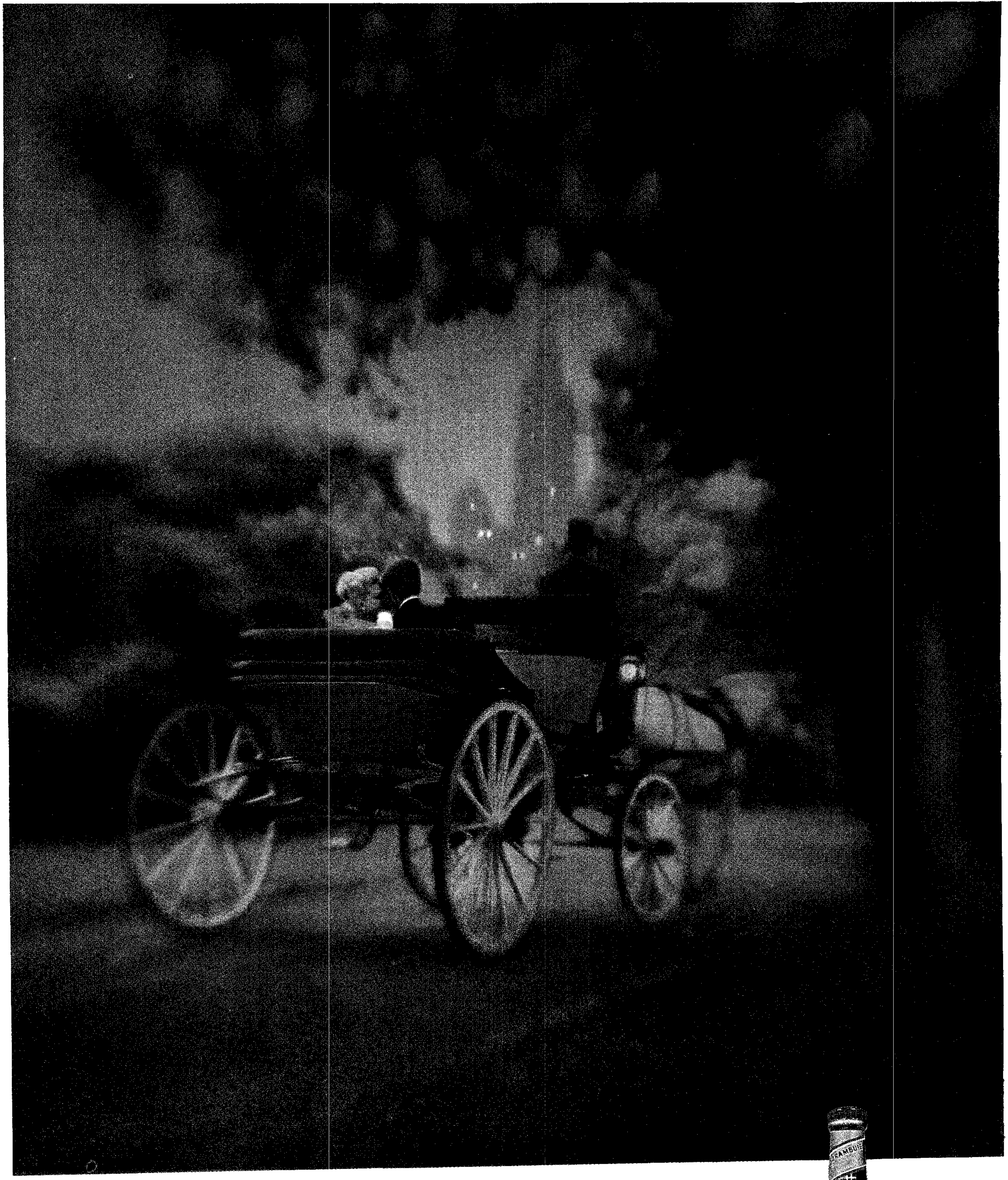
FORGED IN THE FIRES OF CHANCE

Arabia stoneware comes from Finland.
Incredibly hard, fiercely durable, it is designed
specifically for use both in the oven and on the table.
Yet for all its solid virtue, Arabia has its capricious side.
No two pieces are exactly alike. Each cup, each plate,
bears its own subtle variations in shading and
texture because each piece, in glazing, reacts with glorious
inconsistency to the fires of the kiln.
Instead of cookie-cutter sameness there is a texture at your table.
Shown here: "Ruska." Named for the warm earth-hues
of the Finnish autumn. Rich to hand and eye alike.
And, like all stoneware, slightly unpredictable.

ARABIA

LAUFFER®

RUSKA 5 PIECE PLACE SETTING, $13.50.
FOR ARABIA LITERATURE SEND 10c TO LAUFFER, 11 EAST 26TH STREET, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10010 ©1969



Evenings that memories are made of so often include ***DRAMBUIE***

the cordial with the scotch whisky base

DRAMBUIE
DRAMBUIE

IMPORTED BY W A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N Y 80 PROOF

first child hasn't reached school yet, and this seems to be the point at which people get a great interest in politics. And, at the other end of the scale, when you get over seventy or seventy-five, your mental and physical faculties may be declining. So I think you can say that the median age of the voter will decline slightly in the nineteen-seventies, and then, as the postwar baby crop starts coming into middle age and then gets past it, the median voting age will rise again."

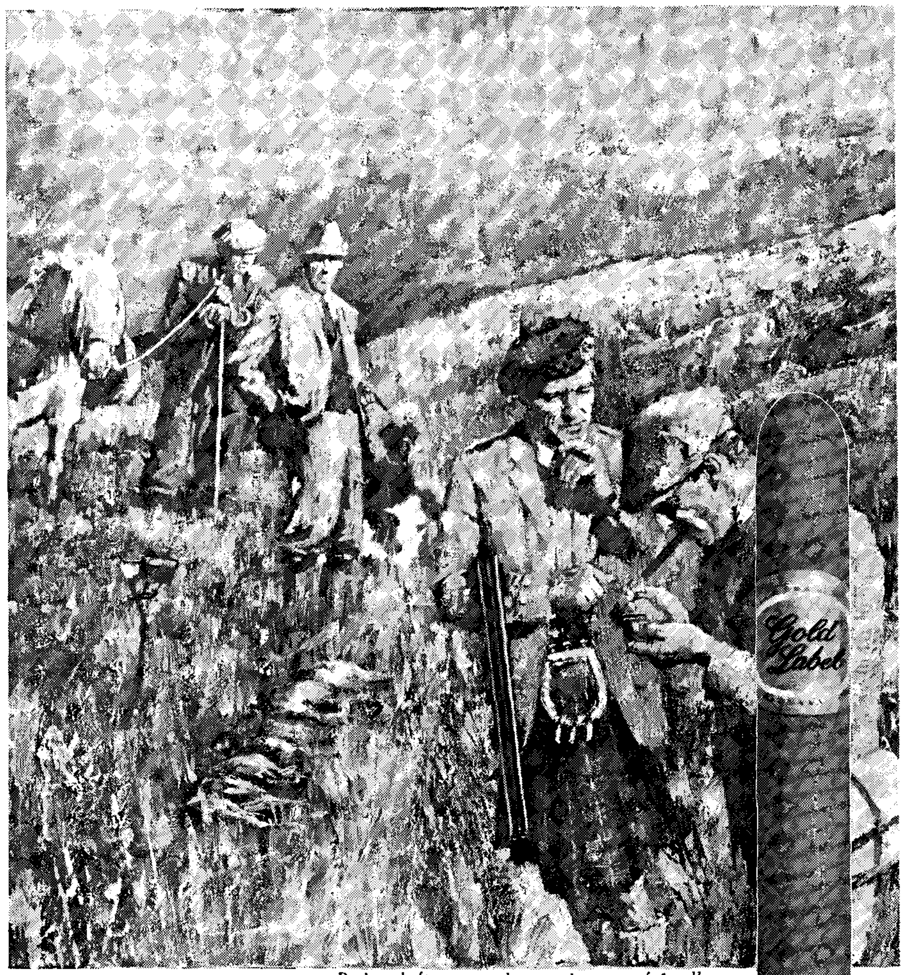
I asked how the median voting age would be affected if the voting age were lowered to eighteen.

"Well, obviously, if you changed the rules, this would bring the age down," Scammon said. "But it would still be in the middle years, and probably still in the forties. Because, after all, the median age of the total population eighteen years old and older is forty-two-point-eight years."

BEFORE I interviewed Scammon, I had talked to people in Washington about him, and had found that some objected to his optimistic outlook. They complained that he seemed to be more impressed, for instance, by the degree to which poverty had been reduced in the United States over the years than by the need to do something about the poverty that still existed.

When I asked Scammon about their comments, he said, "It is certainly true that if you call attention to the reduction of poverty, or the expansion of the opportunities for education, there may be those who say, 'Well, we've done enough, we shouldn't do any more.' So people who feel we ought to do more may very well take the position that calling attention to gains inhibits further gains. This may very well be true. But I think it's important to maintain a balanced view. I don't think that, in the long run, you can build sound policy on false data. I'm afraid that if you base your appeals for social gains on social mystique and emotion, this will finally backfire on you. It'll backlash you to death. Because the other side will get emotional, too, and use unreason and passion. And then you begin to hear, 'Look at all the money we've spent, and all we get is more riots.' And you hear, 'Do you feel safer on the streets today than you did ten years ago, when we weren't putting all that money into the ghetto?' And you get people saying, 'Cut off all welfare,' and 'Sterilize unmarried mothers,' and that sort of thing. And you end up with a terribly bad situation. So I think there's something to be said for taking

Go First Class



Day's end after grouse shoot on the moors of Argyll.

Go first class–go with Gold Label, internationally acclaimed leader in luxury cigars. Now the magnificent mildness and flavor of choice vintage imported tobaccos are locked in, with freshness assured by our exclusive *Fortress of Flavor* humidor pouch. No matter where in the world you light, go first class–all the way.

New Gold Label
"Fortress of Flavor"...the
unique air-tight humidor
pouch that seals in flavor,
freshness and aroma.

LIGHT BRIGADE...3/50¢. "Fortress of Flavor" Pack of 6/$1

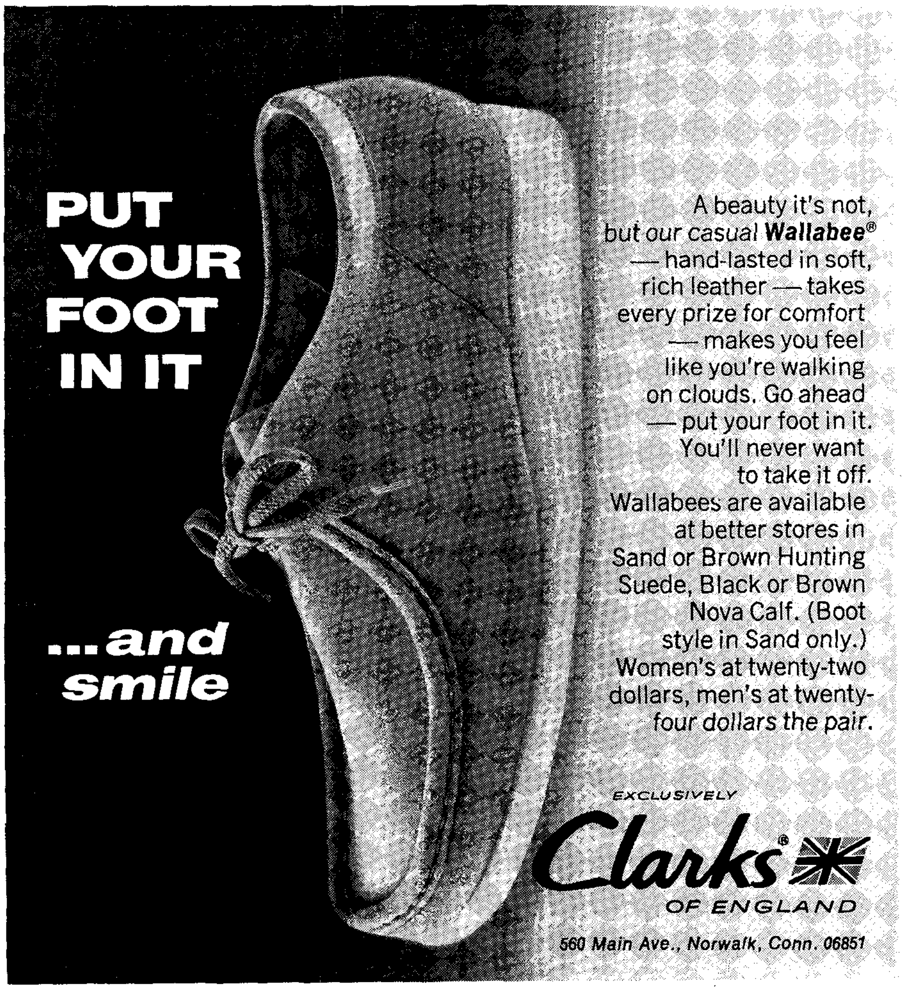
Go Gold Label

Customrold at Factory #1, Tampa, Fla....5/60¢ to $1.00

Bloomingdale's Men's Store

OUR DONEGAL TWEED SWEATERS FROM SCOTLAND

Unmistakable thoroughbreds, our pedigreed Pringles of singular distinction that lead the field in breeding and performance. Knitted with traditional Highland pride on hand frames in a burly cardigan. Ours alone in tweedy mixtures of brown, green, grey or burgundy in Small, Medium, Large and Extra-Large sizes, $50. Men's Store, Street Floor and all stores.
Bloomingdale's, 3rd Avenue at 59th, New York, N.Y. 10022 · EL 5-5900



A beauty it's not, but our casual **Wallabee**® — hand-lasted in soft, rich leather — takes every prize for comfort — makes you feel like you're walking on clouds. Go ahead — put your foot in it. You'll never want to take it off. Wallabees are available at better stores in Sand or Brown Hunting Suede, Black or Brown Nova Calf. (Boot style in Sand only.) Women's at twenty-two dollars, men's at twenty-four dollars the pair.

EXCLUSIVELY Clarks® OF ENGLAND
560 Main Ave., Norwalk, Conn. 06851

® REG. TRADEMARK

a long-range, objective view of social and political problems."

I asked Scammon if he would tell me, briefly, what he thought were some common misconceptions about American society.

"Well, first, as I've just been saying, it's not a society of young people, any more than it was a society of octogenarians when we were all concerned about the aged," he said. "Neither is it a society of poverty, as some people seem to *think*. Neither is it a society of extremists. It's not a society of the alienated. There's a lot of alienation, but this is not a society of the alienated. It's not a society of big central cities, though the impression of some people seems to be that it is. The majority of Americans do not live in big cities. It's not a society in which, quote, things are getting worse and weren't the good old days wonderful, unquote. The good old days were awful. Child labor, folk violence. The yellow cholera flag, the quarantine signs. The sweatshop—as the I.L.G.W.U. reminds us in its ads, the signs that said, 'If you don't come in Sunday, don't come in Monday.' The turmoil and strife of the labor disputes—Cripple Creek, the Pullman strike, the Homestead Massacre, the Memorial Day Massacre of strikers in Chicago. Burning, shooting, beating to death. The lynchings on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday—a hundred and fifty or two hundred of them a year two generations ago. The Detroit race riots of 1943, or the Chicago race riots after the First World War, in which you had armed mobs of blacks and whites fighting each other, mobs of blacks and whites roaming the streets looking for each other, in literal racial civil war. We haven't had this. Maybe this is reaching a bit to find an improvement, but I think it's a very real one."

"What about the notion that we're becoming overpopulated and crowded, and that we're all going to end up living in a few giant cities?" I asked.

"Well, crowding is a matter of taste," Scammon said. "If a man thinks he doesn't have enough room, then he doesn't. I suppose that when Daniel Boone went out West, he thought the country was becoming overcrowded. As far as actual space available to us is concerned, we occupy only a very small percentage of our land. As a matter of fact, my recollection is that if we were as densely populated as Switzerland we would have over a billion people. And I don't believe most people think of the Swiss as being jammed in on top of each other. But there has been this great flight from the land. The land is still there—we've just opted not to live on it. Now, are we having a population explosion? It all depends on how you look at the data. If you mean are we having one to the point of not being able to live, certainly not. If you mean to the point that this is no longer the kind of place where you *want* to live, that's a matter of taste. If you mean in the sense that we have problems now that we wouldn't have if we had fewer people—nonsense. The race problem, for instance, doesn't come out of overpopulation. It comes out of race relations, conditions under which people live."

"What about the rest of the world?"

"Some parts of the world are certainly suffering from a great many problems of population," Scammon replied. "But sometimes the talk about a population explosion seems to me to be a substitute for critical evaluations of our social, economic, and political institutions—'It's all just a population explosion.' Well, much of it isn't. Much of it is that we don't use the brains we've got, to provide solutions to our problems. Starvation in Biafra is not caused by a population explosion, and neither is starvation in Haiti. These starvations are man-made."

"What about starvation in India?"

"Well, I remember a letter published in the *Wall Street Journal* a couple of years ago from an Indian economist who said that certain changes in the ownership and interest schedules for agricultural land in India would probably solve the problem within eighteen months," Scammon said. "I don't know if that's true or not. But the point is that many of these problems are institutional. You know, you hear about the problems of a country like Brazil. Brazil has as much usable land as we have, or more, and nowhere near as many people. Often, it comes back to the institutions under which people live. If they live under unproductive institutions, or are themselves unproductive, then there may be starvation. But most people are willing to work. Sometimes the problem is that they live under a corrupt or unknowing government."

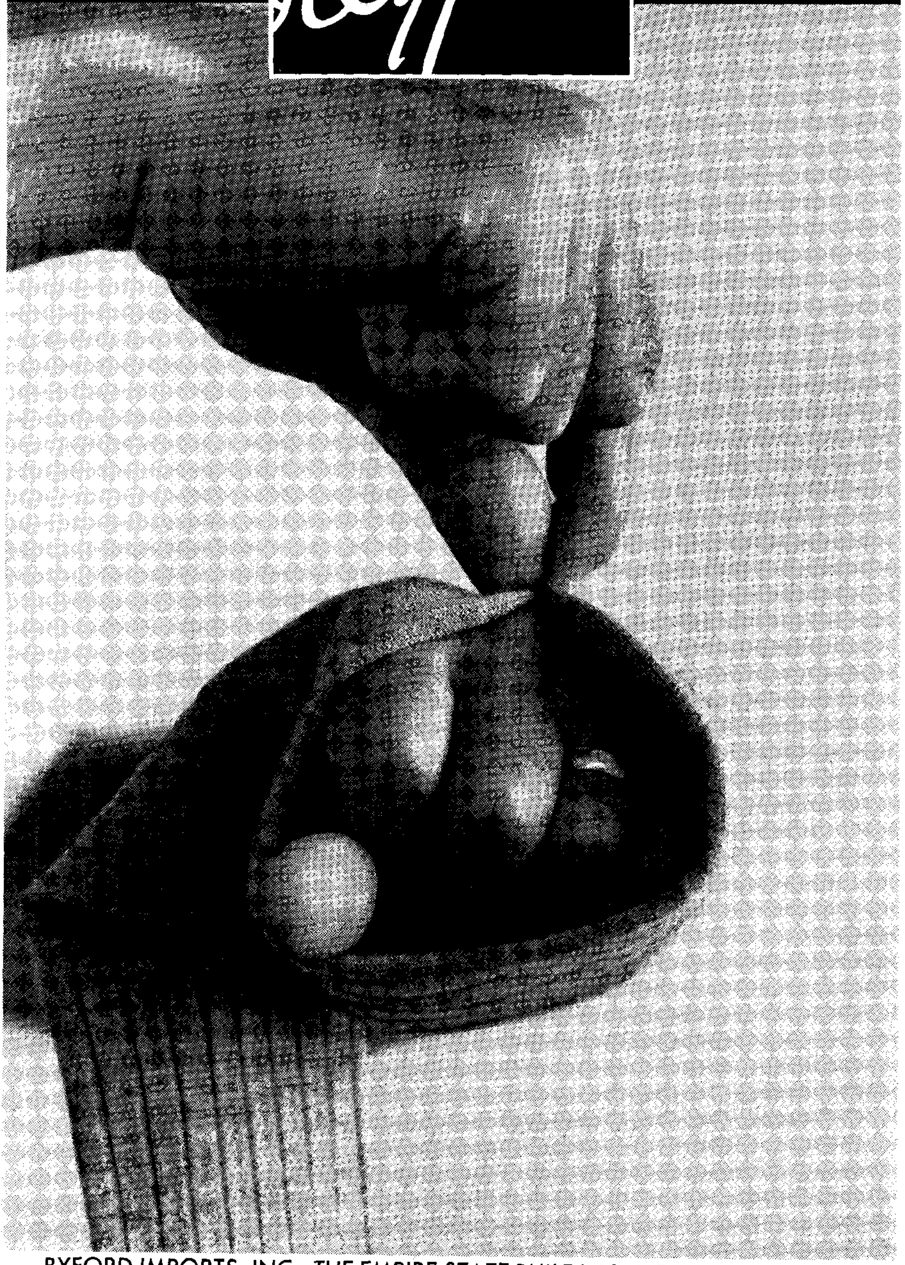
Scammon is both a student of the public-opinion polls and a former consultant to one of the pollsters—Louis Harris. I asked him if he thought the polls served an important political or social purpose. Not very surprisingly, he did.

"I once said that the polls were the best thing for democracy since the di-

When was the last time you wore a pair of socks made to fit you, not everybody?

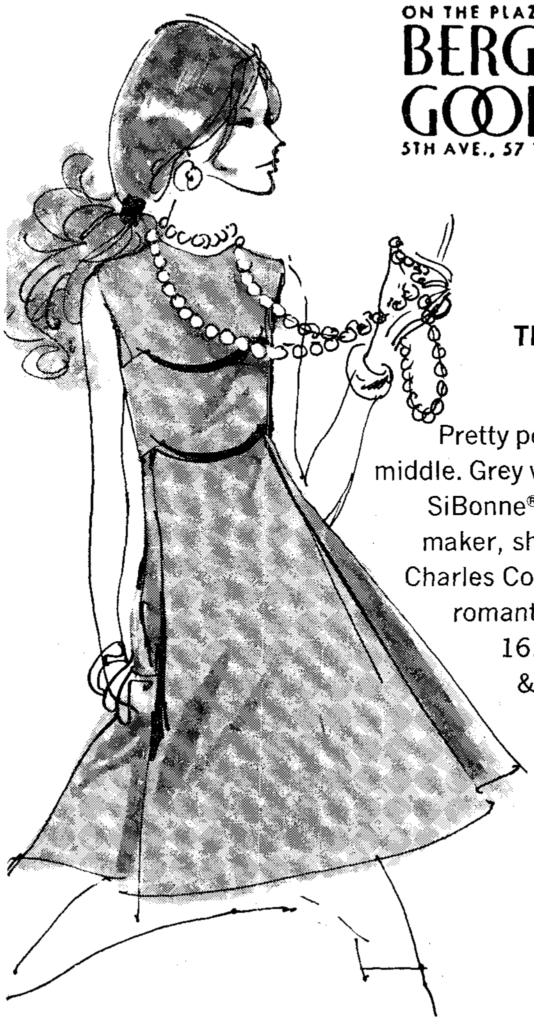
The Byford '98 sock, imported from England, comes in tailored sizes 10, 10½, 11, 11½, 12, 13, 14. Made of machine washable pure wool, the natural miracle fiber. In the classical colors. Anklet, $1.75. Garter length, $2.00. Over-the-calf, $2.50. At Wallach's, all stores; Abraham & Straus, all stores. At fine haberdasheries across the country.

Byford



BYFORD IMPORTS, INC., THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK 10001.

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF
GOODMAN
5TH AVE., 57 TO 58TH STREETS



THE NEW FACE
OF FLANNEL.

Pretty petals on a little middle. Grey wool lined with SiBonne® rayon, shape maker, shape keeper. A Charles Cooper Boutique romantic revival. 8 to 16. $80. Country & Casual, Third Floor.

Robert Bestién
ORIGINALS
by BEST CRAFT
Interlude
Tempus

Two timely creations subtly designed by Robert Bestién. INTERLUDE (left — $30.) converts from shoulder to hand to suit the occasion. TEMPUS (right — $32.), sports an English gold tone chain with leather rest. Snuggles the shoulder or adjusts instantly to the hand. Both luxuriously lined. *Available in Baby Croco® Calf and Crinkled Patent:* Black, Brown, Navy. *In Ostrich Calf:* Black, Brown, Navy, Tan.
At Bergdorf Goodman; Altman's Young Colony Shop, N.Y.; Woodward & Lothrop, Wash., D.C.; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; L. S. Ayres & Co., Ind.; Gano-Downs, Denver & other fine stores. *Prices slightly higher in West.* TRADE MARK

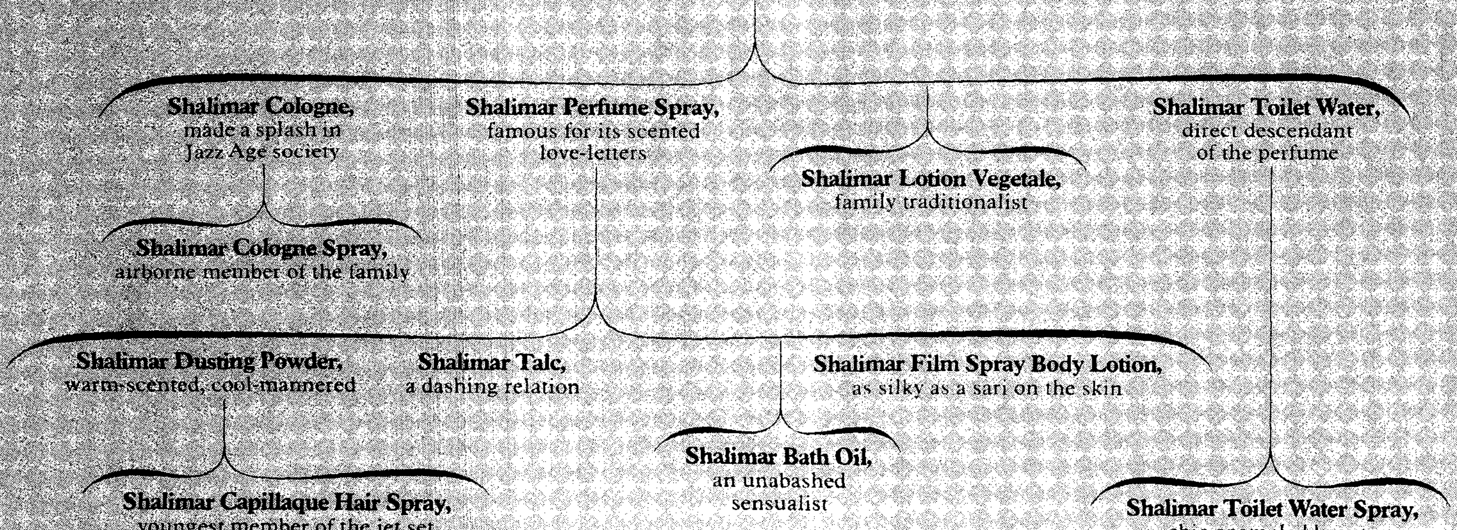
rect primary, and I'd be willing to defend that as a thesis," Scammon said. "The polls permit the voice of the majority to be heard against that of the clamorous minority. Some years ago, there was a campaign by the right wing in this country to get the United States out of the United Nations and the United Nations out of the United States. If you hadn't had a public-opinion poll that could put this in perspective, they might have got somewhere, because they put on a tremendous campaign. But when a poll was taken, I think it showed that something like seventy-five per cent of the people wanted us to stay in the U.N. And the issue just died overnight. I know of nothing except a vote that can come within hailing distance of the polls in providing an estimate of popular opinion on a given issue.

"In the matter of polling on elections, you can get a lot of viewpoints. I think it's long since been dismissed that the polls have a bandwagon effect. If they did have such an effect, Nixon should have been the winner with eighty per cent of the vote, because he was way ahead on Labor Day, so if people were just looking for a winner, they would have flocked to him. There is a secondary point, however—that the polls tend to dry up sources of money, support, workers, and so on, on both sides. If one guy's way ahead, the people for him will say, 'Well, you don't need my money.' And those for the other guy will say, 'You can't use my money effectively, because you're going to lose.' I'm sure there's some truth in this, but what do you do? You could ban the polls, but I don't think that would be right. Now, are the polls accurate? Are they pretty good? I say yes. Take 1968. Who came closer than Gallup and Harris? The thing to do is to regard the polls simply as an imprecise measure but one that is better than any other measure available. And not to go into a tizzy over them because they're off a point and a half or something."

THE conversation next turned to Scammon's travels around the country and the world to observe elections, and I asked him how long he had been interested in the electoral process. He said that his enthusiasm for elections as such went back to his college days, and that he had followed politics since his teens. He remembered being deeply upset, at the age of thirteen, by the defeat of Al Smith, the Democratic Presidential nominee in 1928.

Scammon, the son of a professor of

Guerlain
Paris
SHALIMAR



Shalimar Perfume,
conceived in a garden of India,
born Paris, 1926

Shalimar Cologne,
made a splash in
Jazz Age society

Shalimar Perfume Spray,
famous for its scented
love-letters

Shalimar Toilet Water,
direct descendant
of the perfume

Shalimar Lotion Vegetale,
family traditionalist

Shalimar Cologne Spray,
airborne member of the family

Shalimar Dusting Powder,
warm-scented, cool-mannered

Shalimar Talc,
a dashing relation

Shalimar Film Spray Body Lotion,
as silky as a sari on the skin

Shalimar Bath Oil,
an unabashed
sensualist

Shalimar Capillaque Hair Spray,
youngest member of the jet set

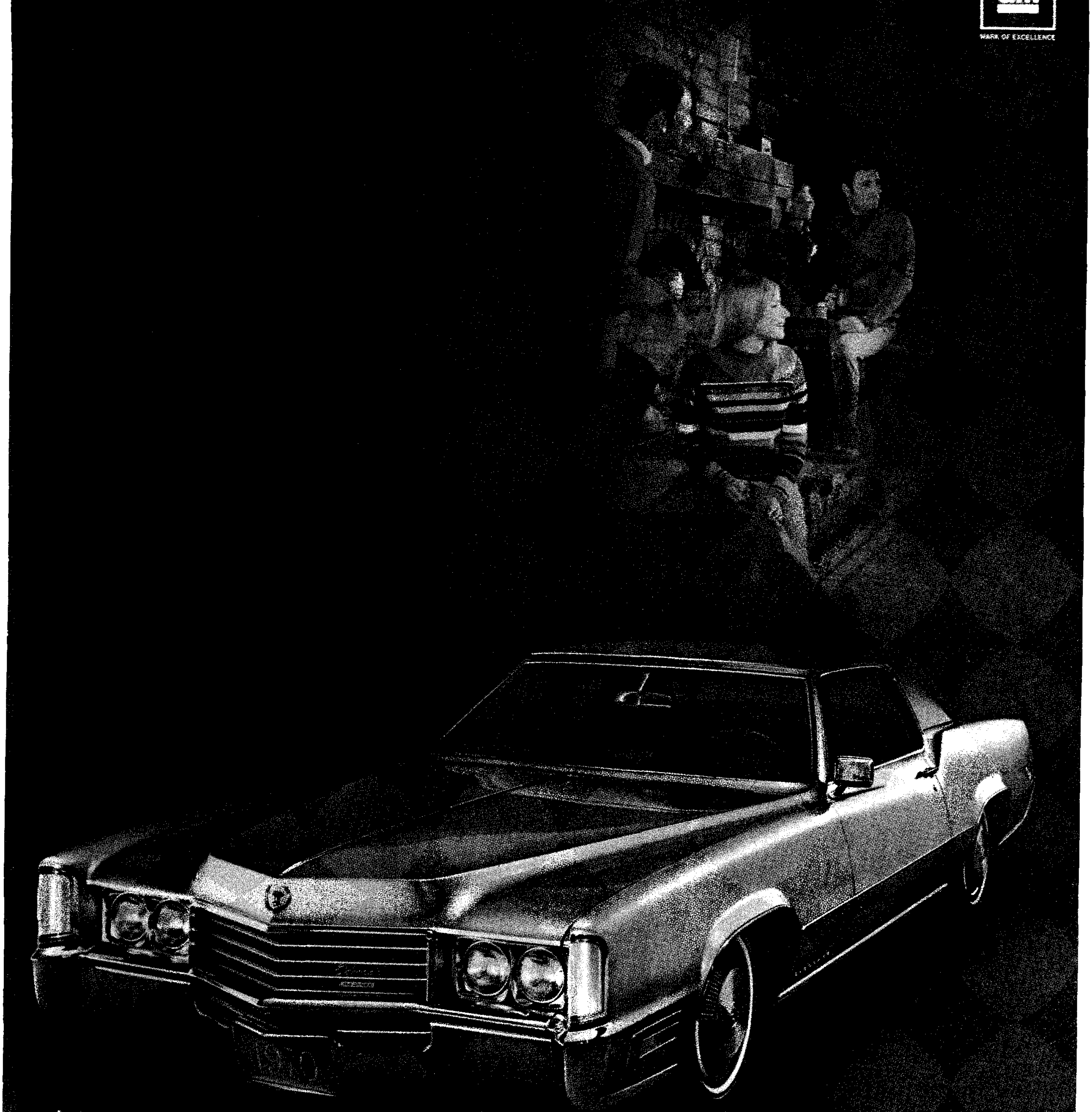
Shalimar Toilet Water Spray,
chic enameled beauty
making its debut

From the House of Guerlain

Cadillac presents the Spirit of the Seventies
1970
The elegantly spirited 1970 Cadillac

Each of the eleven brilliant new 1970 Cadillac models is styled to reflect the spirit of the seventies. Their striking new beauty suggests the tempo of people on the move. Richly tailored appointments and refinements welcome you to a new era of Cadillac elegance. Sparkling performance invites you to experience a new dimension of motoring pleasure. See the luxurious new Cadillac at your authorized dealer's, and you'll know that Cadillac has left the sixties far behind!

Cadillac Motor Car Division
GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

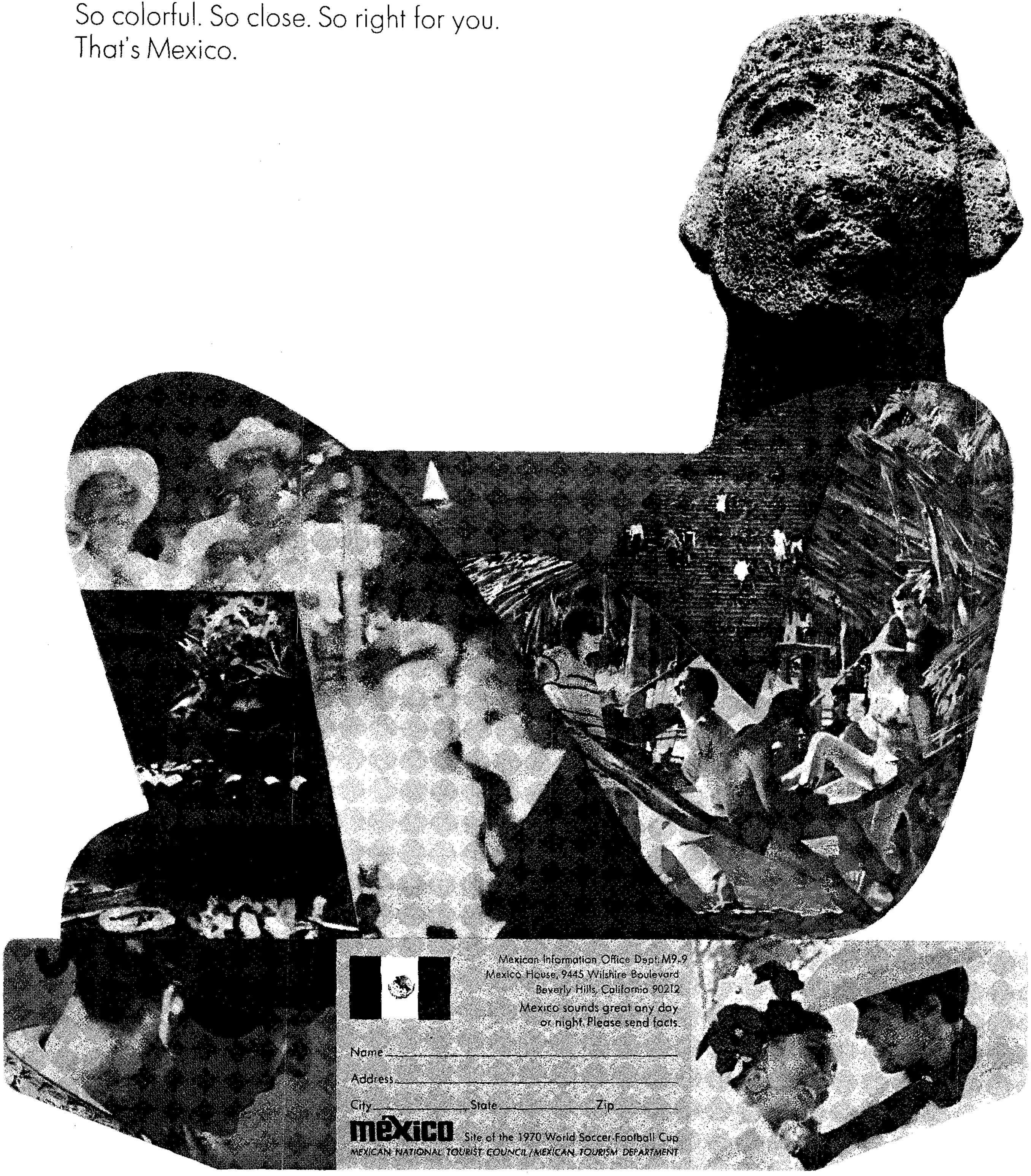


The
newly spirited
8.2 litre Eldorado

This is the handsome and spirited 1970 Eldorado. Its exclusive new V-8 engine, with a displacement of 8.2 litres (more than 500 cubic inches), performs with rare brilliance yet offers a plentiful reserve to operate the Eldorado's many power assists. And with the precision of its front-wheel drive, Eldorado handles with the grace and agility that will set the pace for personal cars in the years ahead. The new 1970 Eldorado, in every respect, heralds a decade of motoring excitement!

Today. Tonight. To Mexico.

Beaches and waters are warm the year 'round.
And the fun doesn't stop after dark.
So colorful. So close. So right for you.
That's Mexico.



Mexican Information Office Dept. M9-9
Mexico House, 9445 Wilshire Boulevard
Beverly Hills, California 90212

Mexico sounds great any day or night. Please send facts.

Name ______________________
Address ______________________
City __________ State __________ Zip __________

méxico Site of the 1970 World Soccer-Football Cup

MEXICAN NATIONAL TOURIST COUNCIL / MEXICAN TOURISM DEPARTMENT anatomy at the University of Minnesota School of Medicine, grew up in Minneapolis. He took his B.A. in political science at the University of Minnesota in 1935, and then spent most of a year at the London School of Economics, studying under Harold Laski and Herman Finer. After a brief flirtation with law, Scammon returned to political science, and took a Master's degree in it at the University of Michigan, in 1938. His thesis was titled "The Spatial Pattern of Political Behavior in the Administrative County of London, 1922 to 1937." By then twenty-three years old and tired of school, Scammon decided against studying for a Ph.D. and went to Chicago, where for two and a half years he was assistant to the director of "The University of Chicago-N.B.C. Round Table," a public-affairs radio program that was the forerunner of such current television programs as "Meet the Press" and "Face the Nation." From 1941 to 1946, he served in the Army—first in England and France, and then in Germany, with the Military Government. He stayed on in Berlin for two years after his discharge, in order to take an assignment in his field, as chief of the Elections and Political Parties Branch of the Civil Administration Division of the United States Military Government in Germany. In this position, he had considerable responsibility for the development of licensing policies for political parties, and establishing the machinery for West German elections. Scammon returned to this country in 1948, and for the next seven years he was head of the State Department's Division of Research for Western Europe. In 1955, the late Edward H. Litchfield, who had become a friend of Scammon's at the University of Michigan and was then chancellor of the University of Pittsburgh, obtained foundation support for the establishment of the Elections Research Center, and asked Scammon to become its director. Litchfield and Scammon had long shared an interest in elections, and both had regretted the lack of any single comprehensive source of United States electoral data. The Center was to fill this data gap by publishing a series of reference books. Scammon left the State Department to accept Litchfield's offer, and he has run the Center ever since. (He continued his work at the Center, in his spare time, during his four years as director of the Census Bureau.) The Center's principal activity is compiling and publishing, every two years, a handbook called *America Votes*, which runs to

And now. Music to your eyes.

Our stereo radio looks like tomorrow
This magnificent FM/AM–FM Stereo radio is finished in rich Danish-style walnut to go with any decorator scheme. Its speakers give you 20 feet of stereo separation. And the stereo sound is so full and enveloping, you can get lost in it.

The Diary stands at attention
Here's an FM/AM clock radio with a high-rise effect. It takes up a 4½-inch square, so it fits where most other radios just can't. The walnut graining is easy on the eyes, too. Clock is luminous and wakes you to music or alarm.

This one makes "short waves" Our Spellbinder 3-band portable plays regular FM or AM–plus thrilling shortwave. Its soft vinyl padding gives it the look and feel of leather. Operates on rechargeable nickel-cadmium batteries or on AC current.

See these beauties and the rest of the line at your RCA dealer. He has many models to choose from—table models, portables, clock radios, you name it. One thing's sure. They're all good lookers as well as good listeners.

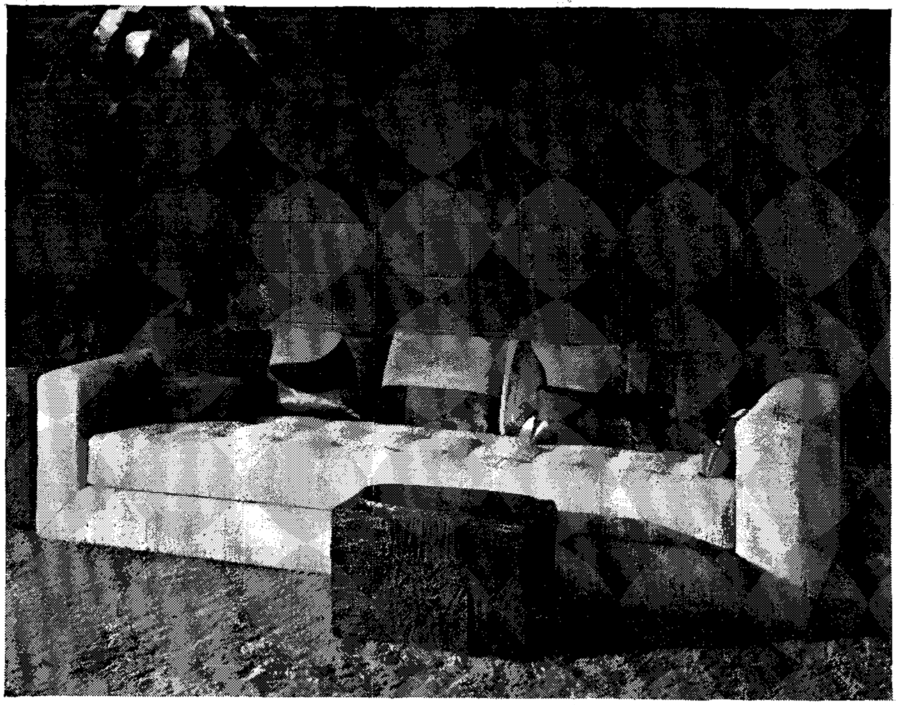
RCA

more than four hundred pages and consists of detailed voting statistics on Presidential, gubernatorial, senatorial, and congressional elections.

Scammon has been an elections consultant to N.B.C. News since 1960. Drawing on personal knowledge, statistical research, and considerable pre-election legwork in communities across the nation, he supplies the network with much of the data upon which it bases its Election Night projections and analyses. For the computer projections of winning candidates, he prepares the lists of so-called "key" precincts—precincts that in the past have accurately reflected the over-all vote of a district or a state. For the analyses, he prepares lists of "tag" precincts—precincts that have high concentrations of Negroes, Jews, rich people, poor people, and so on, and will reflect voting trends among such groups. Scammon provides this service for gubernatorial and senatorial elections, Presidential primaries, and Presidential elections, and also stands by on all such Election Nights to help the N.B.C. staff evaluate what the computers have done with his data. This work, together with his speech-making and his free-lance writing, has taken Scammon to scores of communities not only in the United States but in Canada, the Dominican Republic, England, Ireland, Germany, France, Belgium, Austria, Switzerland, the Soviet Union, South Vietnam, and Israel. While other people's travel reminiscences may concern scenic beauty, historic buildings, and night life, Scammon's are nearly all about polling places—the basement of a Grange Hall in New Hampshire, someone's living room in Los Angeles, a hall in the dock ward of Belfast, a Salvation Army hostel in Cleveland, a rowing club in Gibraltar.

I asked Scammon what he looks for on these trips.

"It depends on what your purpose is and how much time you have," he said. "You might go around and take in some public meetings. You talk with a few of the newspaper people. You watch television and get a feeling for the political tone of the campaign, because in their TV advertising and speeches the politicians show what they consider to be the important issues. If you're interested mainly in the election machinery, you might talk with the county clerk. Now, on the N.B.C. trips, when you're checking the tag precincts, it's useful just to drive around and smell 'em out. Look at them, see what they look like. Go in and get a Coke. Count the number of


Lounge divan with custom leather pillows. Design by Kipp Stewart

Possibly the most elegant assemblage of contemporary furniture in all the world

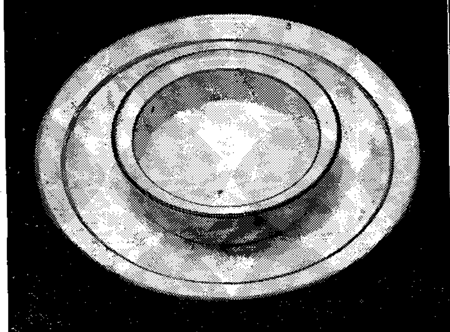
Directional

New York: 979 Third Avenue, Decoration & Design Building • Chicago: Space 6-121 Merchandise Mart
Los Angeles: 8844 Beverly Blvd. • Boston: Rapids Furniture Company • Miami: Vanleigh Furniture Co.
Purchases through your interior designer, architect or dealer • Send 25¢ for color brochures "N"

"Susan" by Boda / Sweden.
Designer: Erik Hoeglund. 3-Pc. Pl. Setting–$18.00

"Vienna Maestro" by Amboss / Austria.
Designer: Carl Auboeck. 5-Pc. Pl. Setting–$11.50

"Generation Blue Umber" by Dansk / Denmark.
Designer: Niels Refsgaard. 5-Pc. Pl. Setting–$23.95



WHERE IN THIS WORLD
CAN YOU BUY THE FINEST DESIGNS
IN THIS WORLD
AT PRICES THAT ARE NOT OUT
OF THIS WORLD?

Rosenthal
STUDIO-HAUS
584 Fifth Avenue at Forty-Seventh Street
New York City 10036 • Tel.: 212-757-6164

Designs selected by our international panel of critics. Bridal registry. Mail and phone orders filled.

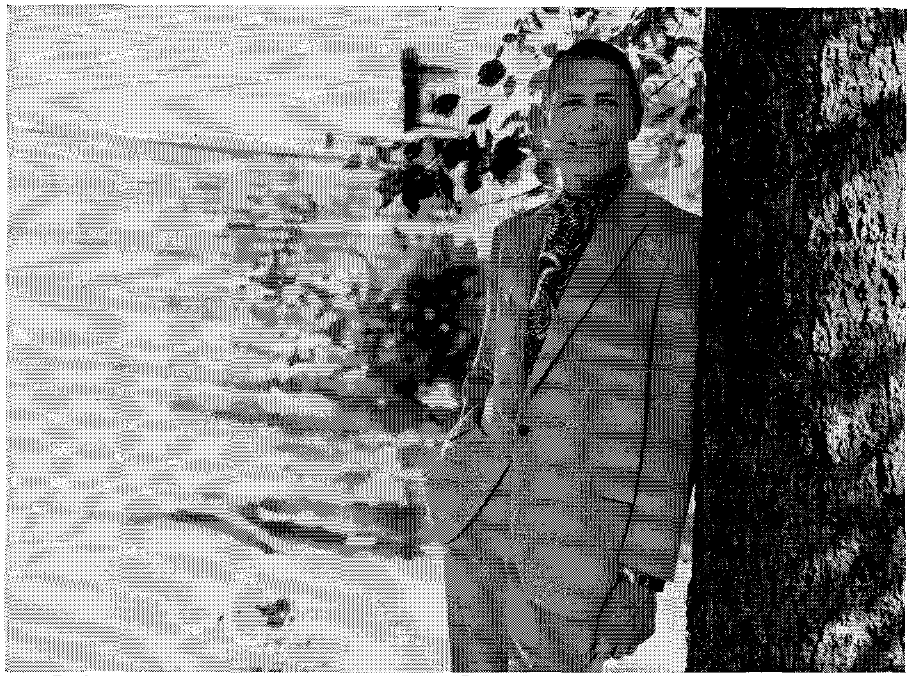
It's so much lovelier
with Bloomcraft® on the bed.

COTTON BE[illegible] [illegible]OMCR[illegible] [illegible] ST., N.[illegible], N.Y. 10010.
OVER 50 ST[illegible] [illegible]TERNS. [illegible] 00 AT THESE AND OTHER FINE STORES:
CLEVELAND THE [illegible] ☐ LOS ANGELES J. W. ROBINSON CO. ☐ NEW YORK BLOOMINGDALE'S.

COMFORTABLE · CAREFREE
COTTON

chopped-chicken-liver shops, see if anybody's wearing the yarmulke. Stop in and talk with people. Drive through a wealthy neighborhood. See how really wealthy it is. Is it real money or near money? How slummy is the slum? Is it black or white? Is it ethnic? Are the undertaking parlors Polish? Do the movie houses show Spanish films? I was in Montreal for an election several months ago, and I drove through one section I never even knew existed. And a couple of big movie houses featured Greek movies. Well, I never had the impression that there was such a big Greek migration into Montreal, but it was evidently huge. And I talked to a cabdriver, an Irisher, and he says, 'Oh, yeah, my wife has trouble with these Greek wives.' This means he's on the edge of the migration. And then you often go out to a sporting event, if you can. You'll see how the people live, in sports. This is where the folk really lives. In Dublin, I went out to a Gaelic-football game on a Sunday afternoon, and I saw how Irish sports are related to Irish history. I'd seen only one or two games of Gaelic football and didn't know enough about the rules, and I got to talking to the man next to me. 'What happened? What's he doing now?' And he was explaining it to me. And suddenly, right in the middle of explaining a play, with no transition, he exclaimed, 'And over that hill! That's where the Tans came!' " Scammon burst into laughter.

"You know," he went on, "it's interesting how the mechanical side of an election sometimes affects the political side. I was in Russia in 1958 as chairman of a delegation that the State Department sent over to observe the Russian elections, and it was fascinating. They have beautiful voting booths in Russia. They're about twice the size of the American booths. They're provided with a little table, a chair, and a vase of flowers. And if you *want* to use the booth, you can. But you get a ballot that is preprinted, with just one name on it—the winner's. The only way you can vote negatively is to take the ballot into that booth and cross the name off. You cannot write another candidate in. So, of course, ninety-nine per cent of the people don't go into the booth. They just take the ballot from the table and drop it into the box. Because if you go into the booth, it means one of two things—either you're going to vote against the official candidate of the, quote, All-Soviet Bloc of the Communist Party and Non-Party People, close quote, or you just want to smell the flowers. And it's an expensive



Crompton is corduroy.

Alexander Shields knows. That's why they chose Crompton wide wale cotton corduroy to create this country suit with paisley ascot shirt and jacket lining. In camel, celery or royal blue. Sizes 38-46. About $175.* At Alexander Shields, New York; J. L. Hudson, Detroit; I. Magnin, San Francisco & Beverly Hills.

CROMPTON-RICHMOND COMPANY-INC., 1071 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, N.Y. 10018.
*PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST. MEMBER OF THE CORDUROY COUNCIL OF AMERICA.

All the glories of Greece without Spartan discomfort.

Only at the Athens Hilton.

No Spartan accommodations at the Athens Hilton. From its magnificent marble lobby—styled like a classic Greek amphitheater—to the individual climate control of its balconied rooms, the comfort is American. Yet the Athens Hilton is close to the Acropolis and the other fabled sights of Athens.

In all Greece there is no hotel like the Athens Hilton, with its wall-to-wall marble baths, swimming pool, and its internationally famous Greek tavern transplanted from the Aegean Isles. The Athens Hilton, the Greek hotel with an American accent.

For reservations: call your travel agent, any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Service.

THE ATHENS HILTON

Can the generation gap be bridged?

Maybe. Maybe not. But you can negotiate over Ballantine's. The good taste of our Scotch is one thing six generations have agreed upon.

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
Very Fine Scotch Whisky
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
Ballantine's
ESTABLISHED 1827
BY APPOINTMENT TO
THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA
THE LATE KING EDWARD VII

Ballantine's: what Scotch is all about.

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86 PROOF. IMPORTED BY "21" BRANDS, INC., N.Y.C.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Uninhibited Love Seat.

Movies, shows, books, even TV have gotten sexier.

Why should the love seat be the last to shed its inhibitions? We don't think it should. That's why we created the uninhibited two-seater shown below.

It's all curves. Soft. Sensuous. Enveloping. Outrageous comfort on straight, sleek chrome legs.

You can have it in velvet. Or you can have it in hundreds of different fabrics, including chamois leather, vinyls and suedes.

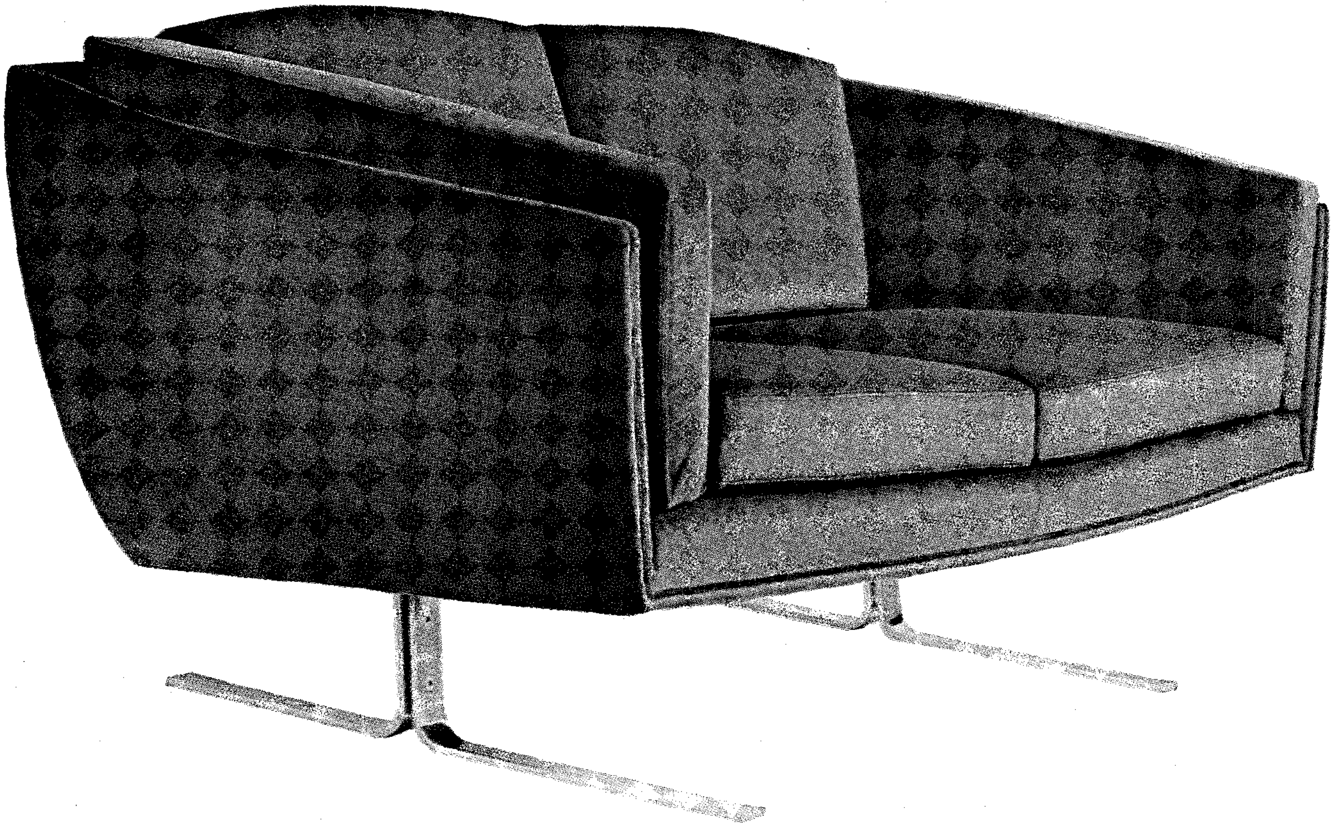
Maybe it's not a love seat your mother could love. It's not overstuffed, and there isn't a bit of fringe anywhere. It's clean-cut and simple. The way all our furniture is.

Sure, our love seat shatters a few old-fashioned ideas. But, then, it's a love seat, isn't it?

Next time you're passing a very good store, stop in and see some of our very good furniture.

Sophisticated people like the simplest things. Founders.

FOUNDERS
A SUBSIDIARY OF
Armstrong
creators of THE INDOOR WORLD



FOUNDERS FURNITURE, INC., PLEASANT GARDEN, NORTH CAROLINA 27313 smell. So, you see, the booth is the control mechanism!"

Near the end of our conversation, Scammon said, "If I should try to describe my own political views, I'd say they were egalitarian. One thing that irritates me about the New Left is the assumption of élitism. The attitude of 'By God, we know best, and you peasants listen to us.' Anti-élitism is a sound dogma for anybody who thinks of himself as a democrat with a small 'd.' And I'm disappointed these days to sense among many people who should know better a retreat from egalitarianism.

"Sometimes, when I'm talking about foreign elections, people say, 'You mean you'd let the Communists win an election?' Well, of *course* I would! There is just no substitute for the people! And I don't want to sound like a poor man's Carl Sandburg, but maybe this really underlies my interest in elections. An Israeli scholar once said that Election Day is the Coronation Day of democracy. And that's exactly what it is. And you know— Again, I hate to sound corny, but I really get a thrill out of watching an election. People going in to vote—that's just *good*. That's a good thing."

—WILLIAM WHITWORTH

•

And, we have a sort of unlikely sounding show which turned out to be absolutely bonkers. *Hadrian VII* with Hume Cronyn. Though it didn't actually win any Tony's, you got tired of hearing it nominated. It's actually a more proficient all-round show than some of the one-category winners, and who would have thought it? It's a show about some obscure Celt king who built a ramshackle fieldstone wall across the narrowest part of England to try to keep the Scots from heisting all the sheep and whiskey from his realm.—*Fisher Theatre program, Detroit.*

Hadrian was a good wall-builder but a rotten Celt. That was his trouble.

•

O PIONEERS DEPARTMENT

[*Letter received by a businessman*]

SHERATON PARK OFFSET CO., INC.
118 EAST 59TH STREET,
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

AUGUST 25, 1969

GENTLEMEN:

On July 10, 1969 the greatest event of our time, the launching of Apollo 11 and subsequent landing on the moon made important news not only in the nation but the entire world . . . more important perhaps, if not to America or the world but to YOU and every business in need of printing, is the launching of SHERATON PARK OFFSET · · ·

W. GIASTALDI

*What's new,
what's now,
what goes,
what glitters,
what's in,
what's on
at 6:30
tonight?*

***La Maisonette,
that's what.***
If you haven't been here, you haven't been anywhere. We turn on more than those crystal chandeliers at 6:30. And nothing stops until two. Make it for Dinner, or make it for later. But make it. Dancing—as it used to be, or a la mod. Entertainment—the way it should be, just beautiful. It all happens every night but Sunday, with *HAL TURNER* and his Orchestra, *QUINTERO* and his Latin Band
For Reservations, phone "Rudy", PLaza 3-4500.

Gourmet dining, intimately, in ***La Boite,*** *from 6:30, with music 'til 1:30 by ERNEST SCHOEN and JULIUS KUTI.*

Beg. Sept. 22nd
MONIQUE VanVOOREN

Beg. Oct. 9th
YAFFA YARKONI

Beg. Oct. 29th
MARILYN MAYE

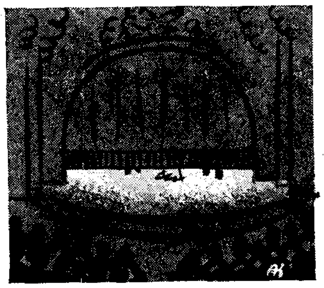
la maisonette

St. Regis-Sheraton Hotel
5TH AVENUE AT 55TH STREET, NEW YORK
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS.
A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

THE THEATRE

THE TIGHTENING OF THE STRINGS

THE only word of adverse criticism that I feel tempted to utter about the Grand Kabuki Theatre of Tokyo is that it is paying us too short a visit. Its engagement at the City Center is limited to two weeks, and I understand that most of the performances were sold out before opening night; this is flattering to the company and reassuring to its sponsors, but it means that only a fraction of the audience that these extraordinary actors deserve and have proved themselves capable of attracting will actually get to see them. The fact of the matter is that, in the nine years since the Kabuki last essayed the celestial leap from the biggest and busiest city on earth to this far smaller and sleepier one, interest in the arts and history of Japan (to say nothing of its suavely designed industrial products and subtle cuisine) has greatly increased among us, and the Kabuki might well have risked scheduling a run of months instead of weeks. The interest I speak of isn't merely a result of the American vogue—revived at intervals since the eighteen-fifties—for things *à la japonaise;* walking the streets, one gets the impression that the look and tone of the city have become markedly more Japanese than they used to be, and the impression is confirmed by statistics: naturalized citizens and nisei aside, there are over six thousand Japanese businessmen currently in residence here, as well as a large floating population of students, professors, government officials, and tourists. When the Kabuki unfurled its black-rust-and-green curtain on West Fifty-fifth Street, it was not so far from the edge of the Ginza as it may have feared.



On opening night, the company gave four of the eleven acts of the convoluted eighteenth-century drama "Chushingura" ("The Treasury of Loyal Retainers") and, in its entirety, the late-nineteenth-century work "Kagami Jishi" ("The Mirror Lion Dance"). Never having seen Kabuki except in mutilated versions on film, I was pleasantly astonished to discover that, contrary to what I had been led to believe in the course of boning up for the event, it is not dependent for its success on the degree to which it is, simply and awesomely, a spectacle, or on the artfulness with which it contrives to mingle song, dance, pantomime, and speech. Grand the spectacle is, thanks to a numerous cast, lavish costumes, and the scale and complexity of the sets, and the mingling is as artful as so much seamless stitching, but what held me at once and made the exceptional length of the evening rush by unmeasured was the fierceness of the passion that the actors conveyed—and were enabled to convey—by conventions of speech and gesture that have been preserved largely unaltered from generation to generation. One relishes the confidence of an actor who has inherited, often from a member of his family, what he believes to be the best possible means of achieving a certain effect; one relishes equally the absence of any sign—sometimes so unnerving in our contemporary theatre—that an actor has got up a role by ransacking his private life for mood-creating snippets of past miseries and joys. The cannibal who eats himself has plainly gone too far.

As the tightened strings of a piano harbor energy enough to blow up a house, so Kabuki actors, masters of an apparent impassivity, let the emotions of the characters they portray tighten slowly, slowly, until they explode into paroxysms of rage or grief. Theirs is a theatre of violence, and the rash challenges and retributions that fill the Kabuki repertory are all the more thrilling for being played simultaneously in and out of nature. In the wildest assault, sword does not strike against sword, but the silence of their not striking pierces our ears; when a nobleman commits hara-kiri, there need be no nonsense of spilled red ink, for his invisible blood has already blinded us. Also in and out of nature is the ancient Kabuki tradition by which all the female roles are played by men. In "The Mirror Lion Dance," the leading role is that of a bashful dancing girl; it is being played here by an actor named Baiko—the seventh in the immensely distinguished line of Kabuki Baikos. (Baiko shares star billing at the City Center with an actor called Shoroku, who plays the most dastardly of villains in "Chushingura.") Now, Baiko is a saturnine, tubby little man of fifty-four, but he is also a fantastically skillful actor; he became a bashful dancing girl to me in less than a minute. The dance requires her—I mean him—to be transformed into a lion, and it would be hard to imagine a king of beasts worthier of the title. A Baiko dancing girl is dainty and winsome; a Baiko lion is an enormous creature, frightening and affectionate by turns, and his superb white mane, tossed and shaken at the audience as if it were a form of speech, makes an unforgettable curtain.

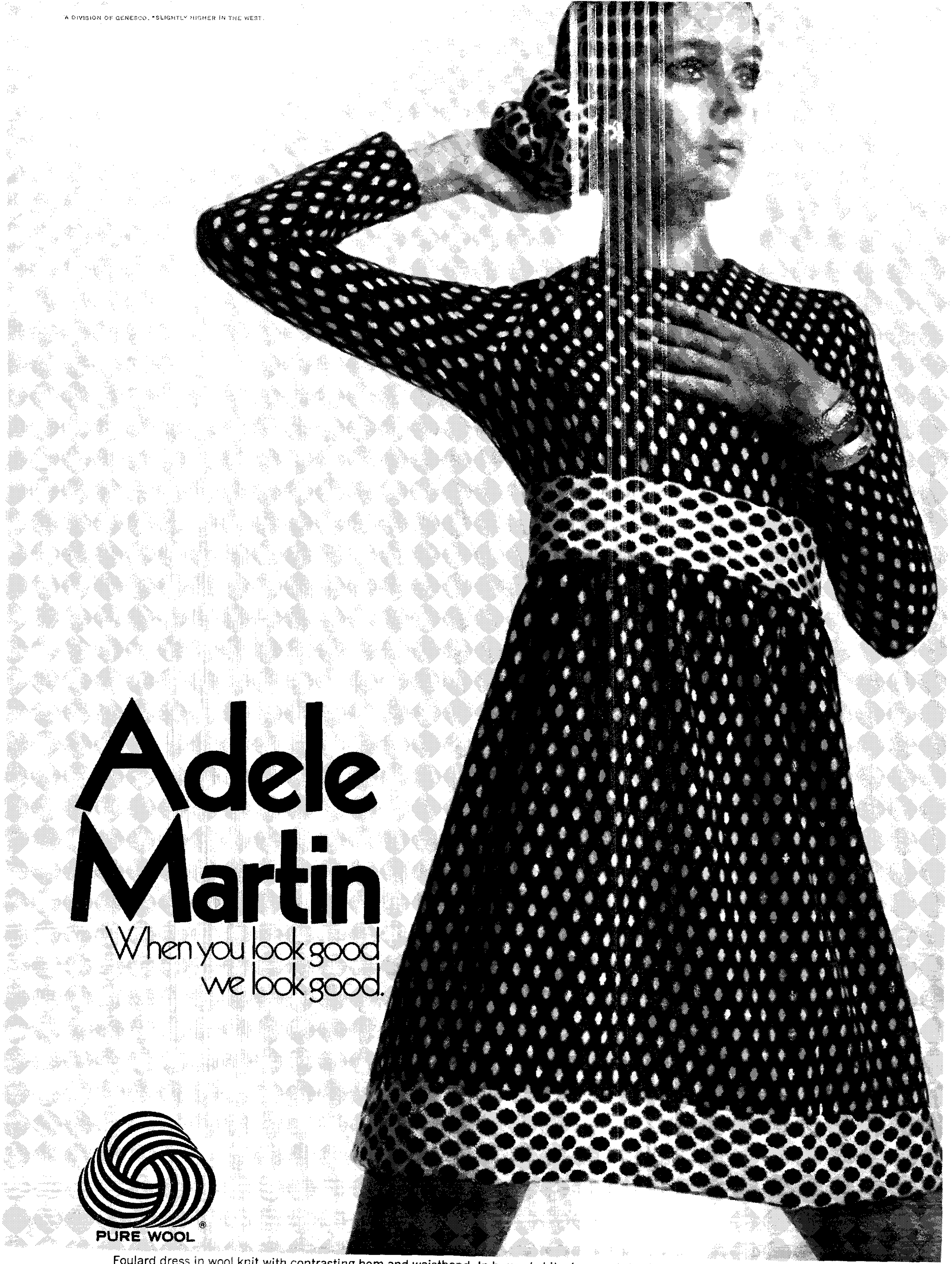
—Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

East Village Dump

THE Off Broadway season continues on its feeble course. Two new plays showed up last week, the first a limp work called "Silhouettes," by Ted Harris, at the Actors Playhouse, and the second a much stiffer but not much stronger one called "The End of All Things Natural," by G. Zoffer, at the lovely little Village South, on Vandam Street. "Silhouettes" was set in the dreadfully cluttered apartment of a waitress, a motherly slob named Annie, who allows an ingenuous young woman and a midnight cowboy named Chuck, both of them patent cases of arrested development, to stay there with her on a more or less permanent basis. Chuck never gets out of Annie's bed, to the intense annoyance of the other house guest. Two homosexuals join them, in the middle of Act I, for a party, in Act II, to celebrate Annie's pregnancy by Chuck. Annie is forty-two, Chuck is twenty. All these characters seemed to have wandered in from the script of some other play or movie, and although the dramatist did at times succeed in evoking the atmosphere of a certain kind of existence in the East Village, it never struck me as anything but second-hand. The action had a shiftless, foolish air that lacked—or did for me—even the (overrated) charm of onstage improvisation. Any number of issues and possibilities were touched on and then dropped, as if just thinking about them were too much for Mr. Harris. All dissolved into grisly whimsey, and the play ended, awash in syrup, with the silhouette of the

A DIVISION OF GENESCO. *SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.



Foulard dress in wool knit with contrasting hem and waistband. In brown/white, burgundy/white. Sizes 6-16. About $56*.
This dress has the sewn-in woolmark label. It's your assurance of quality-tested products made of the world's best . . . pure wool.
Available at: **Lord & Taylor,** Town Shop, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; Rich's, Atlanta; Jacobson's, Michigan; I. Magnin (Miss Magnin), West Coast.
For store nearest you, write Adele Martin, a division of Susan Thomas, Inc., 498 Seventh Ave., N.Y., 10018.

Is The Barclay for the birds?

For the smart birds who know what they want in New York, and where to find it. Luxurious convenience, personal service, outstanding cuisine. Just off Park Avenue, close to your friends, business associates, fine shopping, theatres.

Realty-Dial-Direct-Reservation Service permits you to make your own reservations directly from anywhere in the U.S.A. Call free 800-221-2690. New York State: call free 800-522-6449. New York City: (Local Call) 340-2776.

The Barclay
A REALTY HOTEL
JUST OFF PARK AVENUE AT 111 EAST 48TH STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017 • TEL. (212) 755-5900

"A Famous Hotel With Great Tradition"
Other Realty Hotels in New York
THE BILTMORE • THE ROOSEVELT • THE COMMODORE

GLENOIT MILLS, INC., SUB. BOTANY IND., INC., U. S. A. • CANADA • UNITED KINGDOM • FINLAND • ISRAEL • MEXICO

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES
this is definitely GLENSEA
Crylor
ACRYLIC FIBRE

DONNYBROOK'S Laura E. Newman designs in magnificent Glensea by Glenoit,® the most touching thing a coat can be made of. Sizes 8-16, about $100, in black, brown and navy. At **POGUE'S,** Cincinnati; **KAUFMANN'S,** Pittsburgh; **McCURDY & CO., INC.,** Rochester.

New York skyline peeping over the back wall of the set.

Given the peculiar and dull nature of their assignments, the actors were O.K., I guess, but the star of the show was Joseph C. Davies, who designed the setting of those airless, dirty, messy rooms, with refuse scattered all over the floors and fire escape. There were a couple of inspired props—a rickety, fringed piano stool, and a stone urn in which was standing a transparent-plastic umbrella edged with a pink ruffle. Maybe it was Mr. Davies who evoked that atmosphere, not Mr. Harris at all.

MR. ZOFFER, of "The End of All Things Natural," is, if anything, overzealous. He has chosen to write a melodrama about the tragic facts of living in the Soviet Union right now (and about murder, lust, false witness, revenge, criminal conspiracy, thievery, and other deplorable abstractions) in blank verse but with a prosy vocabulary, which makes for some mighty outlandish dialogue. The hero and victim is a wandering poet who is betrayed by a jealous young crook and brought to trial. The character is based on an actual troubadour named Bulat Okudzava, who was captured by the Soviet secret police and has since disappeared. The script is constructed to within an inch of its life, and the wonder is that some feeling does indeed come through the long set speeches and the endless soliloquies, rigid with exposition. It was sad to see a good idea so badly mishandled. Not by the actors, though, who managed, on occasion, to endow their ridiculously stately lines with a measure of life. They were, among others, Michael Levin, as the thieving young Marxist villain who betrays the poet; Alexander Orfaly, as the poet; Nicholas Saunders, as an elderly retired professor who yearns for whatever freedom of thought was available before Stalin; Muni Seroff, as a Party official; Rudy Caringi, as a spying janitor; and Margaret Brewster, as a brave and indignant old teacher whose son was arrested and taken away many years ago.
—EDITH OLIVER

•

A graphic presentation on the first evening in Pensacola shows how the Navy flight training program operates as a big business with an ever-present concern for the taxpayer's collar.—*Public Affairs release, United States Naval Air Station, Norfolk.*

Which is already cutting off his wind.

THE RACE TRACK

Game Lady

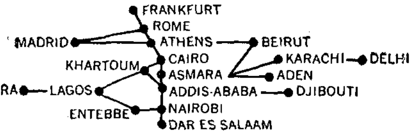
EXCEPT for betting on a winner, there's nothing in racing like the sheer excitement and pleasure of watching a good race mare at work. Gamely's performance in the Beldame Stakes is an excellent example. In last year's Beldame, she beat Politely and Amerigo Lady in a photo finish that is still remembered; the margins were a nose and a neck. At Belmont Park last Saturday, she dominated the scene, passing the post three lengths ahead of Amerigo Lady, with Shuvee three and a half lengths farther back. A charming, beautifully made and beautifully balanced bay, Gamely was easily the pick of the lot in the paddock and in the parade past the stand. Amerigo Lady looked particularly good, too, but as for Shuvee, although her coat was brighter than it was before the Gazelle, my impression was that she was taking on too large an order. From a very quick start, a filly named Bill and I, of all things, was off in front, but Gamely soon sailed past her, and from there on her lead was never endangered, though Amerigo Lady appeared to move up threateningly on the stretch turn. Admittedly, Pincay, who rode Gamely, kept her going to the end, but her stride was as smooth and unhurried when she went under the wire as it had been on the backstretch. The time for the nine furlongs was 1:49⅕; she didn't have to run any faster.

I daresay the reason Shuvee's stable decided to run her was to show that her two previous races were too bad to be true and that hot weather had been to blame. Well, there was no heat wave at Belmont last Saturday, and she was never better than a distant third. I'd say, for what it's worth, that she has simply lost her form for the time being. It remains only to congratulate William Haggin Perry, who owns Gamely, and Jim Maloney, who trains her, and who has kept her fit, well, and happy through a campaign that began in California in January. In the course of it, she has won five of her eleven starts, four of which were stakes, and she finished second in the Santa Anita Handicap. Since the winner of the Beldame is more often than not voted the season's best handicap

EAST AFRICA

IT SWINGS!

The action in East Africa is fast, exciting, different. It's the good life. In Nairobi, for example, you'll go on safari, view wild game at close range, see tribal dancing, shop for bargains, attend theatre and concerts, stay at a modern hotel. You'll want to see all of East Africa . . . Tanzania and Uganda, and the fascinating Historic Tour of Ethiopia. On the way, or on the way home, you can swing through Europe, too, through the courtesy of Ethiopian Airlines at no extra air fare, and you'll fly in luxury all the way. *Mail the coupon, now!* *Or see your Travel Agent, or* TWA.



Boeing Fan Jet Service—Cargo Space on Every Flight

AFRICA MIDDLE EAST ASIA EUROPE

ETHIOPIAN AIRLINES

Africa's Only FAA-certificated Airline

51 E. 42 St., New York 10017

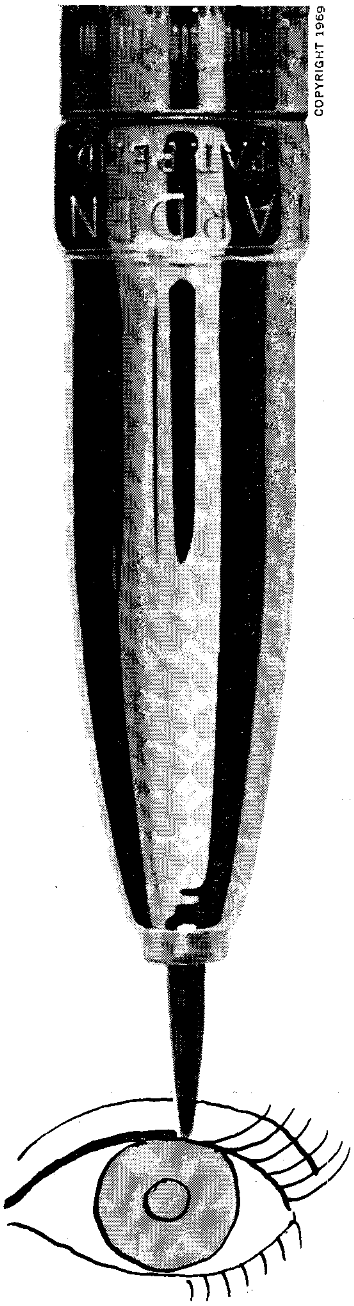
Please send me information about the excitement of travel to incredible East Africa, with stopovers in Europe at no extra air fare, on Ethiopian Airlines' luxury Boeing Fan Jets departing from European Gateways.

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY__________ STATE__________ ZIP______

NY



Line a lid.
Draw lashes.
Outline eyes
in 15 seconds
with
Elizabeth Arden's
new sable brush
eyeliner.
Portable.
Refillable.
Unique.
Non-messy.
Even-flow.
"EYEWRITER"TM
$5.00
Elizabeth Arden

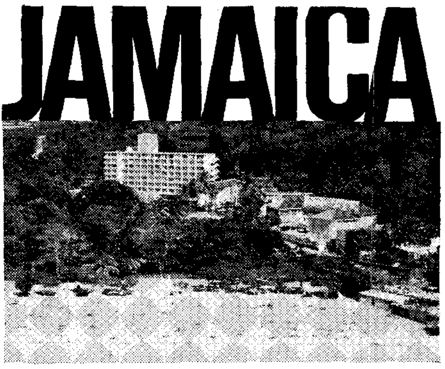
mare, it's a good bet that she will be tapped again.

IN the seventeen years since Iceberg II, a big Chilean-bred runner, won the first United Nations Handicap, it has never been a boring race. In the renewal at Atlantic City last week, Hawaii, having merely galloped along until he was two furlongs from home, shifted into high gear, went around the leaders like a hoop around a barrel, and beat North Flight by half a length. Fort Marcy was third, seven lengths away; he carried 130 pounds and tired in the soft footing. Although Hawaii is no picture horse—he's a medium-sized, powerfully built five-year-old bay by Utrillo II out of Ethane—he looks remarkably good, considering what he's gone through. Last fall, when Charles Engelhard, the platinum king, brought him here from South Africa, where he'd been the champion three-year-old, he was shut up in a stall for sixty days' quarantine. He took his isolation so badly that upon his liberation, they say, he was a bag of bones and was barely able to walk. The care he got at Aiken last winter and spring has done wonders for him.

While Mr. Engelhard, who was at Atlantic City, was pleased, it was less than a perfect day for him. Earlier, his Ribofilio finished second in the St. Leger at Doncaster, the last of the English classics for the season. Ribofilio, a colt by Ribot for whom he gave $100,000 at the 1967 Keeneland Sales, had been the stable's brightest prospect in the spring, but he finished last in the Two Thousand Guineas, fifth in the Epsom Derby, and second in the Irish Sweeps Derby before he ran in the St. Leger. How's that for a string of disappointments? Mr. Engelhard's latest buy was at Woodbine recently, where he gave $140,000—the record price for a yearling sold in Canada—for a colt by Northern Dancer out of Flaming Page. Someday, this department is going to tot up how much Mr. Engelhard has spent at the sales, but it will probably burn out a bearing on the old abacus.

THERE were only six starters in the Futurity last year, and I don't imagine there will be more than that in the eightieth running at Belmont this weekend. Pontifex, my fancy, is a doubtful starter. The leg injury he suffered in the Hopeful hasn't healed as quickly as was hoped. Why are good horses so brittle?

—AUDAX MINOR



The Casa Montego pleases even the hard to please.

We could induce you to stay at our hotel by telling you about our 100 air-conditioned rooms which all face famous Doctor's Cave Beach. Or, if you're sports oriented, there's the swimming, fishing, sailing, golf and tennis. On hand and nearby. Our restaurant has tasteful American and Jamaican cuisine. Nightly entertainment in our cocktail lounge. For freeport shopping, visit our Montego Shops. Just minutes away. But if all this doesn't sell you—Jamaica will.

CASA MONTEGO
MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA, W.I.
Tad Michel, General Manager
See your travel agent or
ROBERT F. WARNER, INC.
630 Fifth Avenue, New York
(212) JU 6-4500
also in Boston/Washington
Chicago/Miami/Toronto

De Busschere
Belgian Shoes
HAND MADE · HAND SEWN
MR. HENRI BENDEL
Owner-President

DANUBE
French glove lizard $95

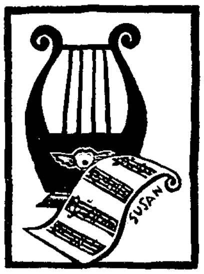
Classic, timeless styling.
Brochure on request.

BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In San Francisco: I. Magnin & Co.

MUSICAL EVENTS

"Rigoletto" Revisited

I AM, in general, an admirer of Frank Corsaro, the lively stage director of the New York City Opera, and I have no sympathy whatever with the broad attack levelled at him several months ago in the Sunday edition of the *Times*. This was a little like the attacks of the people who used to deplore every conductor but Toscanini on the ground that only *he* stuck to the notes of the score. Toscanini's great genius had nothing to do with sticking to the notes. The notes of a score, by themselves, mean very little. They are blueprints from which the performer, exercising taste and a knowledge of tradition, builds a given performance—and there may be great variations between one performance and another. It is the same with opera. Provided a director does not violate the spirit of the work, there are many ways of staging it. Last Wednesday night, the New York City Opera opened its season at the State Theatre with "Rigoletto," the same production that it introduced a season ago, and I got a chance to examine it in greater detail. To begin with, the costumes, by José Varona, are quite traditional and very handsome. Lloyd Evans' sets are appropriate in every way—more appropriate in one way than any others I have recently seen: there is a river in front of Sparafucile's inn in the last act, and a river, I have found on consulting the authorities, is exactly what Verdi intended. It is a nice touch, for Sparafucile is a pretty dank character, operating in a foggy environment, and he needs a river to dispose of bodies in.



Now, as to Mr. Corsaro's contribution. It is, as usual, more emphatic in dramatic matters than that of most other directors. The first scene is one of exceedingly drunken revelry, and almost resembles an orgy. Nothing wrong here. The daughter of Count Monterone—a non-singing character Corsaro has added to the visual spectacle, though everybody who has read the libretto knows that she exists and is the cause of the famous "curse"—looks as though she has been taking drugs. That's all right, too. Rigoletto enters in the next scene drinking from a bottle, presumably in order to drown his memory of the curse. This touch is, I think, a definite improvement over the usual version. Nothing could be more natural than for Rigoletto to be drunk, and his state lends credibility to the ease with which he is blindfolded while the abduction of his daughter takes place. "Caro nome" is sung—partly, at least—while Gilda lies on her back. For a singing actress of Patricia Brooks' talents this involves no strain, and it is much better than the stand-and-deliver style in which the aria is usually done. There are, however, two points where I do not see eye to eye with Mr. Corsaro. Gilda is strangely reluctant after her first encounter with the Duke. (After all, she has been singing about her love for that student stranger almost since the beginning of the scene. A little virginal reluctance is in character, but Mr. Corsaro's Gilda seems frightened to death.) I must say, though, that Mr. Corsaro has handled the initial surprise meeting admirably, suddenly substituting the Duke for Giovanna, who has been combing Gilda's hair, and making the Duke's initial "T'amo" much more intimate than usual. Then, in Act II, Mr. Corsaro has the courtiers clubbing Rigoletto to the floor just before his breakdown from fury into supplication at the words "Pietà, signori." This I do not like. Rigoletto's breakdown is the result of psychology, not pugilism, and this stage business deprives a fine actor of an opportunity for a spectacular change of mood while the courtiers stand by in stony silence.

The cast, as before, was an excellent one. Louis Quilico is a big-league Rigoletto with a big voice, lacking only a little more emotional color to be thought of in the context of such great past Rigolettos as Tito Gobbi and Leonard Warren. Michele Molese was the Duke. His voice seems to have grown in power since last season, and a little of its bloom has worn off in the process, but, aside from some miscalculated *fioritura* at the end of the first "La donna è mobile," he did quite well. Miss Brooks sang the role of Gilda splendidly. Her "Caro nome" is a bit of artistic vocalism rather than the athletic display piece it has been at the Metropolitan in recent years, and, unlike most Metropolitan divas who have undertaken the role, she doesn't sing, or strain after, the final high note, which Verdi didn't write and didn't want. Monterone was well sung by Edward

CUSTOM CASUALS

THE NEW CLASSICS OF TOM MALLO

A custom to get into...
stained glass wool tweed,
exclusively Custom Casuals',
for a breezy little jacket plus
an on-the-bias dress. In brilliant
sun-shining-through blues or
*roses. 6 to 16. About 100.00**
Bergdorf Goodman, New York
Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh
Rike's, Dayton
The Blum Store, Philadelphia
Westmoreland's, Sarasota
I. Magnin, West Coast
Or write Custom Casuals Inc.,
205 West 39th Street, N.Y.,
N.Y. 10018 *higher on the West Coast.

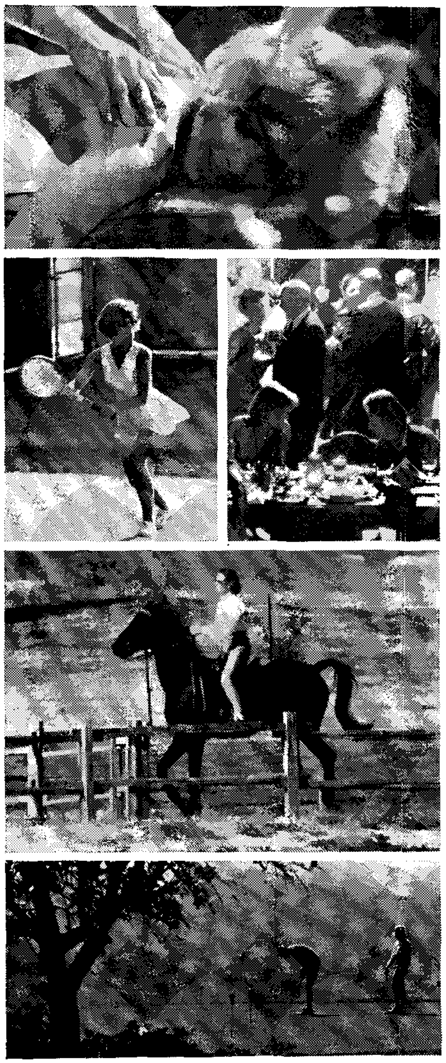
At La Costa, we believe it's not how long you stay. But how fully you enjoy.

So we surround you with enjoyments. Our own championship golf course. Tennis. Swimming. Horseback riding. Entertainment and dancing nightly. A trip to romantic Old Mexico. Or to San Diego for sports.

Not to mention our own magnificent Spa, with facilities to invigorate the body and renew the spirit.

Come to La Costa in Southern California. Let us show you how to live.

Come to La Costa.
We'll show
you how to live.



LA COSTA

Resort-Hotel and Spa
Rancho La Costa, Calif. 92008 (714) 729-7111
For reservations or our brochure, call your travel agent. Or our nearest reservation office.

New York	757-6805
Boston	LI 2-2036
Chicago	FI 6-2979
Dallas	RI 7-3610
Los Angeles	DU 8-1151
San Francisco	*434-0660*
Seattle	MU 2-1981
Miami	FR 9-8331
Montreal	VI 2-2969
Toronto	366-2941

Home of the Tournament of Champions

Pierson, and Sparafucile excellently by Robert Hale, and the minor roles were all well taken. Gabor Ötvös presided in the pit, giving everything lightness and momentum.

NEW YORK has a new concert hall, and it is a beauty. It is called Alice Tully Hall, after the former concert singer and Corning Glass heiress who provided the money for it. It is in the building that houses the Juilliard School at Lincoln Center, but it is designed for professional events and its administration is separate from that of the school. I had a look at it during the middle of the week, and I attended its opening concert on Thursday night. I also got a look at the Juilliard School's little opera house, which is next door to it and is known simply as the Juilliard Theatre. Both these auditoriums are jewels of their sort, completely lined with wood for acoustical reasons—very handsome wood it is, too—and giving a general impression of simplicity mixed with the utmost elegance. The Juilliard Theatre has backstage equipment that might be the envy of many a full-fledged opera house. The Alice Tully Hall has raspberry-colored seats and purplish carpeting. In my midweek examination of them, I also went through the whole Juilliard School building, and in my opinion it is an architectural masterpiece. Regrets are not of much use, but it seems to me a great pity that Pietro Belluschi, the architect of this building, was not in charge of the entire Lincoln Center project. Both Philharmonic Hall and the new Metropolitan Opera House seem clumsy by comparison with the new building.

But I am really concerned here with the Alice Tully Hall. The wooden lining is ribbed, the general color of the walls is a dignified woody brown, the seating capacity is slightly over a thousand, and the acoustics are perfect. It is designed, of course, as a chamber-music and recital hall, and the other night, before an audience that was fashionable rather than strictly musical, a program of chamber music was presented. The participants in this program were Hermann Prey, baritone; James Oliver Buswell IV and Pinchas Zukerman, violinists; Walter Trampler, violist; Pierre Fournier and Leslie Parnas, cellists; and Charles Wadsworth, pianist and harpsichordist—all artists of distinction. As sometimes happens when artists of distinction get together to play chamber music, the ensemble was not invariably perfect. In the first number, Bach's Trio Sonata in C Major

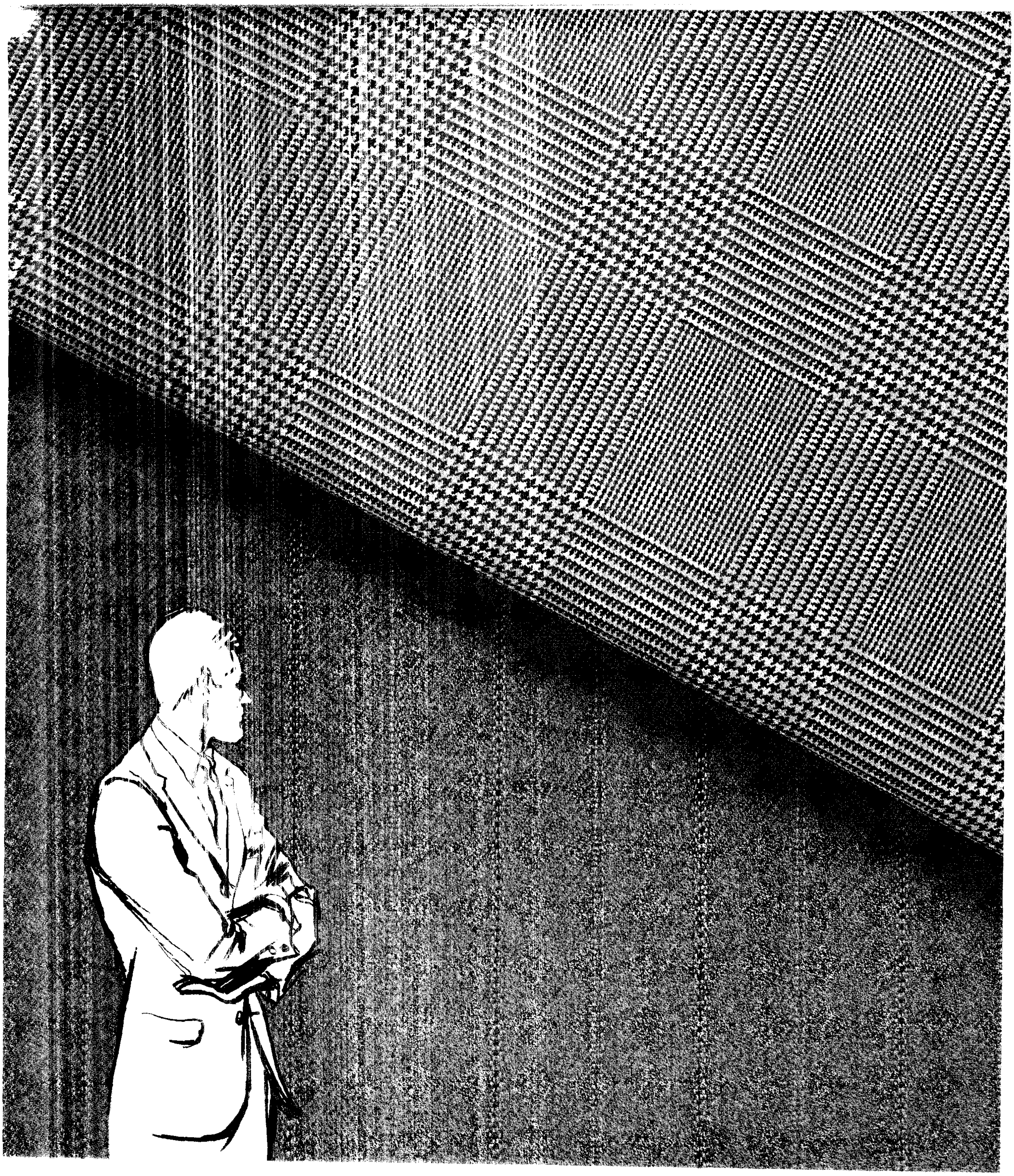
Southwick
DIRECTORY OF STORES

NEW YORK, N.Y.	PAUL STUART
Albany, N. Y.	Dall's
Allentown, Pa.	Gentry
Asheville, N. C.	Bell's
Atlanta, Ga.	H. Stockton–Atlanta
Augusta, Ga.	The Oxford Shop
Baltimore, Md.	Eddie Jacobs, Ltd.
Bethlehem, Pa.	Tom Bass
Berkeley, Cal.	George J. Good
Birmingham, Mich.	Claymore Shop
Boston, Mass.	Filene's
Boston, Mass.	Arthur L. Johnson Co.
Boulder, Colo.	Kinsley & Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Peller & Mure
Cambridge, Mass.	J. August
Charleston, S. C.	Jack Krawcheck
Charlotte, N. C.	Jack Wood, Ltd.
Charlottesville, Va.	The Young Men's Shop
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Gentry, Ltd.
Chicago, Ill.	Brittany, Ltd.
Cincinnati, O.	Burkhardt's
Clarksburg, W. Va.	Kaites, Ltd.
Clayton, Mo.	Boyd's
Cleveland, O.	Bunce Brothers
Columbia, S. C.	J. Patrick Treadway
Columbus, O.	The Union
Dallas, Tex.	Varsity Shop
Dayton, O.	D. H. Peer, Ltd.
Denver, Colo.	Homer Reed, Ltd.
Des Moines, Iowa	Reichardt's
Easley, S. C.	Barron's, Ltd.
Flint, Mich.	James, Inc.
Fort Worth, Tex.	Clyde Campbell
Fresno, Cal.	Hodge & Sons
Grand Rapids, Mich.	MacKenzie-Bostock-Monroe
Greensboro, N. C.	Younts-DeBoe Co.
Greenwich, Conn.	Van Driver
Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.	Carl Sterr
Hackensack, N. J.	*Bloomingdale's*
Harrisburg, Pa.	C. J. Crego & Son
Hempstead, N. Y.	Edw. Miller
High Point, N. C.	Arnold Craven Clothiers
Houston, Tex.	William Richard
Huntington, N. Y.	Marsh's
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. Strauss & Co.
Jackson, Miss.	Owens, Ltd.
Kansas City, Mo.	Jack Henry
Knoxville, Tenn.	Hansom House
Lake Forest, Ill.	Robertson's
Lancaster, Pa.	Filling's
Lexington, Ky.	Meyers
Little Rock, Ark.	Bauman's
Los Angeles, Cal.	Lew Ritter
Louisville, Ky.	Schupp & Snyder, Inc.
Lynchburg, Va.	S. H. Franklin Co.
Madison, Wisc.	MacNeil & Moore
Manchester, N. H.	Jim's Oxford Shop
Manhasset, N.Y.	David's
Memphis, Tenn.	Alfred's
Milwaukee, Wisc.	MacNeil & Moore
Minneapolis, Minn.	Sim's, Ltd.
Morganton, N. C.	Lazarus
Newport, R. I.	Narragansett Clothing Co.
Newport News, Va.	Beecroft & Bull Ltd.
New Britain, Conn.	N. E. Mag & Sons
New Orleans, La.	*Terry & Juden*
New York, New York	Paul Stuart
New York, New York	Walker & Florio
Norfolk, Va.	Egerton & Lea, Ltd.
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Connolly's
Palo Alto, Cal.	Tearney's
Parkersburg, W. Va.	Stern Bros.
Peoria, Ill.	*Howard A. Heller*
Philadelphia, Pa.	Morville
Philadelphia, Pa.	John Wanamaker
Phoenix, Ariz.	Mill's-Touche
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Hughes & Hatcher
Portland, Ore.	Ray Bolger
Providence, R. I.	Hillhouse, Ltd.
Reading, Pa.	John Mazzo
Red Bank, N. J.	Roots
Richmond, Va.	Nelson & Gwatkin
Roanoke, Va.	Jos. Davidsons
Rochester, N. Y.	Sibley's
Sacramento, Cal.	Irwin at the Crossroads
St. Louis, Mo.	Boyd's
San Diego, Cal.	Lion
San Francisco, Cal.	Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Santa Ana, Cal.	Guy Livingston
Savannah, Ga.	Men's Quality Shop
Seattle, Wash.	Albert, Ltd.
Short Hills, N. J.	Bloomingdale's
Spokane, Wash.	Klothes Kloset
Springfield, Ill.	Roberts Brothers
Springfield, Mass.	A. O. White
Stamford, Conn.	Bloomingdale's
Stockton, Cal.	Galls' Men's Shop
Summit, N. J.	Root's
Swampscott, Mass.	Judd, Inc.
Tarrytown, N. Y.	John Charles, Ltd.
Toledo, O.	B. R. Baker
Torrington, Conn.	The Oxford Shop
Tucson, Ariz.	Mill's-Touche
Tulsa, Okla.	Connolly's
University of Virginia, Va.	Ed Michtom's
Washington, D. C.	Arthur Adler
West Hartford, Conn.	Allen Collins
Westfield, N. J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Williamstown, Mass.	House of Walsh
Wilmington, Del.	Mansure & Prettyman
Wilton, Conn.	The Suburbanite

For stores in other cities write

TAILORED BY
Southwick

1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, New York 10019



Contemporary patterns, imported woolens. Consistently tailored into tasteful suitings a man will wear with pride for years. Natural shoulder comfort by Southwick - A tradition among gentlemen. From $125.

PRICES HIGHER IN THE WEST.

Southwick Clothes

See the Changing of the Guard, listen to a House of Commons debate, worship in Westminster Abbey–all in one day of your fortnight in Britain

A day in London is the greatest free show on earth.

Act 1, Scene 1: The Changing of the Guard, Buckingham Palace, 11.30 a.m.

You're not quite alive if your heart doesn't skip when a hundred of Her Majesty's six-foot Foot Guards click like one man into the Palace forecourt.

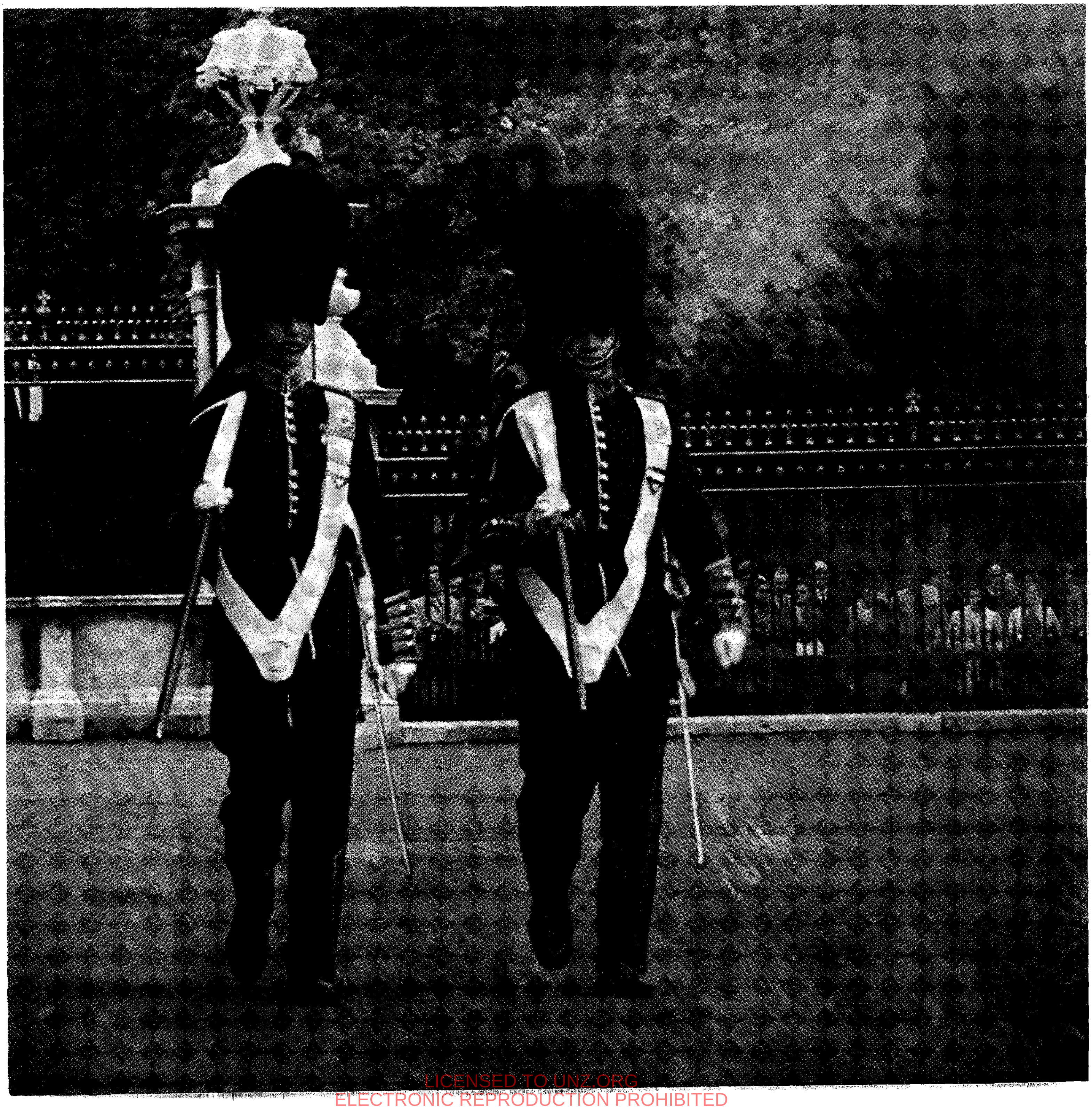
You may have seen those magnificent young men in their poppy-red tunics in the movies, but there is no substitute for the real thing on a sunny London morning. Incidentally, the expensive-looking uniforms *are* expensive: the officers' cost $1,000; the men's $200 each.

Where Churchill spoke

Act 2: A debate in the House of Commons. Most visitors are content to stare at the awesome Gothic pile of the Mother of Parliaments from the outside. *You* be a little adventurous and go inside. Listen quietly to the debate from the Strangers' Gallery where Clemmy Churchill watched her Winston not so very long ago.

Where Elizabeth was sceptred and crowned

Act 3: The great abbey at Westminster, the family church of English kings. This glory of early English architecture



continued from previous page

comes alive several times daily when services are held. To hear the great organs roll Bach's Toccata in D around the vast nave is the experience of a lifetime.

Four countries for the price of one

The greatest free show on earth extends way outside London, all round the British Isles in fact. Britain is good value. You get four countries for the price of one. You can rent a car, roam England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland at your leisure, and still come home from a fortnight's trip with change from $350.

A fortnight in Britain—about $350

Start with four days in London (hotels at $15 or less a night); then country inns ($5.60 for bed and breakfast); a fortnight's car hire $115—and 1,000 miles of gas $25. A wide range of tours is available: prices for 14-day trips start at $275*. Sample tours include London show tours with round-trip jet fare from New York to London, tickets for eight hit shows, free casino admission, guest-house accommodation and full English breakfast for 10 days, car hire for three days' touring in the countryside, and shopping discounts.

Or, in addition to transatlantic transportation, six days in London, seven days in the country with a car and unlimited mileage, or 1,000 miles of free rail travel.

*(Subject to ratification by Governments concerned.)

◀ *A color party of Her Majesty's Foot Guards pacing the forecourt of Buckingham Palace.*

See your travel agent for full information on a variety of tours and for reservations. Also send for our free color booklets to:

British Travel: New York—680 Fifth Avenue;
Chicago—875 North Michigan Avenue;
Los Angeles—612 South Flower Street:
Also offices in Canada.

Give Britain a fortnight of your life—and we'll give you 2,000 years of ours.

BRITISH TRAVEL,
BOX 4100, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
Please print and include zip code.

Please send me— Vacations in Britain ☐
Britain: October thru' March ☐

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

CITY ....

STATE .... ZIP ....

60

for Two Violins and Continuo, the Messrs. Buswell and Zukerman, both splendid violinists, seemed to have slightly different systems of bowing, and this detracted in a very small way from absolute unity of style. The general approach of both artists, as well as that of Mr. Parnas, the cellist in support of the continuo, was robust and romantic. Only Mr. Wadsworth, at the harpsichord, maintained a true baroque feeling, and this perhaps because the harpsichord is incapable of much *Sturm und Drang*. The final number of the evening—Schubert's Quintet in C Major, Opus 163—went much more satisfactorily. It is a work of great and innocent beauty, and all those participating performed with exemplary taste. Between the two chamber-music works, Mr. Prey sang the Schumann "Dichterliebe" song cycle earnestly and with proper attention to its mercurial changes of mood. He was accompanied, expertly, by Mr. Wadsworth.

MY attention has recently been called to an article written by Dr. Howard Hanson and published in the Rochester *Times-Union* discussing the recent decision by the New York State Council on the Arts to put up money for a rather ambitious program of performances throughout the state, to be administered by Composer in Performance, Inc. Dr. Hanson points out that some sixty composers are listed as participants in the plan, and that, apparently, about half of them belong to the avant-garde. Dr. Hanson is perturbed, not because avant-garde music is being performed but because the taxpayers' money is being put behind the promotion of a kind of music that has so far, in spite of almost fifty years of publicity, failed to reach any genuine relation to audiences. "It is all too reminiscent," Dr. Hanson writes, "of the kind of thing that was going on in Germany in the thirties, when the state gave its people the kind of music which it considered 'good for them.'" I can only agree. For the state to force a kind of music on the public which the public has never shown any interest in, and to do this at public expense, strikes me as high-handed indeed.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

MAJOR BANKS
INCREASE
PRIMATE RATE

—*Headline in the Glens Falls* (*N.Y.*) *Post Standard.*

Those girl tellers?

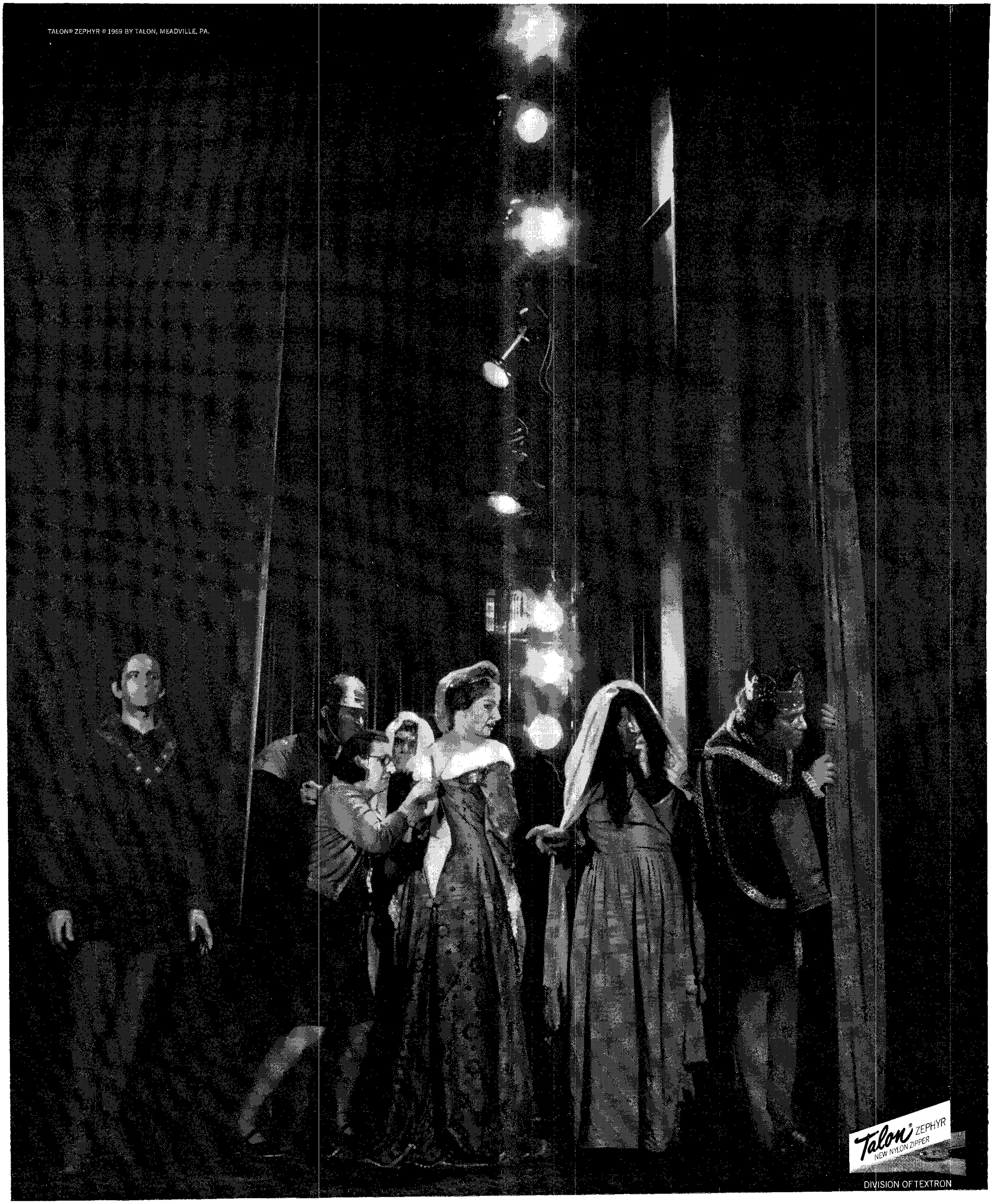
How to tell a Libran:

Balanced. Alert. Diplomatic. Noted for sound judgment. Born between September 23 and October 22.

A unique Gorham Sterling spoon for every Zodiac sign. Each also shows the month the sky sign starts and the flower of the month. All twelve are crafted in solid silver from the original, priceless dies made in 1894. Zodiac teaspoon $11.50; 4" demi-spoon $6. At finest jewelry stores and silverware departments.

GORHAM

GORHAM DIVISION OF textron
PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND


Talon® ZEPHYR
NEW NYLON ZIPPER
DIVISION OF TEXTRON

TALON® ZEPHYR © 1969 BY TALON, MEADVILLE, PA.

"What's done cannot be undone"

Shakespeare, Macbeth, Act V Scene I

Three witches, a King and all the courtiers in the world can't do a thing for a zipper that won't zip.

So next time you're out having a good time, make sure there's a Talon Zephyr® nylon zipper in your dress.

The Talon Zephyr is designed not to snag, grab, jam, or pop, in theatres, castles, or anyplace else.

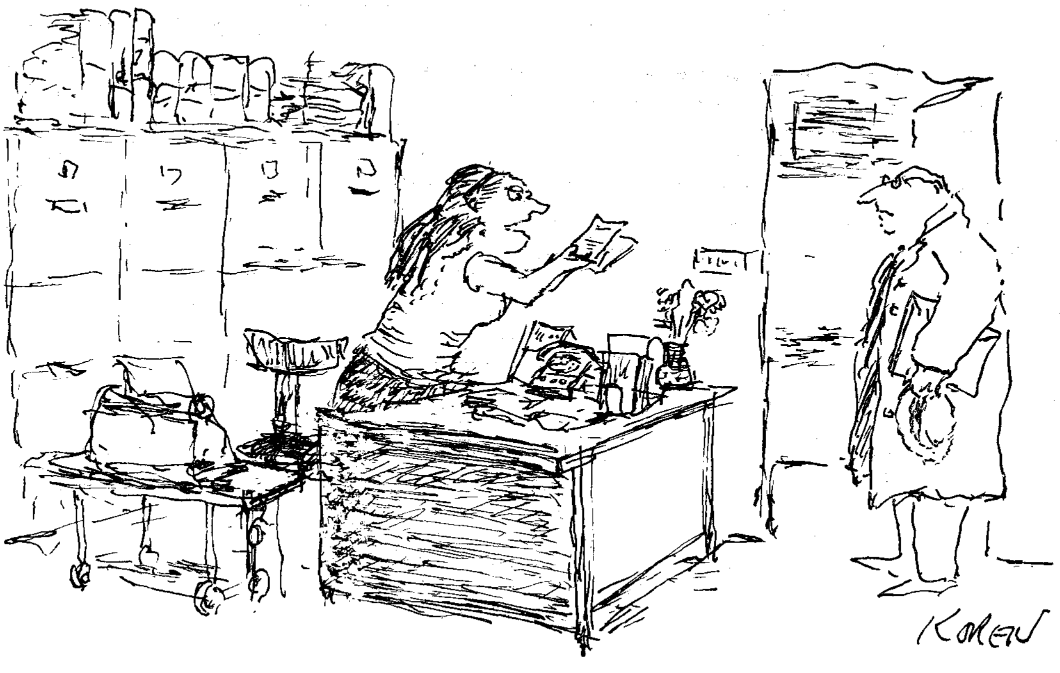
It will never turn a pleasant evening into a tragedy.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

A CURIOUS discrepancy exists today between the interior appearance of our public places and that of our homes. Functionalist modern furniture has become *the* furniture for businesses and institutions, but most homes are decorated in anything *but* the modern style. One obvious reason is that people don't want their living rooms to look like bus terminals, but there is more to it than that. The fact that the most contemporary-minded people, who twenty years ago were furnishing their homes with Eames chairs and Arzberg china, are now appointing them with gumball machines and antimacassars seems to reflect a change in attitude toward possessions—a change that was probably bound to occur, given the social changes of this century. (An even more conspicuous manifestation of this change is our clothes.) The new attitude is one of irony. Functionalism asked of an object that it be useful and rational and in earnest. Today, we seem to be saying that objects ought not to be taken too seriously, if other things are going to be. A kind of revulsion against property is changing the character of much of the property that, fortunately or unfortunately, the world remains full of.

The sense of all this ferment that I had received here and there was vividly illuminated for me by a current exhibit at the Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 West 53rd Street, entitled "Young Americans 1969." It consists of two hundred and seven objects—the winning entries in a national competition open to people between the ages of twenty and thirty. All parts of the country and all manner of crafts (ceramics, weaving, printmaking, glassblowing, cabinetmaking, silversmithing) are represented, but a common feeling of revolt against the Modern Movement appears to have stirred most of the young craftsmen. (Occasionally in the exhibit you'll come across one of those large, solemn, Teutonic pieces of pottery redolent of bare feet and Frieda Lawrence's clothes, but not many.) The reaction against functionalism has not yet crystallized into anything that can be called a style, but there are indications that one is on its way. Some of these signs are an interest in organic forms and ornaments (often of an Art Nouveau kind), a fondness for prettiness (of a William Morris sort) and for the grotesque, a great deal of playfulness and of fooling around with materials that don't, on the face of it, apply to what they are being used for, and a certain decadence. Among the things that I particularly liked was "Allen's Ball," by Richard Marquis. This is a lovely glass object—an eight-inch globe poised atop a hollow bell base, with two loops, like coiled snakes, ornamenting the junction of base and globe. The glass is wine-colored and has a brilliant iridescence; blues, greens, and reds shimmer through it, and invest the piece with a look of antiquity that is reinforced by its design, though no one could doubt that this is a contemporary piece of work. Another I admired was a ceramic likeness, by Irvin Tepper, of a pair of bagels sliced and filled with smoked salmon and cream cheese, which is identified in the catalogue as "Jewis Lunch" (they don't *look* Jewis). The bagels, accompanied by four black olives, are affixed to a round gray plate. I think Mr. Tepper, with his lox and bagels, has said it for all of us about the trompe-l'oeil nonsense, and I congratulate him. A portrait of Augustus John by Bernice Davidson is a woven tapestry wall hanging noteworthy for its handsome and interesting textures and for the fact that it really looks like Augustus John. The weaver has dressed her subject in a fringed shawl and has captured the look of fierceness that is present in all the late photographs of the painter. She has made his whiskers from strands of thread of many shades of gray and beige, and the untidy tufts of hair at his temples from tufts of gray fleece. One tends to think of modern weaving as rather weighed down by artsy-craftsiness, but this delightful piece is not. "Venus—Touch Picture," by Sue Shimer, is a fourteen-by-twelve-and-a-half-inch picture done in stitched appliqué; it is tucked away in an odd corner of the museum, and is a pleasant surprise to come upon. "Touch" refers to the feel of the various materials—fur, velvet, satin, cotton, brocade, jet beading—of which the picture is made, and some of them feel pretty good, but the picture is wonderful chiefly as something to look at. It depicts a nude lying on her side in the classic reclining-nude pose, with a colorful and somewhat Victorian arrangement of materials in the background and the foreground, but this plump, pink, comfortable creature looks more like a rag doll than a love goddess, and the incongruity, abetted by the pokey, homey, God Bless America look of the appliqué



"While you were out for lunch, History passed by and Fame came knocking."

EAU DE COLOGNE
GOLD
№4711

After a bath or shower splash on some 4711. The cologne that will make you tingle all over. Any time you need a lift.

№4711

The Refreshant Cologne.

Made, bottled and sealed in Cologne—
the city of 4711. Also available in Canada.
Sole Distributor: Colonia, Inc.,
41 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.

work, makes one smile as one stands before it. A pale-green bowl, by Elsa Rady, of hand-thrown porcelain (it is five inches high and thirteen and an eighth inches in diameter) is a beautiful and serene piece, with a round rim that is effectively interrupted in two places by a pair of outthrust scallops. A small hanging chest, by Lorne Peterson, has a Shaker simplicity of design coupled with impeccable decorative details that give it a very individual character. The long sides of the frame (it is twenty-two inches high, eight inches wide, and seven inches deep) are rosewood, and the top, the bottom, and the three square drawers are oak. There are rows of exquisite dovetail joints at the tops and bottoms of the rosewood sides, tiny round bone inlays decorate the four front corners, and the drawer pulls are round holes. "Peace Bowl with Recipe," by Rodger Lang, is a very peculiar thing, nine inches in diameter and made of glazed ceramic decorated with decals. There is nothing in the world like it. Surrounding a central light-green disc decorated with a gray peace sign are a number of gray coils that resemble the brain or the viscera; on the coil nearest the center a recipe for cherry pie is imprinted in minuscule gold letters, and near the irregular edge of the bowl (which is rather shallow) tiny, kitschy pink roses appear. The "statement" Mr. Lang is making with his peace sign and cherry-pie recipe has been made before, but surely never in such a completely idiotic way. I'd like to know where this young Dadaist gets his decals.

The exhibits in the Young Americans show are marked only by numbers and the names of the craftsmen, and if one wants to know something more about an object (like what is it?) one is obliged to buy a catalogue for $1.75. Museums often resort to this way of making money, and though the money unquestionably goes to a good cause, one wishes that another method of extracting it could be found.

B. Altman has some noteworthy new furniture, among it a chair from West Germany that is one of the most interesting pieces to be seen anywhere. One's interest in owning it may be diminished sharply, however, after one sees its price tag: $1,100. It is called a Ball Chair, and it is delightful. It is a discerptible transparent plastic ball, thirty-four inches in diameter, that opens to become a sort of double rocking chair: the two halves sit side by side on the floor, joined by a chrome hinge, and down the middle of each runs a

Enjoy New York at
a Prestige Hotel Address
at Moderate Rates...
overlooking Central Park!

The Barbizon-Plaza
AT 106 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH, N.Y.C.

... renowned locale of the world's finest hotels. The Barbizon-Plaza's fine personalized service, superb French Cuisine and 24 hour operator-attended elevators have made us the favorite of travelwise men and women.

RESERVATIONS
AT GUARANTEED RATES
Choice Singles.....$16.50 to $23.50
Choice Doubles ...$22.00 to $30.00
Tower Studio Suites $32.00 to $38.00

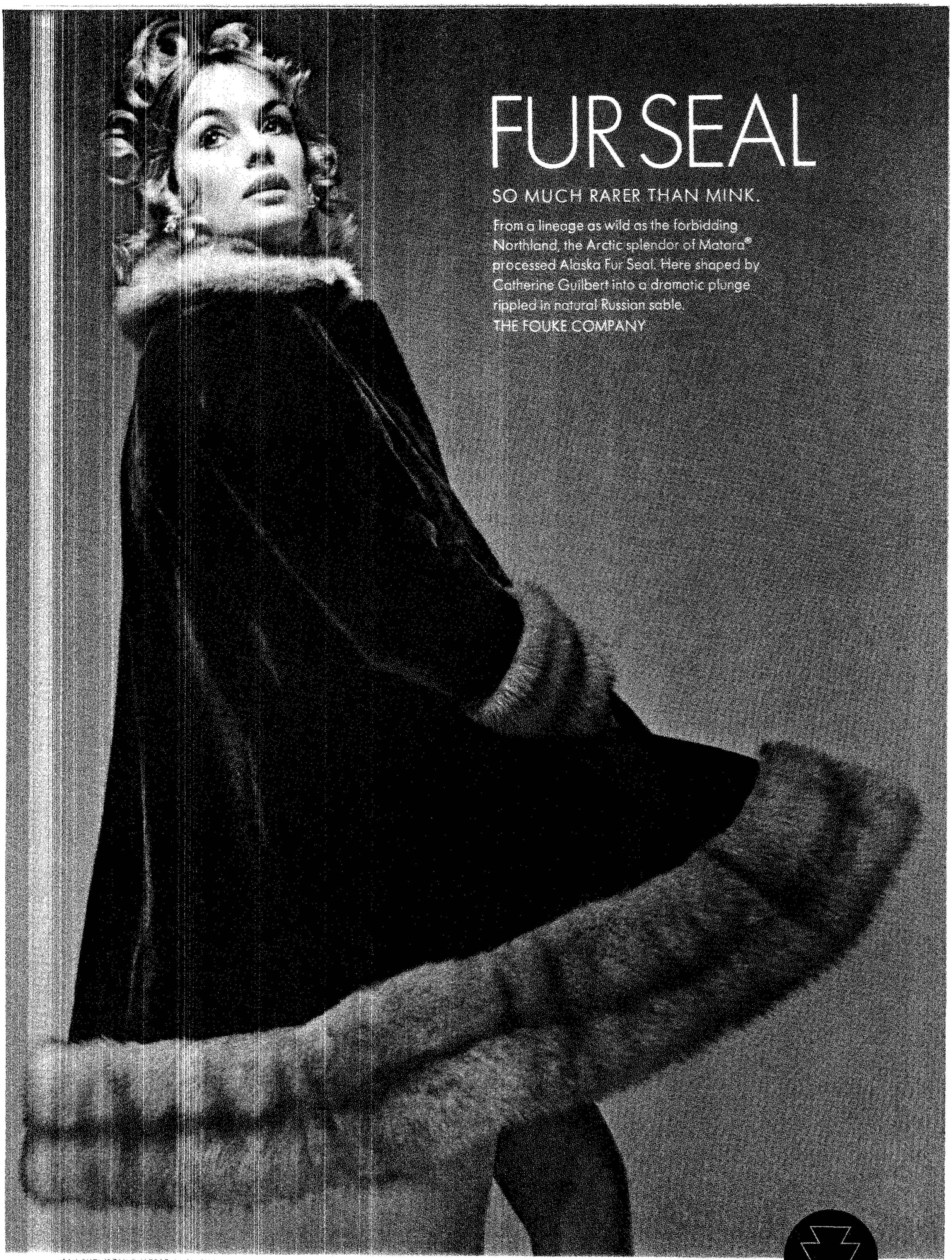
Free Indoor Garage with:
Singles from $21.00.
Doubles from $28.00.

WRITE FOR
FREE COLOR BROCHURE "N"
TELEPHONE: (212) CI-7-7000 • TELETYPE: 212-640-4099

C'EST
LES BERNARD

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, LIBRA. For those romantic people born from September 24 to October 23, Les Bernard has the perfect gift: their own sign of the zodiac pin done in 14-carat gold-plated sterling called diamond-point, set with a real ruby. $15.00. From a collection of cosmic conversation pieces at all branches of Lord & Taylor and Neiman-Marcus. Or write Les Bernard, Inc., 417 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016.

C'EST LES BERNARD



FUR SEAL

SO MUCH RARER THAN MINK.

From a lineage as wild as the forbidding Northland, the Arctic splendor of Matara® processed Alaska Fur Seal. Here shaped by Catherine Guilbert into a dramatic plunge rippled in natural Russian sable.

THE FOUKE COMPANY

JEAN SHRIMPTON PHOTOGRAPHED BY BERT STERN

THE FOUKE SEALMARK OF FASHION

BUICK MOTOR DIVISION

Announcing the 1970 Buicks.

We have a great tradition. We build great cars. Cars that are something to believe in.

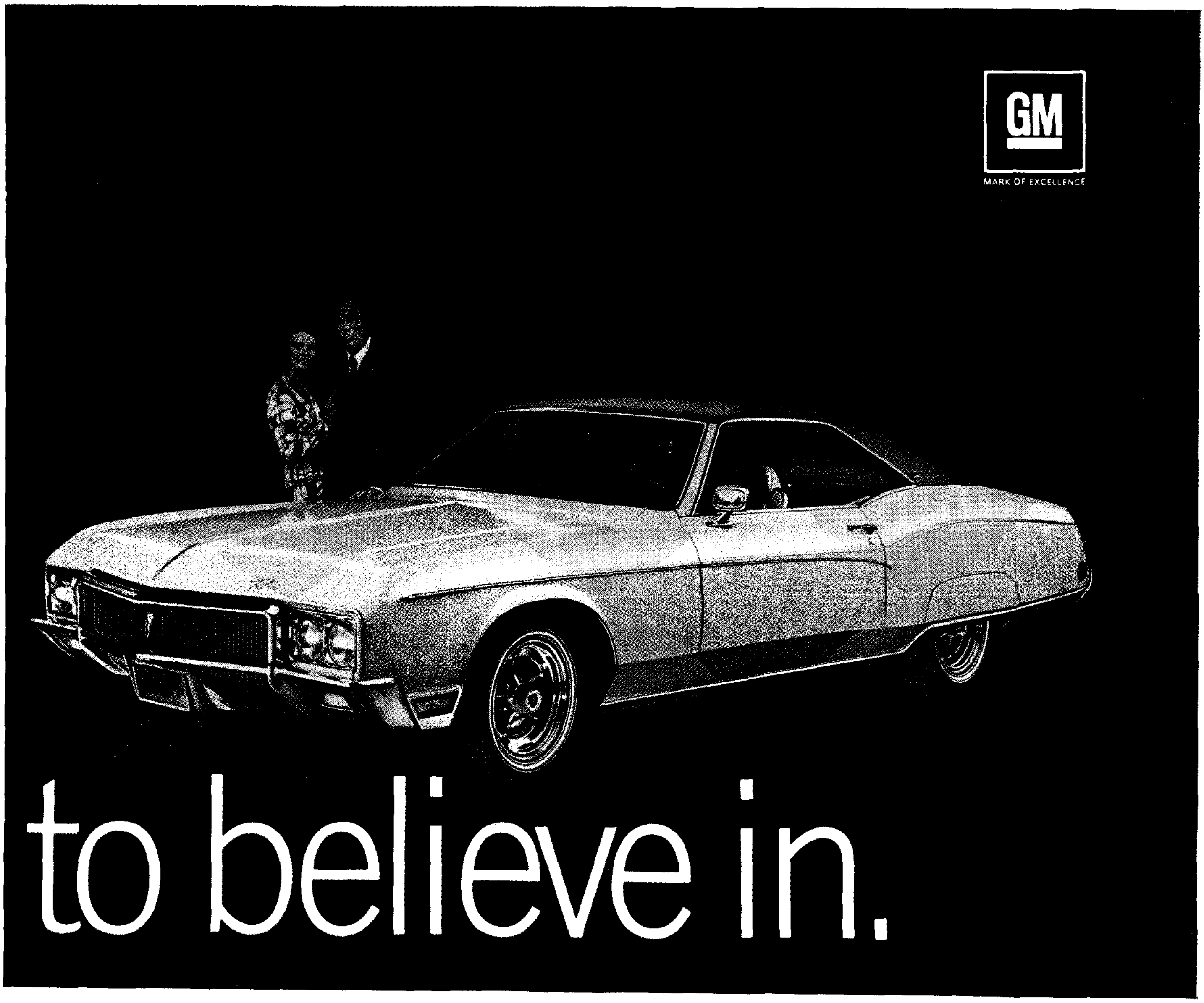
The Electra 225 (on the left) is one of the great new cars from Buick. It has a new 455 cubic-inch, 370 horsepower engine.

It has an improved three-speed automatic transmission that performs even more smoothly. A new longer wheelbase combined with a new suspension system improves on Buick's traditionally great ride.

The Riviera (on the right) has variable ratio power steering, power brakes and an improved automatic transmission as standard equipment.

It has a carburetor time modulated choke control (a Buick exclusive) for fast starts in any weather.

The Riviera rear window has been widened for increased visibility.



Both the Electra 225 and the Riviera have been built with product integrity—traditional craftsmanship and care.

The kind of craftsmanship which has given Buicks a traditionally high re-sale value.

We build cars to be something to believe in.
They always have been.
They always will be.

Now, wouldn't you really rather have a

1970 Buick.

STOW/DAVIS

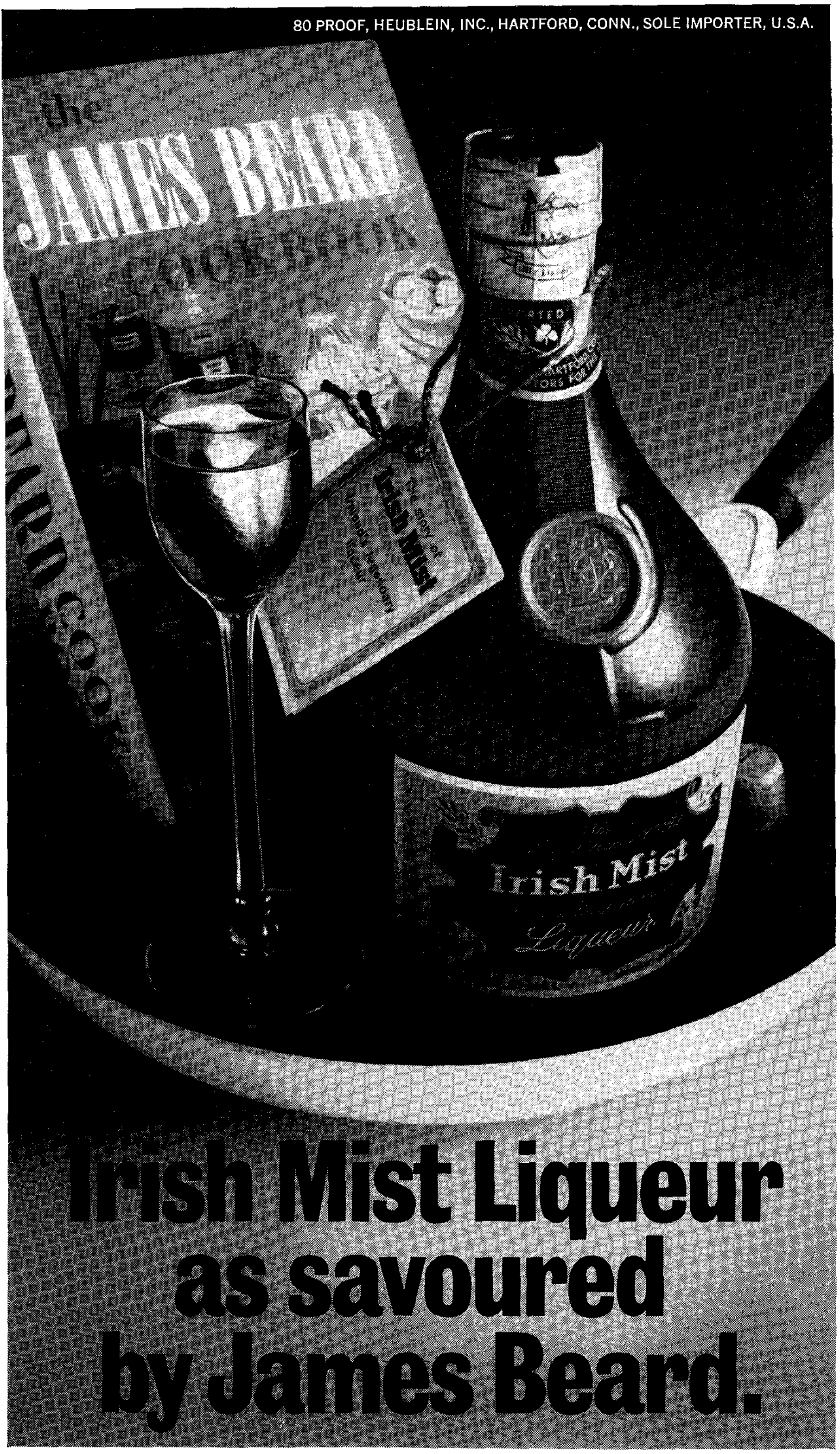
When you are in a position to make the choice.

Electa by Stow/Davis is a design system, so flexible it suits the individual's needs and status. Electa changes in materials, scale, function and price, yet Electa maintains one corporate image for every level. Your architect, interior designer or dealer will assist you. Stow/Davis New York, Chicago, Dallas, Los Angeles, Grand Rapids. Write for an Electa brochure: Stow/Davis, Grand Rapids, Michigan 49502, Dept. 111.

pad covered with a silvery material. The chair looks particularly great when it is closed and the pads form a silver circle within. It is not very comfortable—the rim of the ball hits you (or did me) right behind the knees—but no doubt people who have $1,100 to spend on a chair don't have to sit in it. Altman's Sack Chair, from Italy, represents the other extreme; it's probably the most comfortable chair ever made, and the least attractive. What it is is simply a big brown leather sack filled almost to the top (which is sewn up) with tiny polystyrene balls, and when you sink into it, it assumes your shape, and you never want to get up. It costs $279. Altman's also has an Environment—one of those pieces of multiple furniture equipped for cooking, eating, sleeping, listening to records, entertaining—which a sign calls Mobile Totale and declares to be "the total solution." To what? It costs $4,500, and is not as bad-looking as it could be. (Who is the wag who selects and arranges the books on the shelves in model rooms? I thought he rather surpassed himself at Altman's, with his juxtaposition of "The Old Madhouse," Machiavelli's "The Prince" and "The Discourses," "Victory Through Air Power," and "Sally Goes to Court.")

YOEL B. GOL is a thirty-six-year-old Israeli furniture designer and cabinetmaker whose work was recently exhibited at the America-Israel Culture House, 4 East 54th Street, and although the exhibit is over now, people who want to order his furniture can get in touch with him through the Culture House. Mr. Gol works in no one style, and a roomful of his furniture looks as if it could have been designed by several people, yet the pieces do have in common a technical command and an attentiveness to detail that are remarkable, and that make the high prices seem only right. One of his most unusual designs is called a chest of drawers in the catalogue but looks more like a piece of sculpture than a piece of bedroom furniture. Mr. Gol has taken four deep, boxlike drawers and, instead of setting them one on top of another in the usual manner of constructing a chest of drawers, has affixed them to a thick pole, from which they jut out in all directions. The pole rises from a base that looks like a pair of big, pointed feet and gives the whole piece a sort of subhuman appearance, especially in profile. The drawers are of oak that has a rich patina and is artfully matched for grain, and the pole is of handsome oak laminations. This object

80 PROOF, HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN., SOLE IMPORTER, U.S.A.



Irish Mist Liqueur as savoured by James Beard.

My travels in behalf of excellent cuisine have taken me to places as dissimilar as North Africa and the Pacific Islands.

How enchanting to discover in a discreet Irish Pub, and now here, the crowning glory of the liqueur-makers art.

Irish Mist® Liqueur. Ireland's legendary liqueur.® An elegant jewel of Irish wit that successfully sustains its original promise of warmth, of charm, of conviviality laced with haute cuisine. Rarely have I sensed the vivacity and lyricism of Irish regionalism merged so happily with worldly sophistication. First concocted, I understand in the 14th Century, it can't be quietly kept on ice much longer, except if you will, in a glass. And this, I highly recommend.

Bon Appétit.

The Finea

Ireland is the origin of our pure lambswool, full fashioned sweater

This season the high crew neck sweater is the big news. Whether it be on the campus or just for those leisure week-ends

The colors are great also, Erne blue, Oatmeal, Irish coffee, honey, fire red, and navy

Sizes: 38 *to* 46

$18.50

To complement your sweater, all cotton wide wale corduroy. Plain front, with belt loops. Tan, med. blue, rust, red, green and brown

Sizes: 32 *to* 42 (*Regulars only*)

$22.50

PLEASE ADD 75c FOR MAIL ORDERS

F.R. TRIPLER & CO.
Clothing · Hats · Haberdashery · Shoes
MADISON AVE. AT 46 ST. · NEW YORK 10017

is a kind of joke, but one that it would be entirely possible to live with if you had the room. The price is $750. Mr. Gol's rocking chair is something very different. It resembles the famous Thonet bentwood rocker but has an authority and serenity that, to my mind, the charmingly curlicued Thonet piece lacks. The arms of the Gol rocker are made of mahogany, and they sinuously curve and sweep downward to become rockers, which then uninterruptedly sweep upward to rejoin the arms, so there is a lovely flowing line, particularly handsome in profile. The caned back and seat are also a continuous curving surface. There are echoes here of Marcel Breuer's and Alvar Aalto's work with bentwood as well as of Thonet's, but the rich brown mahogany and the roundness of the curvatures give the piece a mellowness that is quite different from the pallid beauty of the German and Scandinavian pieces. Price: $825. A piece of Mr. Gol's that struck me as unsuccessful is his long, thin glass-topped coffee table whose oak base has been carved to form a kind of landscape of craggy tunnels that would be a nice set for a Wagner opera but seems wrong for a living room. I was also not taken with his chess table; it has circles instead of squares, which is no way to play chess. Mr. Gol's double music stand, on the other hand, is wonderful, and is one of the few pieces in the collection that have anything remotely like an Israeli look, by which I suppose I mean something exotic and Near Eastern. It is of mahogany and satinwood, and it appears to be made of long slats laced together and gracefully bent so that, viewed from the front, they give the over-all impression of a headless angel: the wings hold the scores and the legs splay out and support the stand. The price is $600. Mr. Gol majored in geology at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem and then came over here and studied at the Rochester Institute of Technology and at City College, from which he received an M.A. in Design and Sculpture. I think he hasn't quite yet achieved the felicity he is capable of, though I don't know of anyone working with wood today who is his equal. —J. M.

•

> Watching from his baby carriage was Frank 3d, who gained fame as a semi-finalist at Wimbledon and a finalist at Forest Hills.—*The Times.*

And that's not bad for a little fellow.

ELEPHANT IS THE NAME OF OUR GAME!

ELEPHANT BARONS
by Johnston & Murphy

THE KING OF SLIPONS

The NOW shape in the NEW status leather ... Hunting World's GENUINE ELEPHANT! Soft, supple, virtually indestructible. Genuine leather soles; Sulvaprene heels. Midnight Black. State Regular Shoe Size. Perfect Fit Guaranteed. $60 Add $1.50 handling

Satisfaction Guaranteed N.Y. Residents Add Tax

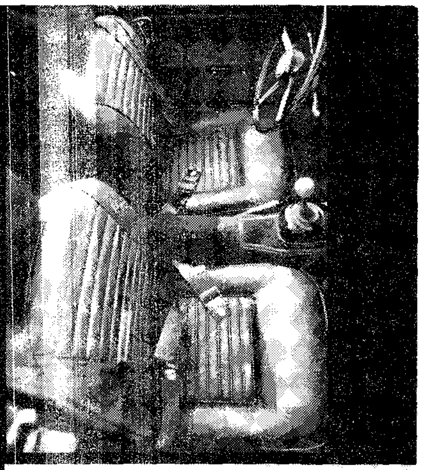
Visit Our SAFARILAND™ Showroom
or Write For Free 76-PAGE CATALOG
HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY 247 E. 50 St., New York 10022

...yet you are only 100 miles from the city

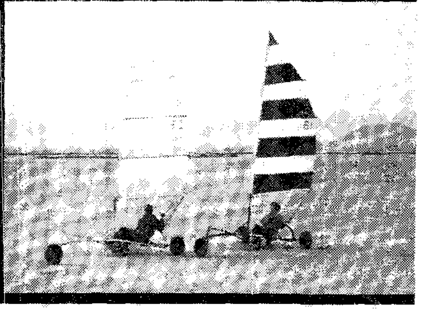
A leisurely round of golf on our uncrowded 27-hole course is just part of the fun at Buck Hill. High in the picturesque Poconos, The Inn is only a pleasant drive from New York or Philadelphia. Horseback riding, tennis, lawn bowling and other activities in season.

Reservation Offices: New York: 30 Rockefeller Plaza W. (212) 245-5620, In Philadelphia: (215) 922-2180.
Special Golf Package Plans

BUCK HILL
INN & GOLF CLUB
BUCK HILL FALLS • PA.
TELEPHONE (717) 595-7441



MIDGET



Some cars have high-performance names.
We have a high-performance car.

Sure, we're called a Midget. But, when it comes to sports car handling and performance, we're anything but. Each of our features has been race-tested and race-proven. Like our high-compression 1275 c.c. engine. Our precise rack-and-pinion steering. Our heavy-duty suspension. Our self-adjusting front disc brakes. Maybe we're being too fussy. But we can't afford not to be. Our first name, remember, is MG.

BRITISH LEYLAND For overseas delivery information, write British Leyland Motors Inc., Dept. Y-64, Leonia, N.J. 07605

MG AUSTIN AT AUSTIN-MG DEALERS.

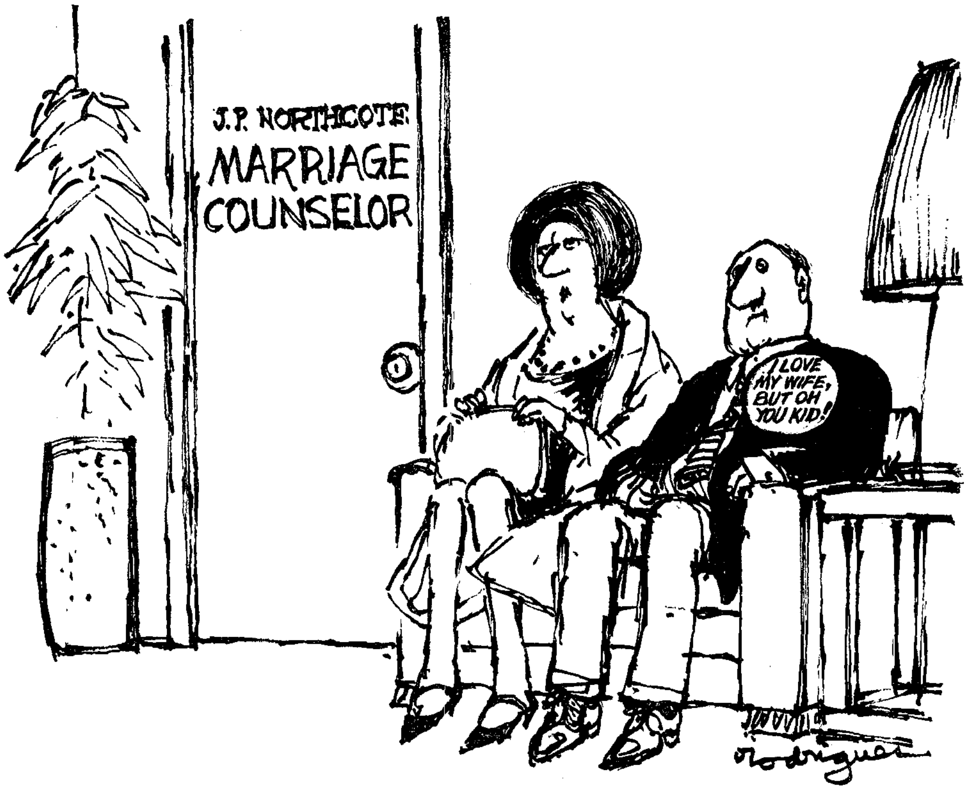
LETTER FROM SAIGON

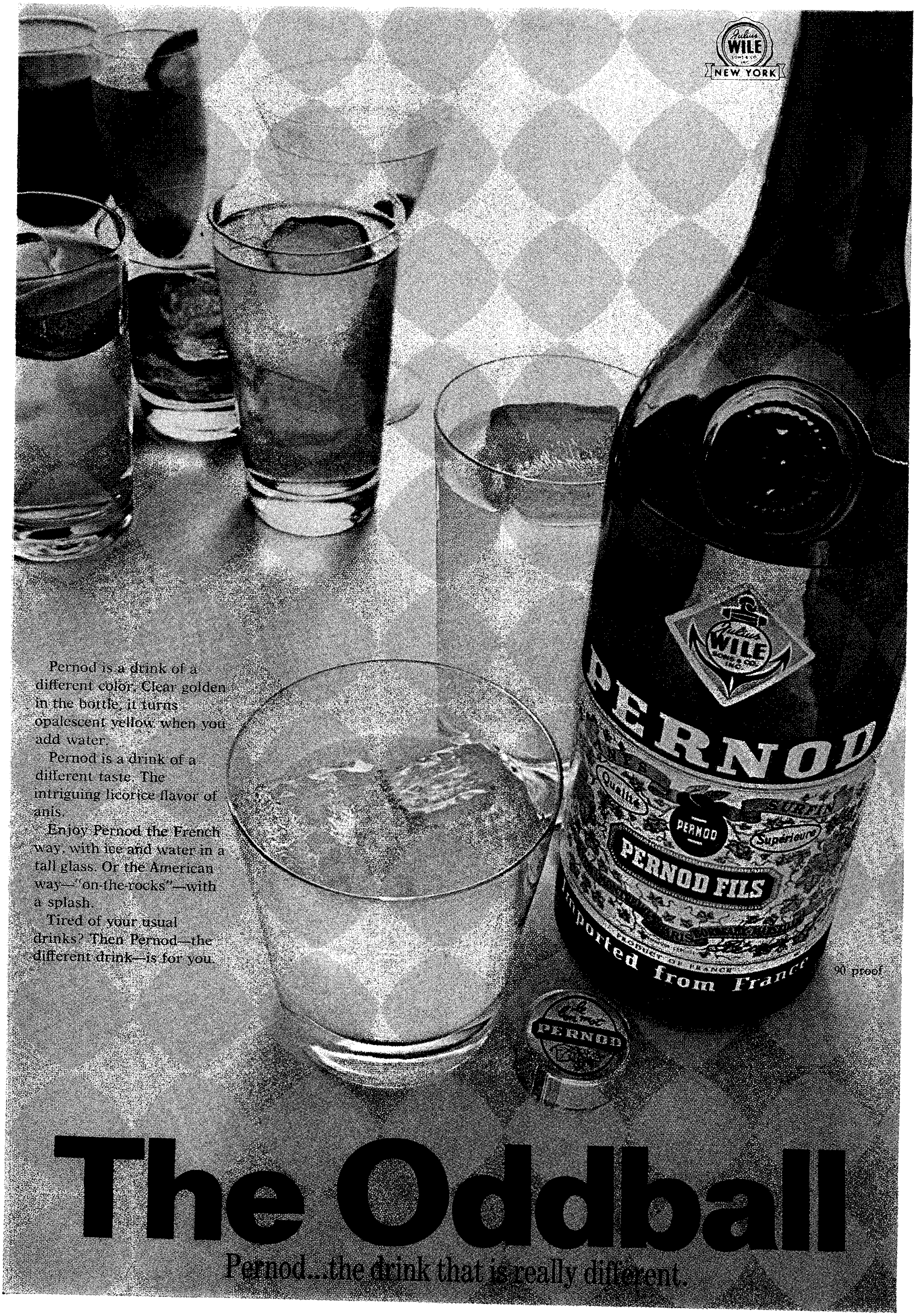
SEPTEMBER 10

OVER the last two months, an unduly prolonged Cabinet crisis and other political and psychological shock waves have further threatened what remains of this weary capital's equilibrium. Most important, there has been a sudden realization that the Americans are indeed determined to pull out a large number of troops as soon as possible, and that, although Washington will try to fulfill its pledges of continued military and economic aid, the burden of carrying on the war will fall more rapidly than had been expected on the still—and, it seems, perpetually—unprepared South Vietnamese. Unfortunately, they remain as sharply divided and as suspicious of each other as they have always been, and it seems quite possible that they will end by figuratively throwing themselves into the sea like lemmings. This potential for self-destruction must be taken seriously, despite the existence of a number of countervailing factors, including the increasing difficulties that the Communists have admitted experiencing. These difficulties may, of course, be exacerbated by the passing of the illustrious and irreplaceable Ho Chi Minh, for now a serious power struggle could take place in the North—though such a struggle does not seem likely to take place in the immediate future, and the probability is that Ho's memory will be resoundingly invoked as a rallying cry for victory.

The difference between the two sides all along has been that the Communists have usually known what ailed them and done their best to cure it—as they now are trying to do with the agricultural ills in the North while initiating in the South a new strategy of "great victories with limited strength," in the phrase of their Deputy Prime Minister, Defense Minister, and Commander-in-Chief, General Vo Nguyen Giap. Saigon, by contrast, is still flailing around ineffectively in dealing with most of its problems. Everything seems to hinge on organization and conviction. Even though there is evidence that the Communists' mass support has diminished in South Vietnam and is under severe strain in the North, the disciplined Communist leaders have managed to keep most of their followers convinced that their side is ultimately bound to win the war, throw the "neo-colonialists" out, and unite the two halves of Vietnam, whereas the disorganized and disgruntled leaders in the South, lacking any widespread backing beyond their own and the American bureaucracy, continue to rely on words and formulas as substitutes for true conviction. The new magic word is "Vietnamization," which may be defined as a process surrounded by difficulties comparable to those of carrying out a successful heart transplant. In a sense, the Americans, having failed in what once seemed a revivifying infusion of new strength, are now being rejected by the Vietnamese body politic, and it may be that the main thing we have succeeded in doing in Vietnam over the past fifteen years—or, anyway, the past ten—has been to inhibit a natural revolutionary development that might have evolved on its own to its own success or failure irrespective of the pressures from the North.

What seems almost inevitable is that the war in Vietnam will continue, one way or another, and that, as Ignazio Silone once forecast in another context, the final conflict will pit the Communists against the ex-Communists. Perhaps, as Asians, the Vietnamese, North and South, will make special, Asian-style accommodations with the inevitable and live happily—or else unhappily—ever after, but one somehow begins to doubt whether accommodation itself will be more than a phase. It is true that the average Vietnamese peasant traditionally wants only to be left alone to till his fields, but by now, in the North at least as much as in the South, he has been kicked around and shunted back and forth for so long that he has become a political person whether he wants to be or not, having been forced to form some definite ideas about social justice and about what his prerogatives are or ought to be. Over the years, I have talked to peasants and peasant-soldiers, including North Vietnamese prisoners, and their political convictions, whether pro- or anti-Communist, are quite strongly defined. One certainly also finds this to be true among the scattered religious elements in the South—the Buddhists, the Catholics, the Cao Dai sect and the Hoa Hao sect—and among the Montagnards as well, and these groups account for most of the population of South Vietnam. Deep-rooted political convictions also move people like Vice-President Nguyen Cao Ky, a French-trained but fiercely patriotic and xenophobic Vietnamese (he once told me that if he had had the choice over again he might have sided with Ho Chi Minh), and many members of the earlier resistance—those who fought against the French in the Communist-dominated Vietminh between 1946 and 1954. Ky, with whom I have spent some time during this trip to Vietnam, is one of the ardent anti-Communists who might stay around after some of their fellow-generals and officeholders have fled the country with their fortunes, but if the likely initial period of accommodation gives way to another conflict, it will not be Ky and his dashing young friends in the Air Force and the Army who will carry the fight to the Communists but, rather, the ex-Vietminh nationalists, who have their roots among the people, and who are po-




Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC.
NEW YORK
PERNOD
Qualité
SURFIN
Supérieure
PERNOD
PERNOD FILS
PRODUCT OF FRANCE
Imported from France

Pernod is a drink of a different color. Clear golden in the bottle, it turns opalescent yellow when you add water.

Pernod is a drink of a different taste. The intriguing licorice flavor of anis.

Enjoy Pernod the French way, with ice and water in a tall glass. Or the American way—"on-the-rocks"—with a splash.

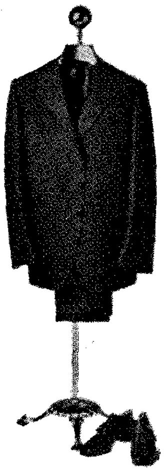
Tired of your usual drinks? Then Pernod—the different drink—is for you.

90 proof

The Oddball

Pernod...the drink that is really different.

Now: congratulations, autographs, a shower.
Later: dinner for two.



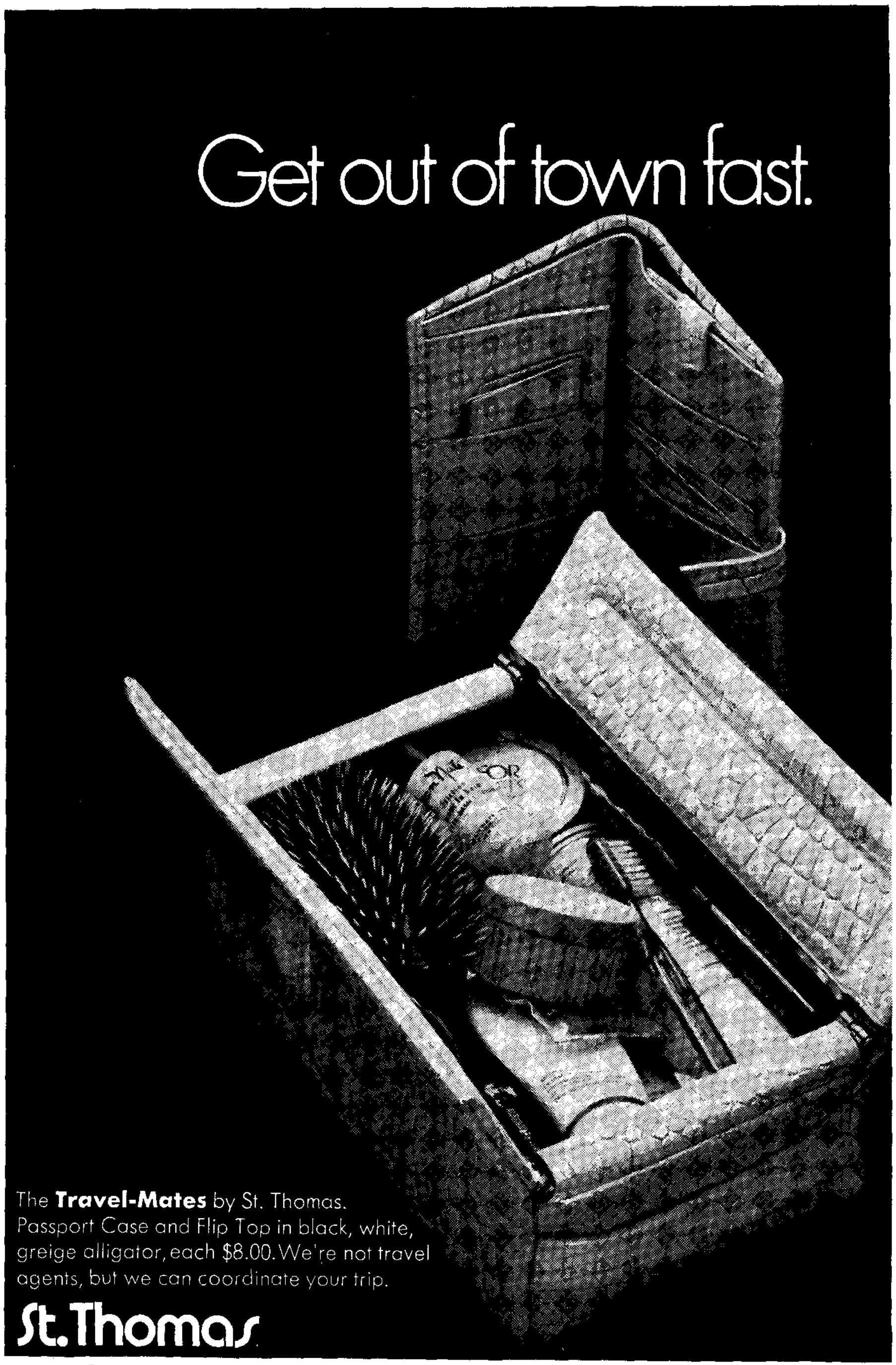
KUPP®
The now suit
...for later.

Winning attire. Even if you never enter the race.

®Kupp is a registered trademark of B. Kuppenheimer & Co., Inc.

tentially capable of rallying a new peasant force that would reject both the tyranny of the landlords and that of the Laodong (Workers') Party, the ruling Communist party of the North. Some of the former Vietminh leaders I know are Northerners, as Ky is, or come from central Vietnam, and they claim, as Ky does, that they could raise a guerrilla division in North Vietnam right now. They also claim that they could rally support among the *hoi chan*, or returnees, from Communist areas in the South, who have averaged twenty-five thousand a year over the last three years, and even among some of the five thousand North Vietnamese prisoners being held in the South. They may simply be boasting, and if so, and if the South does become "Vietminhized," these ex-Vietminh types will probably be the first to be eliminated, but if they are right, a new resistance in the South, opposed both to Communism and to a sellout peace, could spread to the already beleaguered and economically shackled North. No longer inspired by the organizing genius of Ho, faced with an apathetic and latently hostile population kept in line by carrot-and-stick measures, and held together politically by Ho's companions in the Politburo and by a still powerful Army, North Vietnam today is probably confronting its greatest challenge in its two and a half decades under Communism.

THE events of the last two months here, seen against the backdrop of the talks in Paris, where I spent the month of June, have certainly seemed to offer scant hope that peace is any closer. The six-point invitation to the National Liberation Front to take part in elections, which President Nguyen Van Thieu issued on July 11th, was quickly denounced by the Communists as more "perfidious trickery," and both sides have since remained adamant. "We have gone as far as we can or should go in opening the door to peace, and now it is time for the other side to respond," President Nixon said on July 30th as he stood on the steps of Independence Palace in Saigon. Two weeks before that, Vice-President Ky had told a group of officers at the National War College that "to retreat one more inch would amount to unconditional surrender," and added that, in view of the Communists' intransigence, "I should think there is no more reason for us to maintain and prolong the Paris talks." This was, of course, part of the propaganda war between Saigon and Hanoi that is fought weekly in Paris;



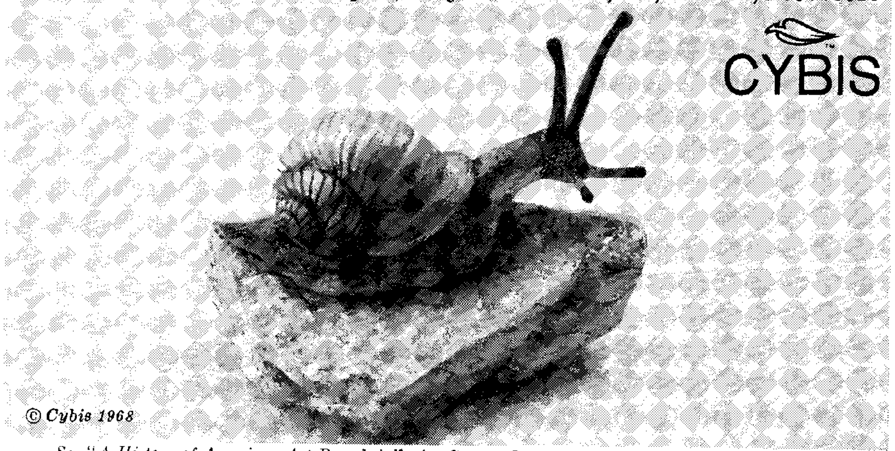
The **Travel-Mates** by St. Thomas.
Passport Case and Flip Top in black, white, greige alligator, each $8.00. We're not travel agents, but we can coordinate your trip.

St.Thomas

At Bonwit Teller, Luggage Dept., New York and branches; Roos-Atkins, all stores; Goldwaters, Phoenix; Foley's, Houston and other fine stores. St. Thomas, Inc., St. Thomas Place, Gloversville, New York.

At fine stores. Collector's catalogue $1. Cybis Porcelains, NV, Trenton, N. J. 08618

CYBIS



© Cybis 1968

See "A History of American Art Porcelain", Art Center, Des Moines, Iowa. Sept. 26-Oct. 25, 1969.

CHRISTMAS CARDS

The new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum of Art cards—paintings by Italian and Flemish masters, drawings and sculpture, luminous medieval miniatures burnished with gold and silver, angels from an eighteenth century Neapolitan crèche, a champlevé enamel in precious colors, early woodcuts, and festive Victorian prints are among the more than fifty designs. ☆ All of the cards are printed under the supervision of The Metropolitan Museum of Art in limited editions and cost from 5 to 95 cents each. They can be bought only by mail or at the Museum itself. Mail the coupon below, together with 25 cents, for the forty-page catalogue—which also illustrates Museum jewelry, the new Museum engagement calendar, and other unusual Christmas presents.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 10028

Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed N17

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

______________________ ZIP ________

although neither side is ready yet to talk seriously about making peace, neither side has any desire to break off the negotiations. Some progress could still come late this year, but it seems far more likely that the conflict, both military and political, will continue through at least part of 1970—at a reduced level of violence but at a higher and more critical level on the political front. The offers and counter-offers made so far will meanwhile sit on the shelf, not altogether ornamental but not yet the useful instruments they could become. They do, in fact, contain the shape, if not the substance, of ultimate accommodation and agreement, and so what has happened here and in Paris in the past few months cannot be dismissed as utterly futile. The Communists, taking a more consistent approach, have moved ahead logically in their declarations over a longer period. The South Vietnamese and American strategy has been wobbly and, for the most part, defensive. Thieu's July 11th election offer—which the day before he had told a group of Saigon legislators he was submitting at the behest of the Americans—was a maneuver he obviously knew would be rejected, yet he ran a real risk in making it. The risk lay in the effect it would have on South Vietnamese morale, and particularly the morale of soldiers in the field, for in one breath he was talking peace and in the next exhorting them to go on fighting. For this reason, many Vietnamese I have spoken with believe that the Americans gave Thieu poor advice, and that in this case he should have exhibited his characteristic caution—above all, by discussing his peace plan behind the scenes before publicizing it.

The offer did have the predicted effect on the South Vietnamese soldiers—most notably, the younger officers. Why, they asked themselves, should they go on fighting and dying and urging their men to do the same if tomorrow the shooting might stop and their Vietcong opponents might emerge among them as "brothers"—and perhaps more praiseworthy ones in the people's eyes, because of their long absence from villages where the South Vietnamese have made themselves unpopular by stealing chickens and pigs? The question was a valid one. What was required as a prelude to any peace offer, many South Vietnamese feel, was a series of moves to reorganize the armed forces, to reëducate them, and to motivate them to continue fighting, and an effort to balance such a reorganization with reforms in the central government, so that it would cover a

Hurray for Love! Our demonstrator picks Love's pink Celanese® Fortrel® polyester double knit with bright white bib and cuffs for a dramatic confrontation! The dress is machine washable and never needs ironing.

4-6X, $16 7-12, $18

Best & Co., New York & all stores
Hochschild-Kohn, Baltimore
G. Fox, Hartford
Battelstein's, Houston
City of Paris, San Francisco
Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D.C.

Joseph Love, Inc., N.Y. 10018

® FORTREL IS A TRADEMARK OF FIBER INDUSTRIES, INC.

FRENCH BENCH

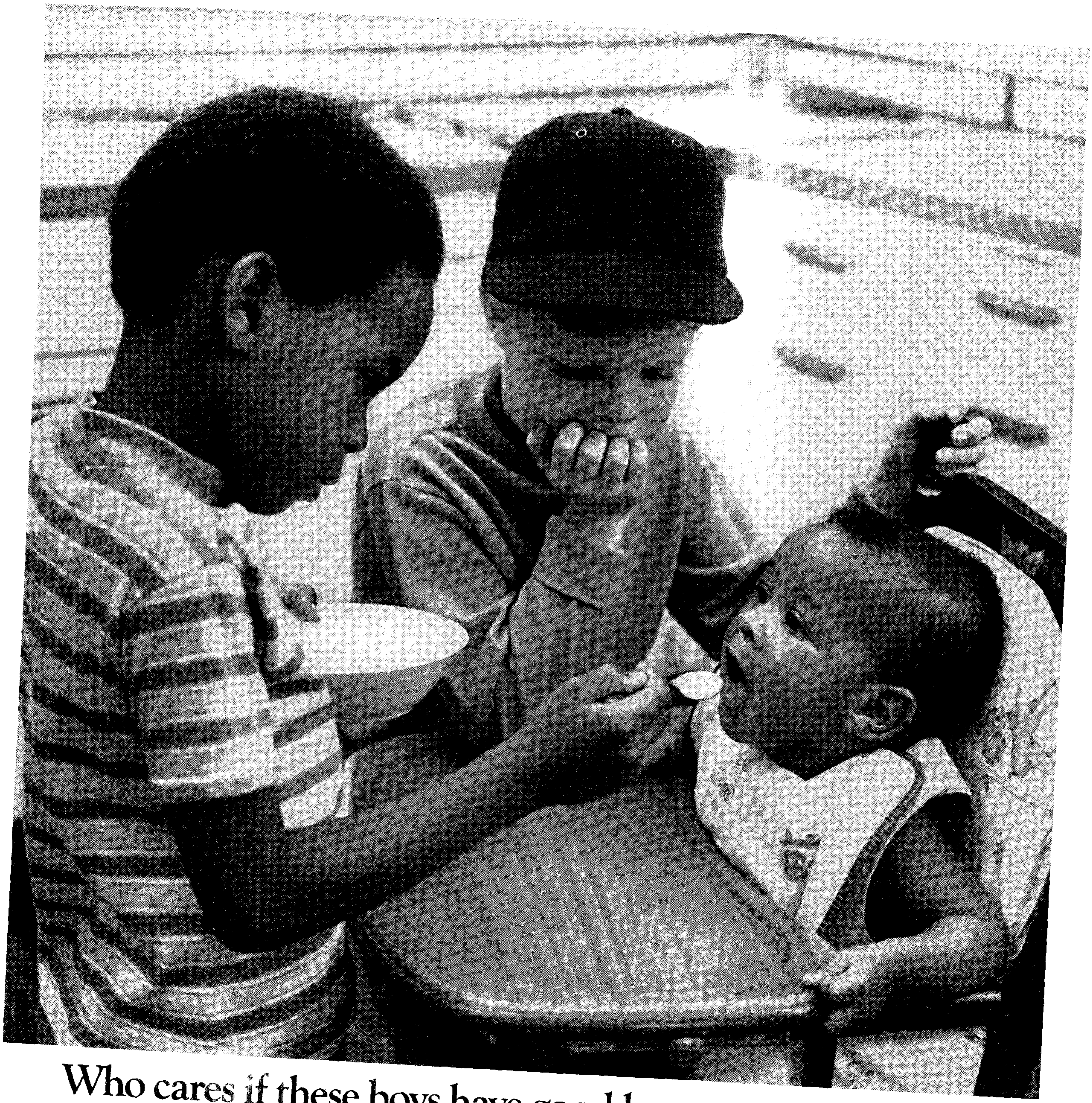
From our collection of interesting seats

Very French . . . very beautiful . . . our Directoire Bench done in pale French mahogany (acajou). A replica of the unique original, with a most comfortable saddle seat and handsome ormulu mounts on both sides. Can be used in so many places. Shown here in a breathtaking olive green Scalamandrè crushed silk velvet. Also available in other colors and in black or gold woven linen. Available in antiqued fruitwood. 14" x 19" x 17" high. **$110**

F.O.B. New York City. Add $8 crating charge beyond normal delivery area.

Lloyds has been called one of the most unusual shops in New York . . . and for good reason. This is one of those rare places where you can browse to your heart's content through a wonderful collection of fine antique and reproduction furniture, decorative accessories and estate pieces. Your own sense of good taste will be pleased . . . your sense of values will be delighted . . . and you'll find the things you want most to live with. Stop in soon.

NEW 64 PAGE CATALOGUE $1.00
LLOYDS
116 EAST 60th ST., N. Y. 22, N. Y., PL 9-7313



Who cares if these boys have good homes to grow up in?

Equitable cares. For countless children, home is cracked plaster, broken plumbing, dingy rooms. And worse. Equitable thinks children deserve better. We're trying hard to make sure they get it. From Seattle to Birmingham—we've invested over $95,000,000 to build better housing for those who need it most.

Whether it's better homes... or a Living Insurance program for a family... helping people build a better life is what Equitable is all about.

THE EQUITABLE

© The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States,
New York, N. Y. 1969

An Equal Opportunity Employer M/F

Prince

Classic design in the very best quality. Fully weather-proofed cotton with a camel-hair lining: Elegance and comfort - Christonette of Copenhagen!

Christonette
TOP-COAT
Of Copenhagen

See it.
Try it.
Buy it -
at Paul Stuart,
New York
and other
fine stores.

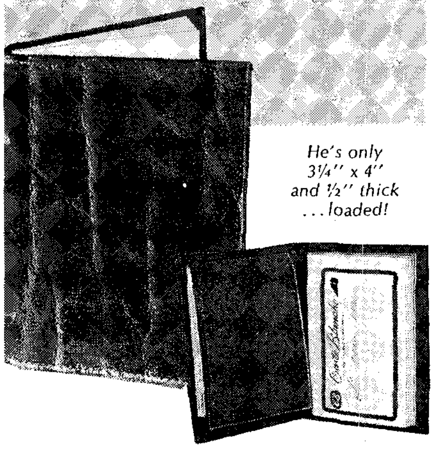
Christopher Franck A/S
Wray & Turnbull Ltd.
(distributor)
232 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10016

broader spectrum of the important religious and political forces, and there should also have been a more decisive move toward decentralization at the lower administrative levels, which has now just begun. Thieu himself, once he had made his offer, was aware of the trouble it might cause. When I saw him late in August, he was exuding confidence that the crisis was past, but he admitted, "The atmosphere for two weeks after July 11th was very heavy."

Just how heavy it was became apparent on July 22nd, when a group of nineteen retired general officers held a three-and-a-half-hour luncheon meeting at the home of Senator Tran Van Don, who as a general in 1963 had been the key figure in planning the coup that overthrew the late Ngo Dinh Diem. A number of other heroes of the coup were at the meeting, including General Duong Van Minh, a still popular man who has been frequently mentioned as the logical choice to head a special advisory body, or brain trust, that could create the broader consensus everyone admits is needed. The meeting, Senator Don announced at the outset, had been called to "judge the situation of the nation, politically, militarily, economically." The guest of honor was Ky. During the discussion, Ky was his blunt self, but it cannot be said that his views were unrepresentative of those of the majority of the country's discontented young officers. He said he had advised Thieu to postpone the July 11th offer, telling him that "regarding the matter of the last and final concession [the election offer], I have to explain it to the citizens and the military clearly and let the Americans know that we won't concede any more."

Ky repeatedly voiced contempt for the Americans during the session. He referred to Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker as "Governor General Bunker" (the French administration in Indo-China was headed by a governor general), and said that the Americans had all along been "wrong in their evaluation of the abilities and capacities of the Vietnamese people" and wrong in their belief that within the limits they had set they could bomb the North into submission. He charged that "the Americans have threatened us many times, saying that if we did not accept their conditions they would reëxamine the matter of military aid to us," and he also charged that the United States had supplied the South Vietnamese with, among other things, "disgracefully ancient aircraft." At another point, he said, "I have brought

ELEPHANT IS THE NAME OF OUR GAME!



LET OUR SKINNY ELEPHANT TAKE THAT LUMP OUT OF YOUR SUIT! Our famous soft, supple, luxurious Genuine Elephant leather, superbly fashioned into the slimmest wallet imaginable! *Slipout, flip-thru* cardcase organizes your credit cards, photos, documents sensibly *in 12 windows. Money* clip secures cash compactly. Two pockets for business cards. Black only.

$14.95 add 75¢ post

Satisfaction Guaranteed **N.Y. Residents Add Tax**

HUNTING WORLD

Visit Our SAFARILAND™ Shop
or Write For Free 76-PAGE CATALOG

HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY 247 E. 50 St., New York 10022

Sarastro Boldstroke Fibre Point Pen

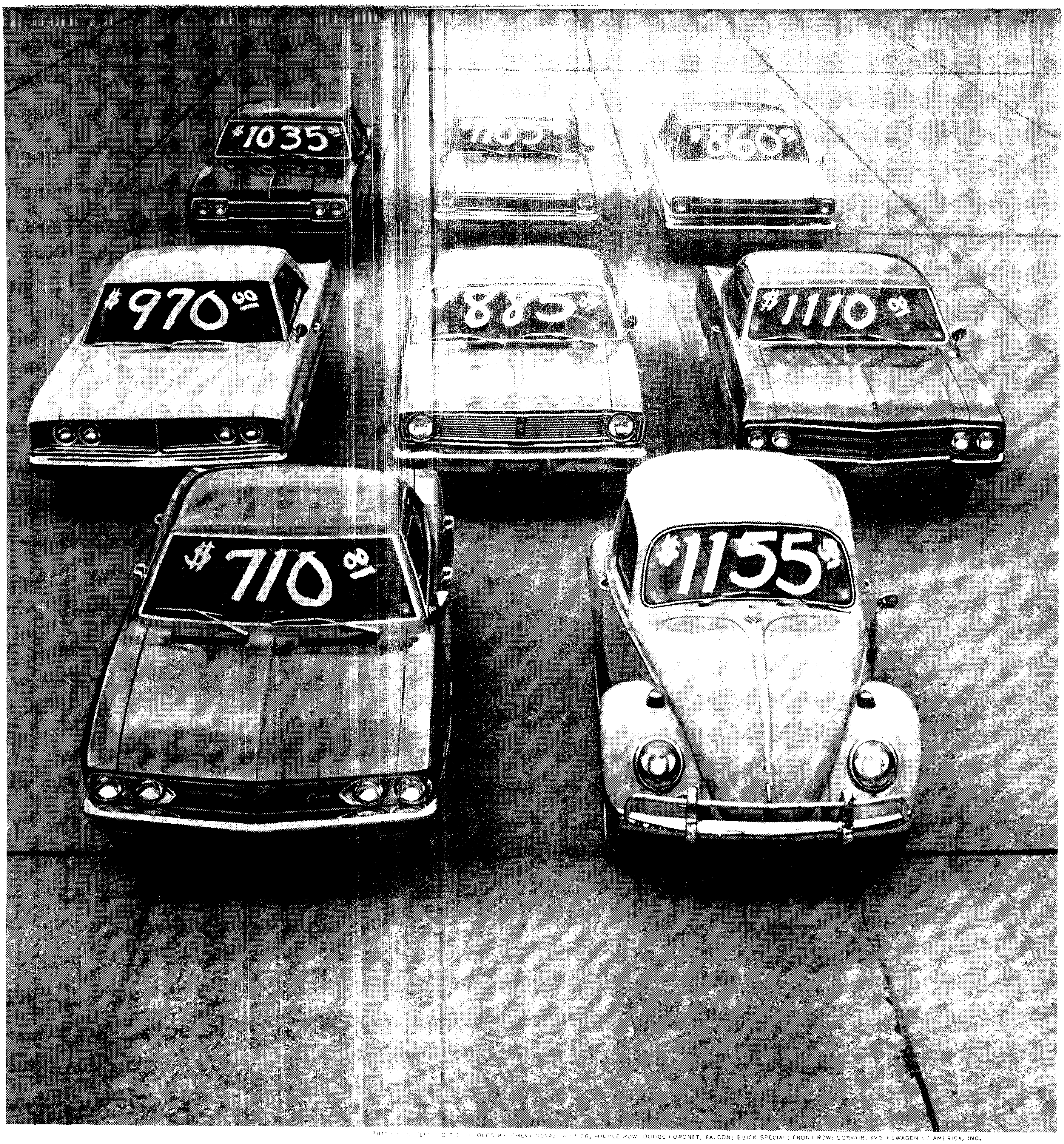
A superb and beautifully appointed new Fibre Point Pen. **Replenishable ink fill.** Almost unbelievably smooth and effortless performance. Specially refined Nylon point glides with such remarkable ease, writing becomes a rediscovered art . . . and fun! Meticulously crafted and balanced stem designed for the man's hand. Of precise manufacture in the finest European tradition of building things to last. If quality is your fetish, **Sarastro** will do you proud. A functional and absolutely reliable pen. Manufacturer's 3-year Warranty. Visit our shop or order by mail. **Your Money Back if not pleased.**

SC Chrome	$6.50	2 for $12.00
SS Silver	$7.50	2 for $14.00
SG Rolled Gold	$9.50	2 for $18.00

Add 50¢ post per order. 5% in Calif.
Ship on Money Back Guarantee

Model Quantity
Name
Address
Zip
Check Encl. ☐ Amer. Express ☐ Diners ☐
BofA ☐ Master Chg. ☐ acc'nt no

J.D. BROWNE
Ghirardelli Sq. 900 North Pt. San Francisco, Ca. 94109



*BACK ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT): OLDS F-85; CHEVY NOVA; RAMBLER; MIDDLE ROW: DODGE CORONET, FALCON; BUICK SPECIAL; FRONT ROW: CORVAIR. ©VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

After 3 years, the car that cost the least costs the most.

The official Used Car Guide is full of little surprises.

To show you what we mean, we've pitted one 1966 Volkswagen against 7 popular 1966 compacts.*

Back when they were spanking new, the popular compacts sold for an average price of $610 more than the Volkswagen sedan.

You'd be amazed at how unpopular they've become in 3 years.

The same compacts now sell off a used car lot for an average of $201 less than the Volkswagen.

Of course when you stop and think about it, this really isn't surprising at all.

How appealing is a car that looks 3 years old? Compared to one that never looks old?

Or a car that gets about 14 miles per gallon? Compared to one that gets about 26?

Or a car that takes lots of oil and water? Compared to one that takes little oil and no water?

The official Used Car Guide is full of foregone conclusions.

The Suit Scene

Texture it tweed, label it current and enter it now with this splendid British woollen—one of Tailorbrooke's trendsetter classics in a stunning collection priced from $65 to $140. At fine stores including:

Lord & Taylor, All Stores
Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh
Jacobson's, Michigan
Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis
Robinson's, Southern California
I. Magnin, San Francisco

Impeccably
Tailorbrooke
Tailorbrooke Clothes, Inc.
533 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y.

up the matter of Vietnamization of the war with the American leaders. If they really give us enough weapons to fight, then even if we lose and die we will laugh up our sleeves in Hell. According to reports by American advisers, a number of Vietnamese units are ineffective, and it will be difficult for them to replace American units. But I told the advisers that when there is a possibility of our doing the job they should let us do it, so we can win the respect of the people." If not enough aid is received soon enough, "the only thing to do is to try to separate ourselves from that influence, even though we are poor and starving," Ky said, and he continued, "We must strive to become self-sufficient, and to greatly reduce the influence of the Americans—the sooner the better." Although he stressed the need for a unified national policy and his own willingness to support Thieu and work with him, he also expressed fear of a coup by company-grade officers and soldiers, and toward the end of the session he declared that he had enough support to lead a coup himself, "because the people are confused and the government does not follow a clear policy line." He added, however, that if such a move were to be made it "would have to be at exactly the right time and be supported by everyone."

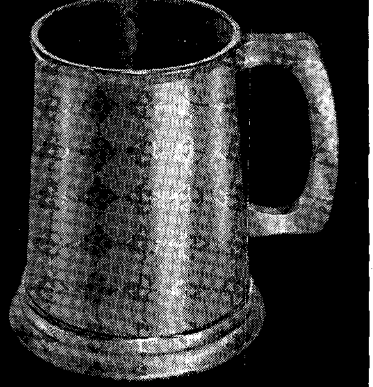
Although most Vietnamese and most Americans here doubt that Ky is strong enough or rash enough to try any such thing, he represents a viewpoint that has to be taken into account. Ky, who in recent months has either languished in idleness or halfheartedly carried out occasional tasks, including his "supervision" of the Paris peace talks, is playing what he calls "the waiting game," and it's the game that a number of ignored, discontented elements in the country today, including the Buddhists and various other religious and political groups, are also playing. The Americans have taken to pointing out to their Vietnamese friends that a lot of people in the United States didn't like Franklin D. Roosevelt at the start of the Second World War but supported him anyway in a time of national crisis, and that the Vietnamese ought to do the same with President Thieu. But the Vietnamese don't think that way, and it is a misreading of the Vietnamese mind to suppose that they could or would.

THE thirty-one-man Cabinet that President Thieu recently selected—to replace a twenty-three-man

Eugene Ormandy's Accompanist

The New Baldwin

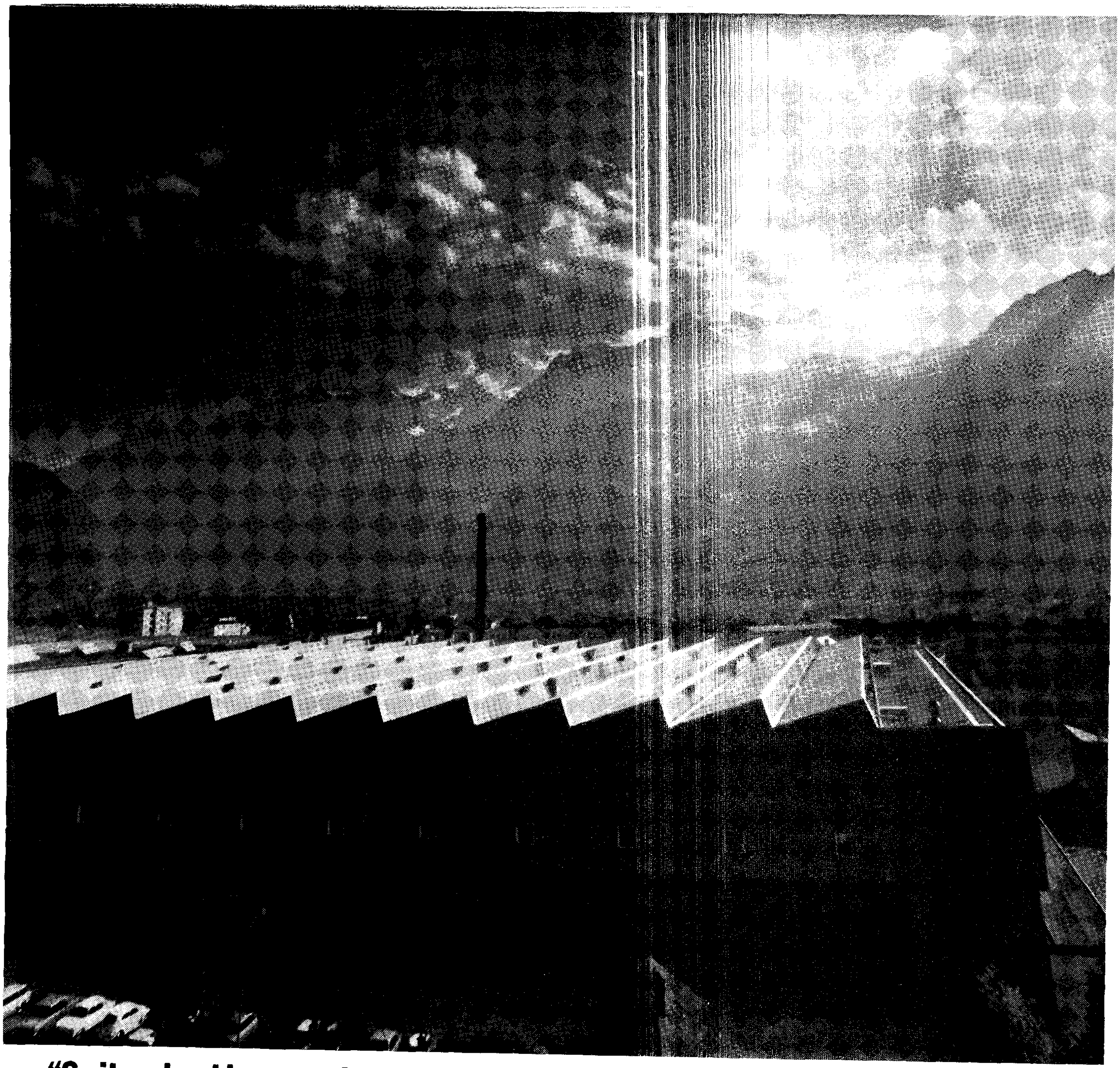
Observing a Great Tradition



Devon, $10.

The Worcester collection of glass-bottom English pewter tankards features a truly outstanding value: THE DEVON. Authentic lines shape Imperial Pint 20-ounce capacity; style #101. At your jewelers or write

Royal Worcester Porcelain Co.
11 E. 26th St., New York, N.Y. 10010



"Switzerland is so quaint, with all its cozy little chalets nestled in the alps..."

There are times and places for everything. Places where those charming chalets cluster in bucolic innocence. But the times begged for more. So we responded with modern hotels, scores of manufacturing plants and the hydroelectric stations to run them.

When you're heavily involved in international commerce you can't operate out of a chalet. After all, we have a pretty big responsibility. To perpetuate a centuries-old reputation for unrivalled excellence.

A country that has to buy its raw materials has greater respect for what should be done with them. And we do it.

The Swiss Industries Group, c/o The Swiss Center,
608 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020.

I am particularly interested in knowing more about Swiss quality products and services.

Name________________________________.

Street________________________________.

City____________ State________ Zip_______.

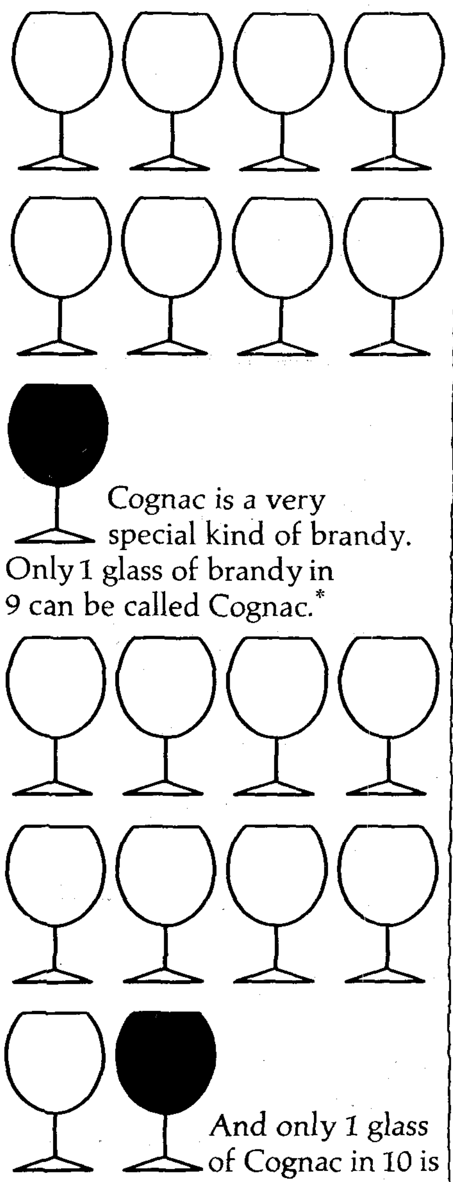
When it comes to Quality we're not so Quaint

The Swiss Industries Group

Bally, Inc., Chocolat Tobler American Corporation, Swissair, Swiss Bank Corporation, Swiss Bankers Association, Swiss National Tourist Office, The Swiss Wine Bureau, Switzerland Cheese Association, Incorporated, The Watchmakers of Switzerland Information Center, Inc.

Cabinet headed by the civilian Prime Minister Tran Van Huong—is led by Tran Thien Khiem, who, like Thieu, is a former general, and who has retained the important post of Minister of the Interior, which he held in the previous Cabinet. Although Khiem has played an increasingly important administrative role over the past year, Thieu has run the government virtually by himself, and, in fact, this was one of the sources of conflict between him and Huong, whom the Americans wanted to see stay on, chiefly because he was a respected Southerner and not a military man. Thieu is expected to dominate the new Cabinet—a mixture of politicians and technicians, including nine holdovers—at least as strongly as he dominated the old one. Despite his comradeship-in-arms with Khiem (actually, Khiem outranked the President militarily, four stars to three), the two men have some long-standing differences, involving earlier political rivalries and loyalties, and the Vietnamese, who tend to remember such things, and who think along divisive lines anyway, are already envisaging a new power struggle. This does not seem likely to occur immediately, but it may come about in time, depending on how pliant Khiem proves to be as Prime Minister—a position that, under the constitution, makes him, in effect, only the executor of the President's policies.

In announcing the formation of the new Cabinet, Thieu declared that the step had three objectives: to enlarge the Cabinet, thereby increasing political representation; to make it more efficient; and to improve relations between the executive and the legislative branches. It promises to be more efficient in some respects—particularly in the areas of finance and economy, where two men regarded as experts in their fields, plus two able new under-secretaries, have been named, and in foreign affairs, where Senator Tran Van Lam, a wealthy Southerner with previous diplomatic experience, replaces Tran Chanh Thanh, who was neither very effective nor very popular. Another important Southern addition is Nguyen Luu Vien, who for the third time in the last five years has been named both Deputy Prime Minister and Minister for Education. In what is largely a pro-Thieu lineup, and has strong overtones of the former Diem regime, there are only two well-known men who can be said to represent a liberal outlook—Dr. Phan Quang Dan and Nguyen Tien Hy, who are both Ministers of State Without Portfolio. There are also a few liberals in lesser



Cognac is a very special kind of brandy. Only 1 glass of brandy in 9 can be called Cognac.*

And only 1 glass of Cognac in 10 is Fine Champagne Cognac. By French law it must come only from the tiny "Champagne of Cognac" region where the best of all Cognac is produced.

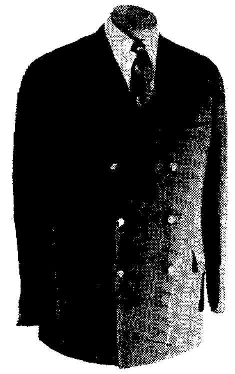
Every glass of Remy Martin is not just Cognac. It is Fine Champagne Cognac (V.S.O.P., of course). We produce nothing of lesser quality.

FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
V.S.O.P.
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
E. Rémy Martin & C°
COGNAC
REMY MARTIN

*Based on import figures indicating usage in the U.S.

REMY MARTIN

80 Proof. Renfield Importers, Ltd., New York



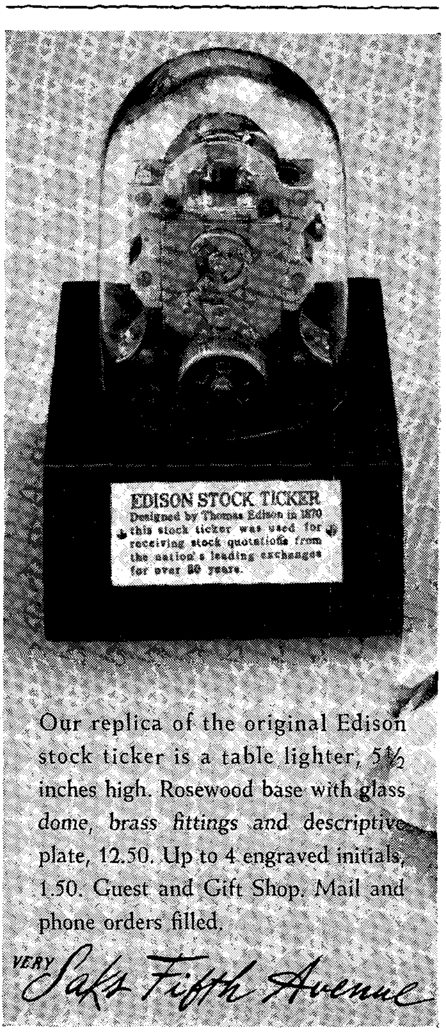
Captain...my Captain

Sail into any party in triumph in this Fall weight, double-breasted Navy blazer of finest English Doeskin Flannel. Impeccably made and only from Langrock in natural shoulder, soft drape construction. Glorious brass buttons. Deep center vent. Yours for just **$125.**

TIE to sail along with your blazer-White sails on Navy, or gold or maroon on Navy. Pure English silk for only $7.

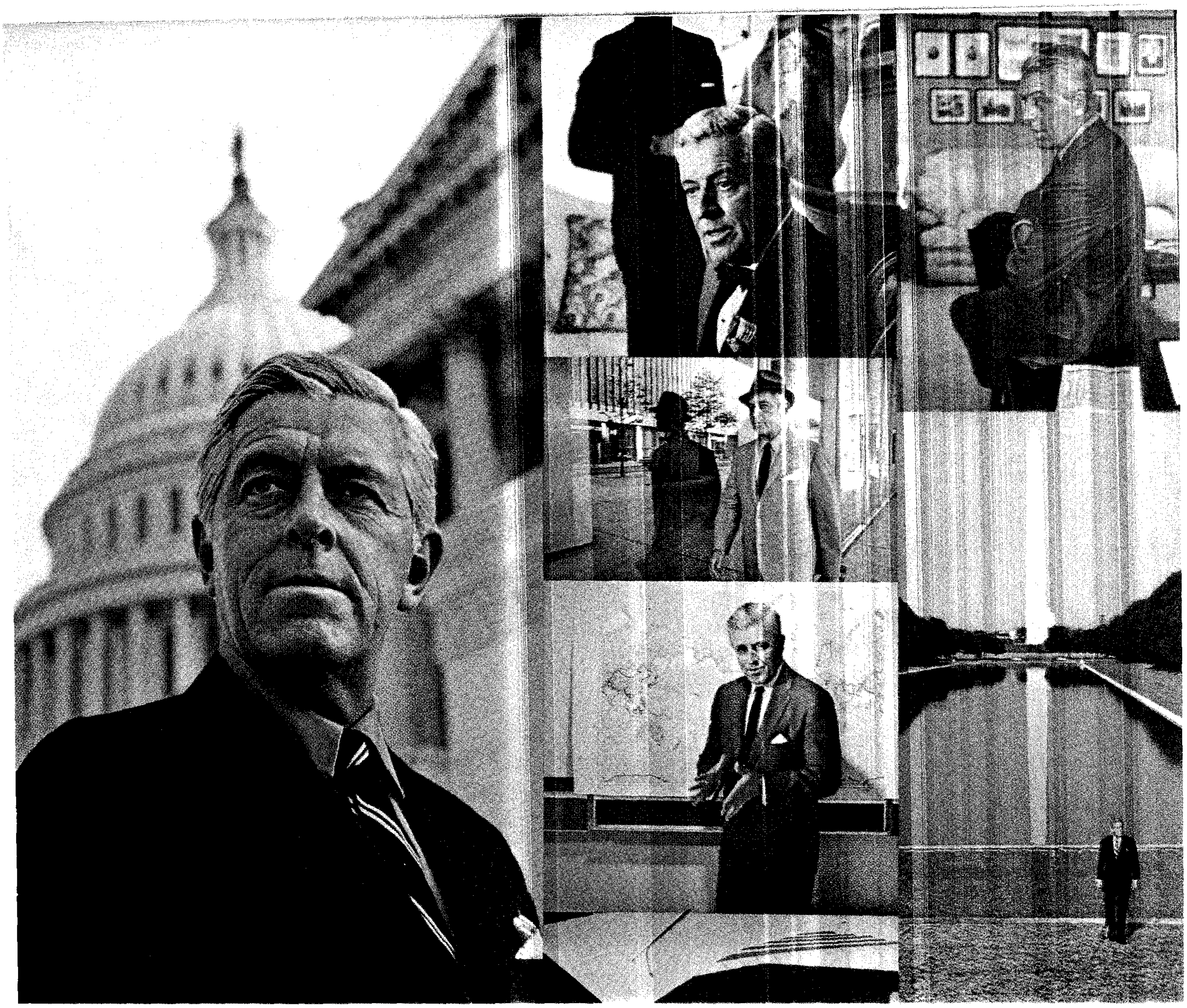
Order now by mail, telephone 609-924-2424 or visit....

Langrock
42 Nassau Street
Princeton, New Jersey 08540 *Since 1896*


EDISON STOCK TICKER
Designed by Thomas Edison in 1870 this stock ticker was used for receiving stock quotations from the nation's leading exchanges for over 80 years.

Our replica of the original Edison stock ticker is a table lighter, 5½ inches high. Rosewood base with glass dome, brass fittings and descriptive plate, 12.50. Up to 4 engraved initials, 1.50. Guest and Gift Shop. Mail and phone orders filled.

VERY *Saks Fifth Avenue*



The $1 Man

When this man was offered the chance to serve in Washington, he accepted gladly. Even though it meant a salary cut of $124,999.

In addition, he was requested to place certain of his holdings into trust. Instead, he elected to place them all into trust. He wanted to free himself from his personal financial affairs...and give full time to his new job.

So he came to the Chemical Bank Personal Trust Department. After we determined his objectives, he left the managing of his money up to our discretion in order to avoid any conflict of interest with his new government position. Under the close supervision of a personal trust officer, our professionals invest his cash. Exercise his options. Cut his coupons. Trade his securities. And, in short, work to make his assets grow.

If you have better things to do than manage your money, contact the professional money-managers in our Trust Department. The fee is mostly tax-deductible. For a confidential interview, call Mr. Hawes at (212) 922-4412.

When your needs are financial, the reaction is Chemical.

Chemical Bank

Personal Trust Department, 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

Monte Carlo. Ours. All seventeen scrumptious feet of it.

The 350-cubic-inch base V8 is ours.

The power disc brakes are ours.

Those big high-powered headlights are ours.

The deep twist carpeting, the thick foam-cushioned seats, the quiet electric clock. All ours.

The 116-inch wheelbase that helps give the Monte Carlo a kind of maneuverability you'd never expect to find in a car of this kind is ours.

The 5-foot front tread is ours. For super stability out on the road.

The extra body insulation, the front and rear armrests, the simulated wood burl accents on the instrument panel: Ours, ours, ours.

Ah but here comes the sad part,

Relax, Chevrolet dealers

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

gentlemen.

Here comes the part about price.

Not ten grand, like some luxury cars we know. Not six or five, like we've been told it looks.

The fact is, anybody who can afford a new Chevrolet can afford a new Monte Carlo.

And you know what that means.

It means we're going to have one heckuva hard time keeping these beautiful cars to ourselves.

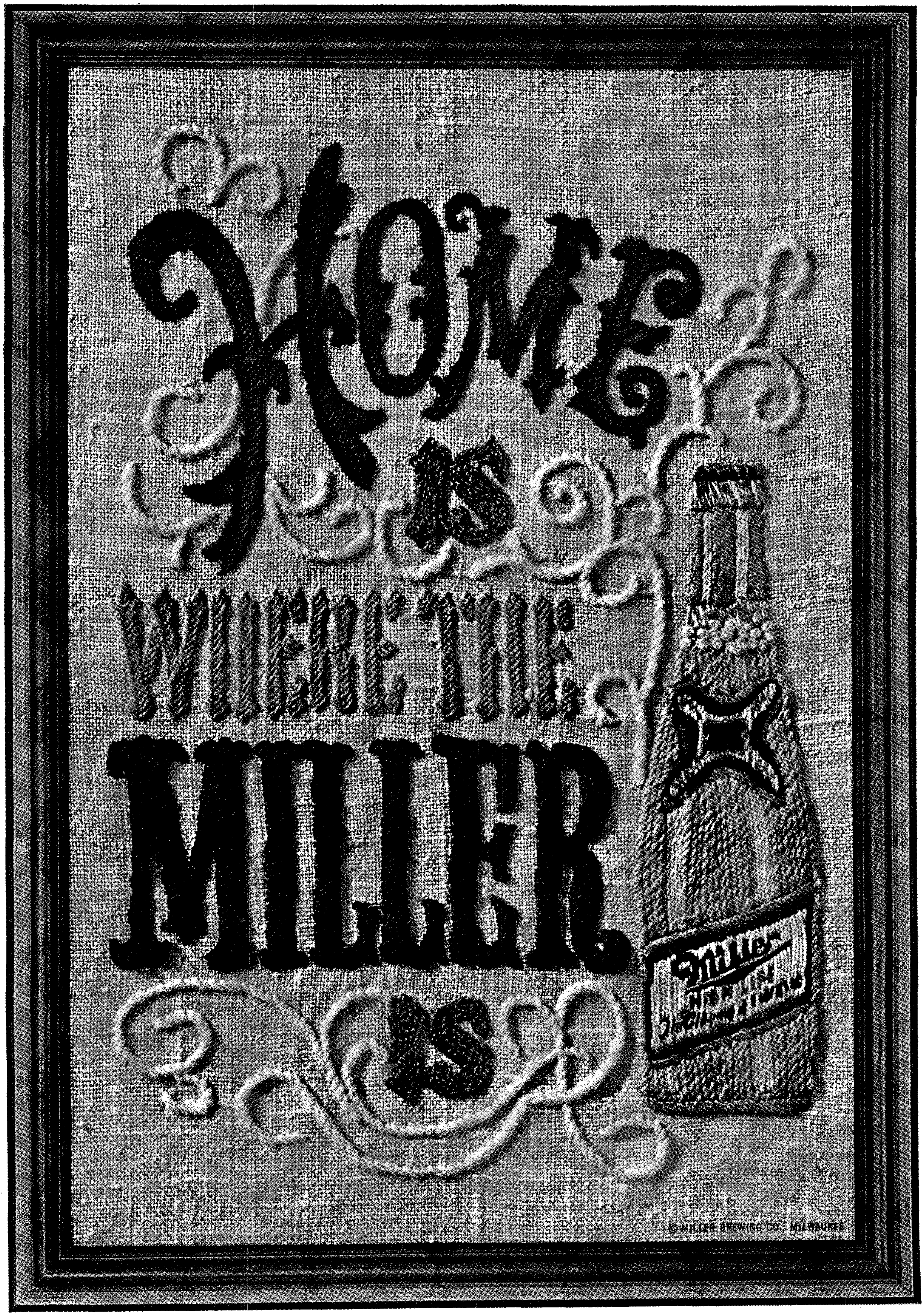
Right, America?

Putting you first, keeps us first.

On the move:
The Chevrolet '70s.

CHEVROLET

It's one of ours.


HOME
IS
WHERE THE
MILLER
IS
Miller
HIGH LIFE
Milwaukee
© MILLER BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE

For a printed facsimile of this *sentimental* message send 30¢ to:
M & A Co., Dept. NY69, P.O. Box 333, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Offer void in states where prohibited by law.

posts, such as the Minister of Land Reform, Agriculture, and Fisheries, Cao Van Than, a holdover from the previous Cabinet. Dr. Dan is something of a maverick; last year, he was ousted as Minister of Open Arms—the department in charge of returnees from the Communist areas and defecting Vietcong and North Vietnamese—when he advocated direct peace talks with the National Liberation Front prior to Thieu's adopting much the same policy. It seems doubtful, however, whether Dr. Dan will do much more than contribute some liberal window dressing, and an announcement by Thieu that former Prime Minister Huong will remain an adviser to the President seems a mere sop to the Southern group that supported him and to the Americans. As for Thieu's desire to better his relations with the National Assembly, relations between the executive branch and the legislature were until recently downright bad, and while they have begun to improve, they are still far from good. At Thieu's behest, an attempt to form a majority bloc in both houses of the Assembly is being made by Senator Dang Van Sung, a newspaper publisher and veteran politician, but it has so far failed, chiefly because Sung has run into trouble among Thieu's own friends in the House, and because he himself and some other senators are skeptical about Thieu's willingness to coöperate on a practical give-and-take basis.

The word one hears most often nowadays in Vietnam is "sincerity," and it is used mostly about Thieu. Many politicians, whether in or out of office, and a number of prominent independent men, like General Minh, feel that Thieu's main purpose at present is to guarantee his reëlection as President in 1971 (assuming that there isn't an election sooner, under a different dispensation, as a result of some sort of compromise with the Communists). Such people almost unanimously mistrust Thieu's advances to them as being hedged by his wanting, in effect, to sign them up as part of his "team" without either explaining his program or making it clear whether they will be allowed to retain their own independent voices. Thieu has done this, inadvertently or purposely, even with members of the National Social Democratic Front, which is a six-party group he created as a pro-government force, and which has so far proved ineffective, as Thieu himself admits, because of rivalries and jealousies among the six party leaders—rivalries that he himself could resolve if he really

Do men really enjoy living in a home with a female personality?

by George Kovacs

It's true isn't it? Women pick most of the things which give a home its personality.

And men pay for it. In more ways than one.

Very female.

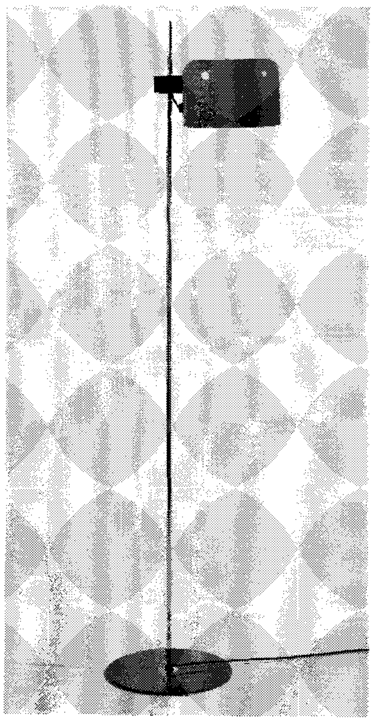
Take a lamp, for instance. To a woman a lamp has form, texture and color. And incidentally a bulb.

Which means you're liable to end up living with a formful, texturful, colorful something that's incidentally a lamp.

That's where men come in. Function. Like making sure that the lamp was designed to put out enough light in the right places. And that it's built right so it'll keep doing it for a good long time.

In case you think that's a minor role, just go to the Museum of Modern Art and look at those great classic designs where form followed function. Where beauty comes from the functional solution.

And those designs aren't female. Nor male. But a sensitive marriage of both.



Perfect marriage.

If you'd like to see a book full of lamps designed that way, including some which were selected for exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, send 25¢ to me, George Kovacs, Dept. N-112, 831 Madison Avenue, New York City 10021.

You might find a personality you'll enjoy living with.

KING CHRISTIAN HOTEL
ST. CROIX, VIRGIN ISLANDS

A luxury hotel
on Christiansted Harbor
Private Balconies • Swimming Pool
Danish Colonial Charm

For Reservations or Information contact:
Daniel D. Miller, Inc.
420 Lex. Ave., N.Y., N.Y. • (212) LE 2-7700

HOTEL Meurice

Centrally located two blocks off Fifth Ave. Around the corner from Central Park. Unusually large, tastefully furnished accommodations.
Singles from $15.00.
Doubles from $20.00.
Suites from $25.00.

145 WEST 58th STREET
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

Air Conditioned
212-247-7440

How 5 simple steps can start a portfolio of as little as $5,000 working toward capital growth

Here is all you have to do to begin benefiting from the Danforth Associates Investment Management Plan:

1. Write us now for a 42-page booklet describing this tested plan. No obligation. No one will call you. We serve clients all over the world (in at least 55 countries) solely by correspondence.

2. Study our methods and goals. See how we will try to help your money grow by carefully selecting and supervising your investments in leading common stocks. Compare the 10-year "Performance Record" of all the funds we have managed.

3. Send us a "Request Form" telling the amount of cash or securities you want us to manage, how you want dividends and fees handled and, if you wish, a little data on your own financial plans.

4. Open your own account with a large NYSE Member Firm which has one office serving Danforth clients only. Deposit your cash and/or securities in this account and give them limited power to accept instructions from us – with all transactions to be made only in your name.

5. From here on, our analysts will make decisions to try to help your capital grow as fast as possible consistent with reasonable precautions. As in any selection of investments, losses do and will occur, but you will know their decisions promptly. You receive monthly accountings and quarterly evaluations. You can withdraw at any time.

The plan thus far has proved, we believe, especially efficient in providing capital growth supervision to portfolios starting with from $5,000 to $50,000. To take your first step now, simply write "send booklet" with your name and address and mail to Dept. H-75.

DANFORTH ASSOCIATES
WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS., U.S.A. 02181
Investment Management • *Incorporated 1936*

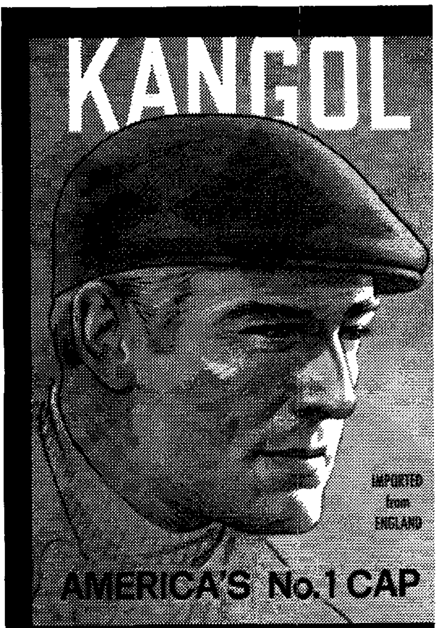
wanted to. One American observer said recently, "Thieu has developed the clay-pigeon technique to a fine art—he makes a public show of dealing with men whose coöperation he says he wants but of whom he is basically afraid, and he shoots them down by arousing their skepticism and then putting out rumors of their unwillingness to coöperate." This happened a few weeks ago with General Minh (or Big Minh, as he is known, because he is unusually large for a Vietnamese). The Palace let it be known that Minh had come to see Thieu, whereas Thieu had actually paid Minh a visit at the latter's home in Saigon, at which time Minh's participation in the possible advisory council was reportedly discussed. In reality, Minh later revealed that Thieu did not say a word about such a job, and the two men did little more than exchange amenities for three-quarters of an hour. It may be that Thieu—who, it should be said, has just as much right to mistrust the sincerity of others as they have to mistrust his—was testing Minh's willingness to work with him, and it may be that he was "clay-pigeoning" Minh by floating reports that would inevitably place Minh in an embarrassing position. It is still possible that Minh may play some sort of role in the government, but, like several other Vietnamese I have talked with who are willing to work with Thieu, he is reluctant to take on some ill-defined assignment unless Thieu not only is serious about listening to advice but is genuinely willing to change his mind on such vital questions as the strategy for negotiations and for peace. "If he is simply looking for yes-men, whom he can listen to or ignore at will, then I want no part of it," one of these men has said. "On the other hand, if he is sincere, and is not simply trying to neutralize me in case I want to run for President, then I'm ready to join him, because right now it's more important than ever to stand behind a unified policy."

WHEN I spoke with Thieu at the end of August, a few days before he announced the formation of the new Cabinet, he seemed much more self-confident and open in his attitude than the last time I had seen him alone—in January, 1968, not long after he took office. The President is a man who at best is difficult to read, but then so are most Vietnamese, who carry their mutual suspicions to a point beyond the comprehension of Westerners. I observed that if he wished to win

Dear Miss Walker,
I'm having a wonderful vacation and putting work completely out of my mind. The Colonial Inn in Concord has been the highlight of my trip, and I want you to thank your sister's friend for recommending it. In fact, it would be a good spot for our spring sales meeting. It has all the facilities, and it's reasonable – but let's not talk shop. The food is great, *real* New England cooking for a change. (Incidentally, don't let everyone go haywire on lunch hours while I'm away.) I'm getting to be quite a history buff, and this Inn has quite a story of its own . . . which I won't go into because I've already kept you from your work too long.
A.W.T.

P.S. What have you done about the Willard account?

The Colonial Inn
on the green – CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS
Loring N. Grimes, Innkeeper (617) 369-9200



The "shaped" look that puts you first in fashion. Original and authentically British. Tailored of 100% Virgin wool. Soft and durable for long wear. In 10 standout color tones. Sizes 6⅝ to 7¾

about $4.95

Dept. N at your favorite store, or write
E. STERN & CO. 1333 Broadway, N.Y. 18, N.Y.

Why is the Bavarian Motor Works sending the 2500/2800 BMW's to America?

Because America asked us to. When we introduced the BMW 1600 a couple of years ago, and later the BMW 2002, we were filling a very special niche in the market. We were answering a demand for small, handy, high-performance, high-quality cars that simply did not exist before we built them.

The response was overwhelming. From the public and from the critics of the automotive press.

Now there's another need. For a larger car that combines the ultimate in passenger comfort with the brawn, dash, and incredible maneuverability of a BMW sports sedan.

To satisfy this demand, the Bavarian Motor Works introduces the revolutionary 6-cylinder BMW's. The new 2500's and 2800's are full-size, roomy, with elegant styling and fine materials. Yet they're very fast, with amazing acceleration and cruising speeds up to 130 miles per hour. To cruise at such speeds is possible only because of BMW's famous road-holding ability. In Germany they have a saying: The BMW suspension is much faster than even the engine itself.

If all this sounds remarkable, it is. But when you consider the 50-year traditions of the Bavarian Motor Works, it's just what you might expect. After all, BMW has built engines from one cylinder to 24, we have set speed and endurance records in the air and on the water as well as on the ground. The first jet to fly carried our white-and-blue insignia, and so do the finest motorcycles on the road.

And now we invite you to test-drive our most outstanding achievement, the 6-cylinder BMW's. You'll find it hard to believe. But remember, America. You asked for it.

SEE THE COMPLETE LINE OF EXCITING NEW BMW'S.

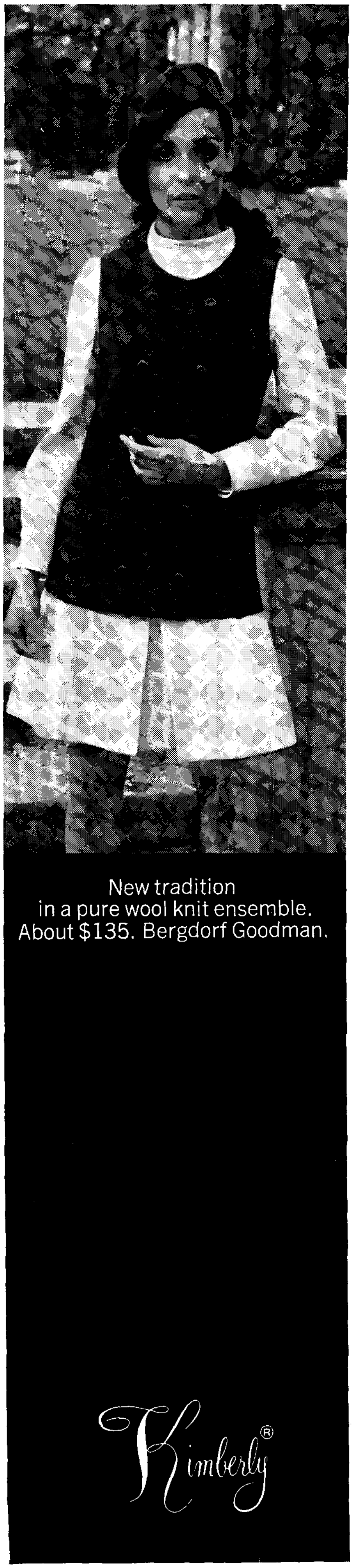
1600 2-door	$2727
2002 2-door*	$2982
2000 4-door*	$4140
2500 4-door* **	$5284
2800 4-door* **	$6284
2800 Coupe* **	$7480

*Available with automatic shift.
**Available with power steering.

U.S. Importer: Hoffman Motors Corporation, 375 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y., 1862 S. LaCienega Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. Dealers coast to coast.

Bavarian Motor Works

BMW



New tradition
in a pure wool knit ensemble.
About $135. Bergdorf Goodman.

Kimberly®

the confidence of the American public and also of more of the Vietnamese, it seemed apparent that he would need to broaden the base of his government, including in it representatives of as many different religious and political groups as possible, and especially groups like the Buddhists, who had mass support. Thieu agreed. He also agreed that it was important to move quickly to improve his relations with the National Assembly, and to create an advisory council for negotiations which would include some American advisers, so that a consistent policy for peace could be devised. He planned to do this "as soon as possible," he said. The trouble was, he explained, that he had to be convinced of other people's "good intentions." We spoke specifically of the Buddhists of the An Quang Pagoda, whose political leader, Thich Thien Minh, had been jailed by Thieu's police for harboring deserters and pro-Vietcong elements in his Buddhist Youth Headquarters, and whose spiritual leader, Thich Tri Quang, I had spoken with a few days earlier.

Tri Quang had made it clear to me, in a characteristically elliptical fashion, that the Buddhists of the An Quang group had no intention of collaborating with the Thieu government under any circumstances—whether Thich Thien Minh was released or not, or whether Thieu gave An Quang a charter of its own under which to operate, or met any of its other conditions, such as a Cabinet post for a man designated as a friend of the pagoda. "You Americans simply do not understand," Tri Quang had told me. "It is a matter of lack of trust, of our having no hope of anything from this government. It is not a matter of making conditions. After all the money you have spent, and all the men you have had killed and wounded here in Vietnam, you still fail to realize that Thieu and his people are removed from the masses, that you have lost the revolution you thought you were helping win for us in 1963." (At that time, Tri Quang was the man who sparked the Buddhist revolt that led to the overthrow of Diem, and eventually, when Diem's brother Ngo Dinh Nhu ordered military and police attacks on the pagodas, he took refuge in the American Embassy.) When I left Tri Quang, there was no doubt in my mind that, like Ky, though for altogether different reasons, he was determined to sit things out—to wait for the government to fall in one way or another *and for a fresh revolutionary opportunity* to occur. His own position, however, seemed to have changed since the Struggle Movement of 1966, when Ky, then Prime Minister, defeated and dispersed the Buddhists. Whereas Tri Quang had then been willing to cooperate with the Communists, and had even allowed his movement to be openly infiltrated by them, he now seemed a true independent neutralist.

President Thieu, as I spoke with him about the An Quang problem, seemed willing to release Thich Thien Minh from prison if the An Quang bonzes were "sincere," and he intimated that he would even free Truong Dinh Dzu, the man who ran second to him in the Presidential election of 1967, and who had then been in jail for more than a year because he recommended a coalition government. Dzu, who has become at least as much of a *cause célèbre* in America as he is in Vietnam, could go free, Thieu indicated, if he would write a letter of "clarification"—by which he obviously meant "apology," since the word "coalition" is still taboo in South Vietnam, and any newspaper that uses it can be banned and any person advocating it can be jailed. (The word "reconciliation" is permissible, however.) I left Thieu with the word "sincere" ringing in my ears.

THE official American establishment in Vietnam, which was more responsible than the Vietnamese themselves for what many consider the premature creation of the "legal," constitutional Second Republic in 1966-67, feels that Thieu has come a remarkably long way since he took office, and it is reluctant to push him hard now. "If you demand too many things too quickly, he just backs away and moves more slowly," one high-ranking American says. Ambassador Bunker has a close personal relationship with Thieu, and, in the opinion of a number of Americans, is too sympathetically aware of Thieu's problems and too attuned to his personality. Some of these same Americans, and a great many Vietnamese as well, firmly believe that at this eleventh hour the United States should take the utmost advantage of its leverage—threats of faster troop withdrawals, promises of future aid—to force Thieu to do things that are necessary. They feel that since he lacks both a firm policy

Life at sea is like nothing on earth.

A smiling British officer welcomes you aboard. Corks pop. Bands play. Streamers fly.

Now, the whistle booms and the great white ship slips away from land. Away from the hectic and the humdrum, into a world of sun and sea.

You sail to places you once only dreamed about. To Europe or the Caribbean. To the South Pacific or the Orient. Around the Pacific or all around the World.

You stretch out, relaxed, on a warm deck and suddenly, nothing on earth matters.

You see the sun as you've never seen it before—dazzling across the smooth sapphire of the sea. And you discover how carefree life can be, surrounded by people who are actually eager to please you.

You're in the world of P & O. And it's like nothing on earth!

FREE! "The Six Worlds of P & O"—48 pages packed with everything you need to know to turn your next vacation into a sea-going adventure. For 4 days or 4 months.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

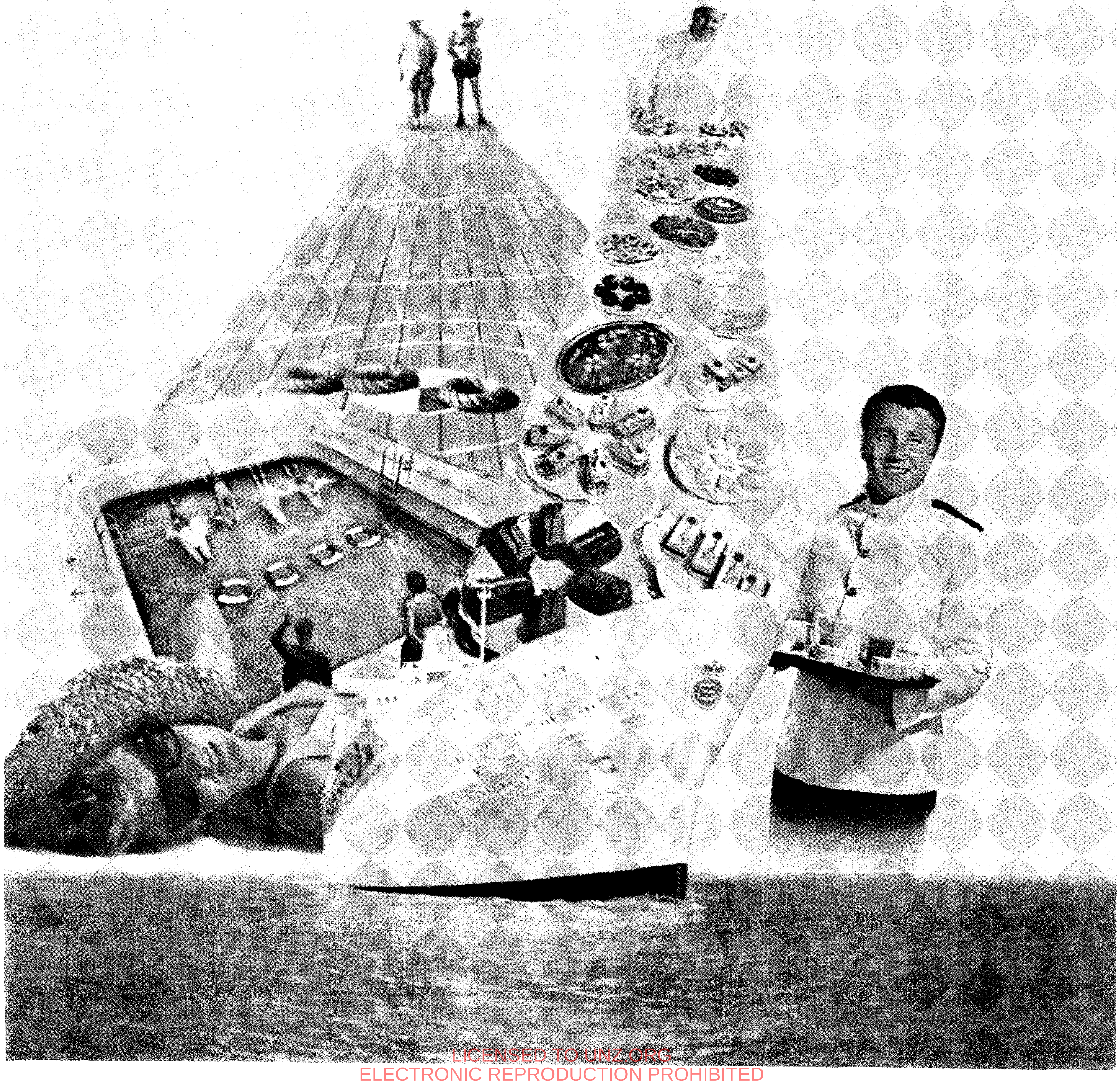
City/State/Zip ____________________

My Travel Agent is ____________________

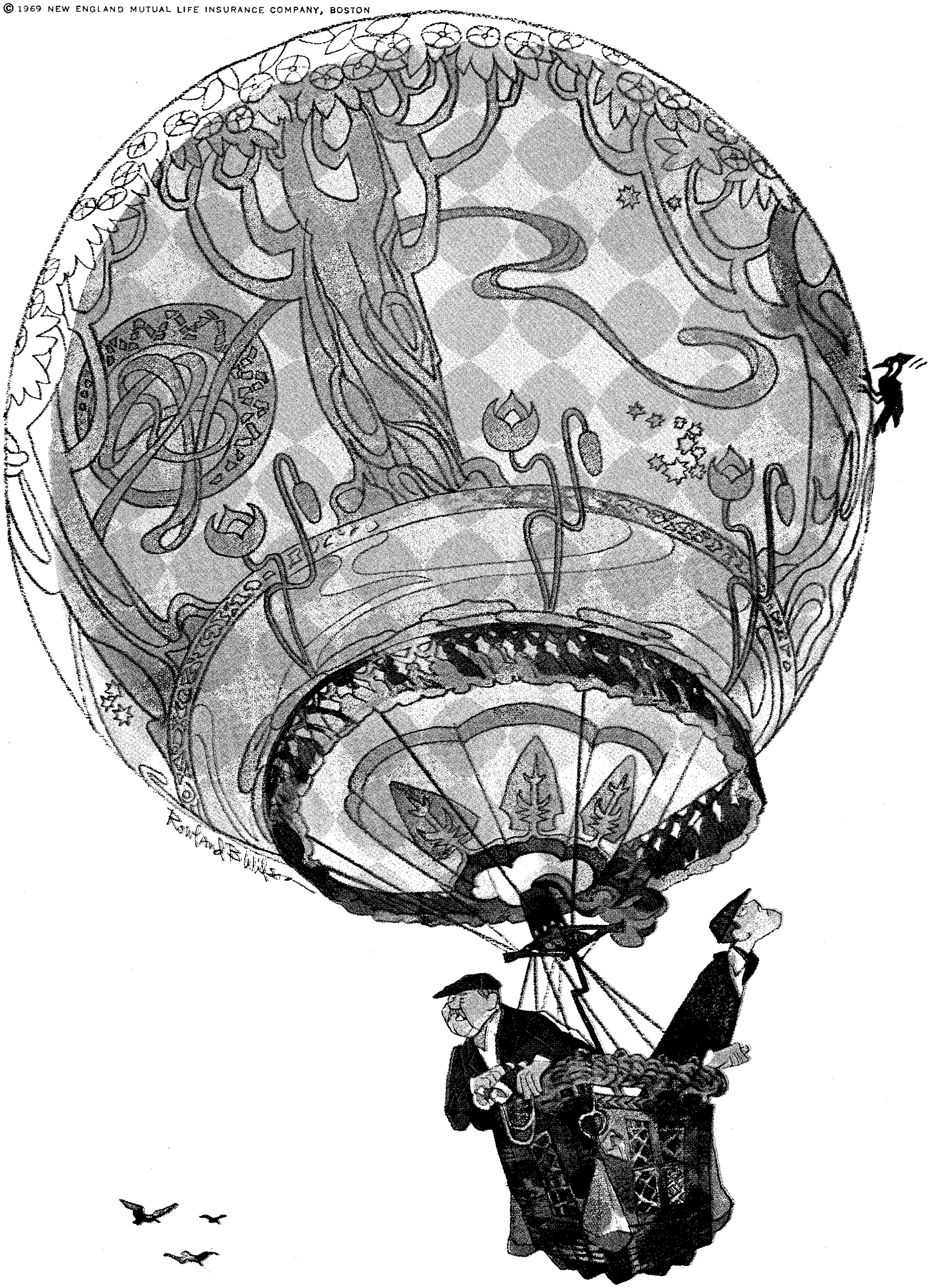
P & O Lines
Dept. S1
155 Post Street
San Francisco
CA 94104

P&O

Sailing the seven seas under the British flag since 1837



© 1969 NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, BOSTON



"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

and a strategy for negotiations, and has not succeeded in establishing anything remotely resembling a national consensus, he must at least be persuaded to let others help him achieve these things, or let them make the effort on their own, under his supervision. A Vietnamese senator who is both consistently critical of us and deeply pro-American said to me the other day, "The trouble with you Americans is that you have confused legality with legitimacy. These are two different things, and it's something the Communists know much better than either of us. Legality is simply a form. Legitimacy is based on the formulation of a sound national policy—which we lack—and the ability to get it approved. We have produced some ideas and many plans and projects—for pacification, for land reform, for village autonomy, and so on—and some of them have begun to work, on a limited scale. But we still have no philosophy of government, no fundamental sense of the direction in which we are going, and, above all, no system of political organization, which must inevitably begin at the bottom."

The Americans have tended to compound the problem with their computers, grinding out data on how many hamlets and villages are in what category of combined security and development, ranging in scale from A (the best) to E (the worst, except for V, which means Communist-controlled). Thus, it is officially proclaimed today by both the South Vietnamese government and the Americans that nearly eighty-five per cent of the country's population is under either complete or partial government control, and it is true that in the last few months increasing numbers of people have left Communist-dominated areas and—for whatever combination of reasons, which may include higher Communist taxation, insufficient food, and the conscription of young people into Communist military or labor ranks—moved into regions that are more or less controlled by the government, or where there is at least some government presence. It is also true that the roles of the chiefs of nineteen hundred villages (there are about twenty-five hundred villages in South Vietnam) where elections have now been held, under government auspices, have been so greatly enhanced that these chiefs and their councils operate locally with near autonomy; they have been given their own locally elected development teams and have also been given control over those trained and sent in from outside, such as rural-de-

the shirt to wear on week-end safaris
—Wallachs sees it behind the wheel of a sports car, lolling in the late summer sun at the tennis stadium and elsewhere . . . *anywhere* you find fashion-minded men. New Safari Shirt of pure 2 ply mercerized cotton is fashioned with a large and long-pointed collar, flapped, inverted pleat breast pockets, yoke back. Navy or chamois. Sizes S,M,L,XL. 22.00.

wallachs

Fine stores for men in New Jersey, Connecticut. New York, Massachusetts.
Mail orders: 32-36 47th Ave., Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.
Add 75¢ outside Met. N. Y.

100% Blended Scotch Whiskies. 86.8 Proof. Sole Distributor U.S.A. Munson Shaw Co., N.Y.

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69

The class of '69–or any other year.

THE QUEEN'S AWARD TO INDUSTRY

Do your stock dividends ...Go or ...Grow?

Before you spend it...*profit on the profit* from your stocks and bonds by banking *dividends by mail at The New York Bank* for Savings. Your money will grow—earning more dividends—from the very day it arrives, compounded 4 times a year.

An account in The New York Bank for Savings will be in the one savings bank in *all* New York that's paid dividends for 150 years in a row. And you have a choice of two high dividend-earning accounts. On Regular Savings Accounts our latest dividend is 5% a year. On Day of Deposit to Day of Withdrawal Accounts, our latest dividend is 4¾% a year, provided a minimum balance is maintained to the end of the dividend period. Dividends are compounded quarterly and payable on the last day of quarter.

"It Pays to Save"
THE NEW YORK BANK FOR SAVINGS

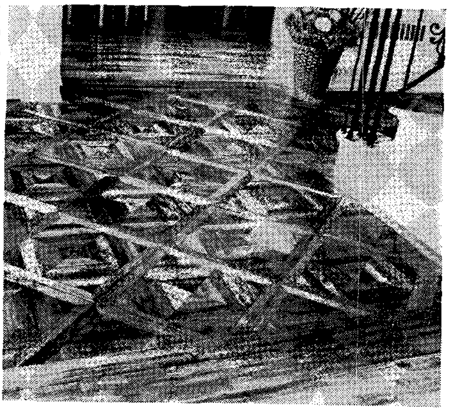
$25,000 or $25, let's welcome you as a depositor. Just attach your check to the coupon. We'll send you a special gift—a ceramic beehive bank and bankbook immediately.

THE NEW YORK BANK FOR SAVINGS
NEW YORK'S OLDEST SAVINGS BANK
Assets over $2 billion
MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

THE NEW YORK BANK FOR SAVINGS NY-20
Park Ave. So. at 22nd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10010
Please open an account as checked and send your ceramic Beehive Bank. Enclosed for deposit is $________
☐ Regular Savings Account
☐ Day of Deposit to Day of Withdrawal Account
☐ Individual Account________
☐ Joint Account with________
☐ Trust Account for________
Name________
Address________
City________State________Zip________

velopment workers, and over the so-called Popular Forces, organized by the government at the provincial or district level. During the village and hamlet elections, which were held over two separate three-month periods during the last two years, some difficulty was experienced in getting enough people to run who were both qualified to serve and willing to take the risk of serving (such officials are highly vulnerable to Vietcong terrorism), but, by and large, the results have been encouraging, and the new degree of spontaneous political participation has proved—as nothing else has had a chance to prove in the six years since the anti-Diem coup—that such measures should have been taken long ago.

Yet all this does not work well enough, because not enough else has been done. As Yeats wrote, "Things fall apart; the center cannot hold;/ Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world." The district chiefs—the echelon between village and province chiefs—are extremely jealous of the new prerogatives given to the village officials, and the district chiefs, who used to be the local bosses, and the province chiefs are still under the thumbs of the cumbersome Saigon bureaucracy or of the generals in their areas. These difficulties were compounded by the too hastily arranged 1967 national elections; neither the sixty senators, chosen on separate slates-at-large, nor the hundred and thirty-seven representatives, who theoretically represent certain areas but mostly paid for their votes at the provincial or district level, have had any sense of responsibility toward specific constituencies. The legitimate questions, then, are: What price the political parties and blocs in Saigon, which are essentially urban intellectual or bourgeois salon organizations, and what price constant Cabinet reshuffles involving faceless men who may have some good ideas but represent no one except themselves and their small circle of friends? This is what the average Vietnamese in the villages and towns is asking himself, and this is one of the principal reasons so many people wonder where their future lies—whether in the rural areas, in the cities, or in limbo. Whatever the weaknesses of the Communists, and however true it may be that in a national election today they would garner only twenty or twenty-five per cent of the total vote, their organizational advantage and their ideological appeal might enable them to win many of the old or new and still uncommitted voters, since they have been forced to



FREE INFORMATION OFFERED ON IMPORTED PARQUETRY FLOORING at COST OF MEDIUM-PRICED CARPET

Now you can enjoy the rich, warm beauty and carefree maintenance of imported parquet wood floors . . . at a cost comparable to medium priced carpet and tile.

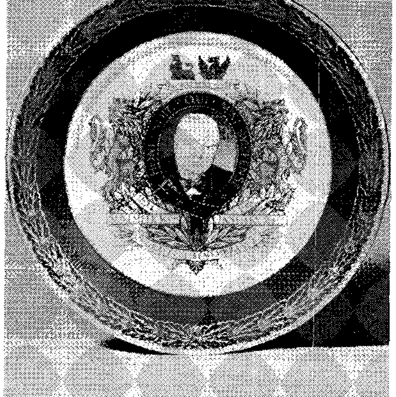
New production methods make available to homeowners, Thai-Teak (Tectona Grandis), Black Karuni, and other magnificent tropical woods at prices you can readily afford.

Write for free full color pamphlet #959.

Thai-Teak® Kerriwood® Karpawood®
SYMBOL OF EXCELLENCE
Black Karuni® Kandatawood® Kasalawood®

BANGKOK INDUSTRIES, INC.
1545 W. Passyunk Ave., Phila., Pa. 19145

Churchill plate



Memorial plate by Spode honors Sir Winston Churchill. Designed with natural color center, deep burgundy and gold border and commemorative inscription on back. Limited, numbered edition. 10½" diameter. $100.

J.E.Caldwell Co.
Founded 1839
PHILADELPHIA, PA. 19107
HAVERFORD, PA. • PLYMOUTH MEETING, PA.
WILMINGTON, DEL. • MOORESTOWN, N.J.

The Koerners aren't trying to save the world. Just a little piece of it.

Romero is a small farm village clinging to the mountains of Colombia, South America. Poverty is extreme. Illiteracy is almost total. Electricity, sanitary facilities and running water are nowhere to be seen, and small children haul water from the river three miles away. There is a school in the district, but convincing parents that education should take precedence over water-hauling is a hard argument to win.

The Fuentes are one of the village families. Poor even by Romero's sub-standards. The mud-brick house with dirt floors they live in isn't even theirs. The two-acre farm behind it provides all the income for the family of nine. Most of the time there isn't enough to go around. Yet, this has been a good year for the Fuentes. Their 7-year-old daughter Luz Marina has been able to stay in school.

This miraculous stroke of luck is because of a family living in New York, who are helping Luz Marina. They're the Koerners. Through Save The Children Federation, they are contributing $15.00 a month to help.

For Richard and Marianne Koerner the $15.00 a month is not an extreme sacrifice. Yet, with three robust boys of their own, there are many ways they could use the money. But Richard, whose job involves foreign travel, doesn't have to imagine the poverty the Fuentes endure. He's seen it. He knows, too, that Save The Children can do a remarkable number of things with the money.

First, Luz Marina's immediate school needs are taken care of. Secondly, funds are available to the family to carry out their self-help plan to raise hens. The eggs will help improve the family diet and increase the family income. Finally, a small portion of the Koerner's contribution, together with money from other sponsors, has been lent to the villagers. With their own hands and sweat, they're building a water storage tank and a pipeline. Hopefully, the new water supply will increase the crop yield and the village's income so that some day they will no longer need help.

Self-help. That's what Save The Children Federation is all about. Although contributions are tax-deductible as a charity, the aim is not merely to buy a child a few hot meals, a new coat, or shoes. Instead, your contribution is used to give people the boost they need to start helping themselves.

Sponsors are desperately needed for children in Korea, Vietnam, Latin America, Africa, Greece, the Middle East, as well as Appalachian and American Indian children. You can select the child's nationality and will receive a photo, regular progress reports and a chance to correspond and visit.

Richard Koerner hopes that one day, one of his business trips will enable him to meet the Fuentes. Many sponsors do visit their children, and tell us that it is one of the most gratifying experiences of their lives.

The Koerners know they can't save the world for $15 a month. Just a small corner of it. But, maybe that is the way to save the world. If there are enough people like the Koerners. How about you?

National Sponsors (partial list):
Faith Baldwin, Hon. James A. Farley, Gene Kelly, Mrs. Eli Lilly, Paul Newman, Mrs. J. C. Penney, Frank Sinatra.

Save The Children Federation, founded in 1932, is registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid.

Save The Children Federation

NORWALK, CONNECTICUT 06852

I WISH TO CONTRIBUTE $180 ANNUALLY TO HELP A CHILD.
☐ WHERE THE NEED IS GREATEST ☐ LATIN AMERICA
☐ AMERICAN INDIAN ☐ APPALACHIA ☐ KOREA ☐ GREECE
☐ VIETNAM ☐ AFRICA ☐ MIDDLE EAST

ENCLOSED IS MY FIRST PAYMENT
☐ $15.00 MONTHLY ☐ $90.00 SEMI-ANNUALLY
☐ $45.00 QUARTERLY ☐ $180.00 ANNUALLY

I CAN'T SPONSOR A CHILD. ENCLOSED IS A CONTRIBUTION OF $__________

☐ PLEASE SEND ME MORE INFORMATION.

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY__________ STATE__________ ZIP______

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE INCOME TAX DEDUCTIBLE NY 9/20/9

SUNNY That's for me! LEE

"The most beautiful dress I ever had"—velveteen with Venise-type lace rushings tied with Swiss embroidered ribbon. Lamp black, ruby red; sizes 3-6X about $18, 7-14 about $21. **Bloomingdale's**, New York; **Filene's**, Boston; **D. H. Holmes**, New Orleans; **Jos. Magnin**, California.

Borgenicht Bros.
520 Eighth Ave.
New York, N.Y.

remain in a political no man's land. Even after Ho's death, many of these people might still prefer to vote for him—or his heirs—out of respect rather than for Nguyen Van Thieu out of apathy.

Belatedly, but perhaps not too belatedly, some Vietnamese and a handful of Americans are trying to build up new popular mass movements in various ways, with modest degrees of success. After long deliberation, Tran Quoc Buu, the head of the Confederation of Vietnamese Workers, has determined to launch a peasants'-and-workers' party. There are a hundred and eighty-five thousand members of Buu's Tenant Farmers' Union, which is the largest of a number of federations that make up the parent body, and there are several hundred experienced organizers among the peasants, who could furnish the nucleus of a solid new political organization at the hamlet and village level. Buu himself has considerable influence among some elements of the Hoa Hao sect and, to a lesser extent, in the Cao Dai. He is one of those national leaders who have been willing to coöperate with Thieu, but, like so many of the others who have regularly visited the Palace, he has felt his relationship with Thieu to be restricted by the members of the President's inner entourage, a group of half a dozen men who have been accused of creating a "fogbank" between Thieu and the many Vietnamese leaders who are more ready to help him than he imagines.

Buu is not the only man who is trying to get a popular movement or party started. Senator Don, who is one of the heads of the Free Veterans' Association (there is now, for the first time, a Ministry of Veterans, headed by a friend of Don's, the retired General Pham Van Dong), has decided to turn his National Salvation Front, established after the 1968 Communist Tet offensive, into a political party. Don, who is currently visiting the United States in his capacity as head of the Senate's Defense Committee, has been setting up chapters of his organization in each province. He also has a chapter of the National Salvation Front among Vietnamese émigrés in Paris, and not long ago this one showed signs of moving toward a pro-French neutralist position—advocating the overthrow of Thieu and the establishment of a Peace Cabinet such as the Communists have demanded. Don quickly dispatched an aide to France, and the move was halted. However, the possibility of a French neutralist ploy, backed financially by a considerable number of

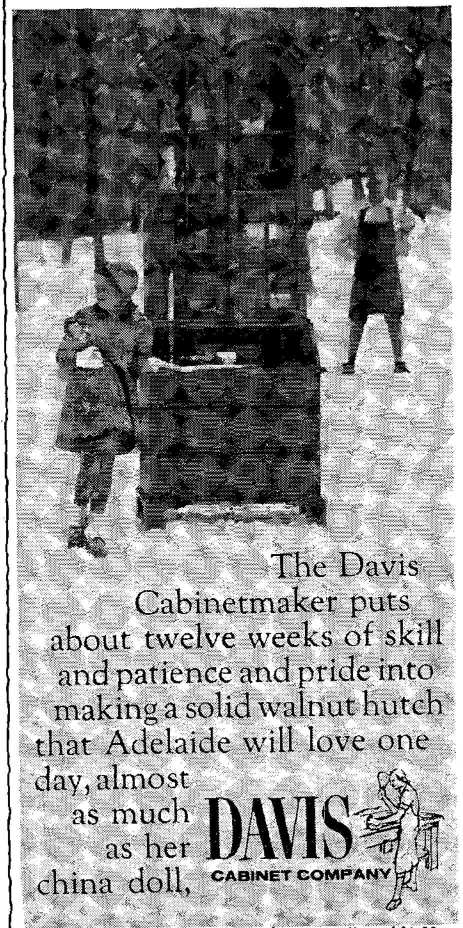
We believe in twogetherness!

So we added a Lodge to Cherry Hill Inn. Your next vacation or visit will be twice as much fun!
NOW! 500 luxury guest rooms
NOW! Twice the fine dining & Cocktail lounging
NOW! Two pools, golf, sports & entertainment

RESERVATIONS & INFORMATION:
PHONE 609-662-7200
DIRECT N.Y. NO. 212-226-2969

Cherry Hill Inn and Lodge

Now! Two of the 7 Wonderful Inns of the World
15 minutes from downtown Philadelphia
4 miles from N.J. Turnpike Exit 4
Route 38, Cherry Hill, N.J.



The Davis Cabinetmaker puts about twelve weeks of skill and patience and pride into making a solid walnut hutch that Adelaide will love one day, almost as much as her china doll,
DAVIS CABINET COMPANY

For "The Story of Solid Wood Furniture" send $1.00 to Dept. NY10, Davis Cabinet Co., Nashville, Tenn.
"Craftsmen of Fine Solid Wood Furniture"

Frenchmen who want to return to Vietnam after a peace settlement, continues to be a favorite subject of café conversation in Saigon. The importance of the veterans, of whom there are now some four hundred thousand, is bound to increase, and Senator Don has taken a special interest in trying to work out programs to obtain housing, rice, and schooling for their families and some assurance of economic survival for their widows. Because so many members of the regular Vietnamese armed forces have behaved in less than exemplary fashion in the villages, and are thus likely to find themselves in a peculiar void when they are demobilized, some American and Vietnamese officials are eager to start a program of "reëducating" these returning soldiers as soon as possible. Their future relationship with the Vietcong soldiers who will also someday return to their native villages gives this program a particular significance. Its political overtones, indeed, are likely to have considerable influence on the unfolding process of accommodation and the ensuing one of competition and possible renewed conflict.

A PROBLEM that plagues South and North Vietnam equally, if in different ways, is agriculture. Last February, after years of procrastination, far-ranging land-reform measures were finally introduced, largely at the urging of Americans, in Saigon's National Assembly, but the landlords are fighting back, and the legislation will probably go through in severely modified form, if and when it is passed. In the North, where full-scale agrarian reforms based on the Chinese system of collectivization led to the killing of many thousands of rebellious peasants in the early and middle nineteen-fifties, a new program to spur agricultural production through the establishment of revived coöperatives has run into multiple snags, and these are causing the North Vietnamese rulers their greatest headache at the moment. The agricultural crisis in North Vietnam is exacerbated by the fact that, owing to bad weather, the last really good harvest was a decade ago. Other important factors are the lack of trained administrative personnel, the deterioration of irrigation systems, a drastic shortage of equipment, and, finally, the ideological differences between Le Duan, the Party's First Secretary, and Truong Chinh—who, as Chairman of the Standing Committee of Hanoi's National Assembly, has been generally regarded as No. 3 man—the two most

Our at-home suit relaxes in velour

What a perfect marriage—cotton velour and leisure. Designed with a deep zip-front pullover. Matching pants with bold stripe. Discover what it is like to relax in absolute comfort. Olive with black stripe, brown with gold, navy with red or red with navy. S, M, L, XL, $37.50

Whitehouse & Hardy

In New York: 681 Fifth Avenue at 54th Street
Rockefeller Plaza at 50th Street
341 Madison Avenue at 44th Street

Alitalia's $579 3-week tour of Portugal, Spain and Morocco has no name.

It's simply Alitalia's $579 3-week tour of Portugal, Spain and Morocco.

Send in the coupon and find out what's in a name. (Price includes all travel and accommodations, sightseeing in 26 places and most meals.)

☐ Portugal, Spain & Morocco, 3 weeks, from $579.

Other Extra-Value-Vacation Tours. ☐ Portugal & Madeira, 2 weeks from $315. ☐ Portugal & Spain, 2 weeks, from $429. ☐ Italy (Group), 2 weeks, $499. ☐ Italy (Independent), 2 weeks, from $587. ☐ Italy & Switzerland, 3 weeks, $599. ☐ Italy & Greece, 2 weeks, $699. ☐ European Shrines, 2 weeks, $599. ☐ Europe on the Town, 3 weeks, from $799. ☐ Holy Land, 2 weeks, from $774.

Super-Value-Vacations for Bargain-Hunters. Sun & Fun – Italy, Portugal & Spain, 2 or 3 weeks, from $339. ☐ Italy, 2 or 3 weeks, from $360. ☐ Portugal & Spain, 2 or 3 weeks, from $300.

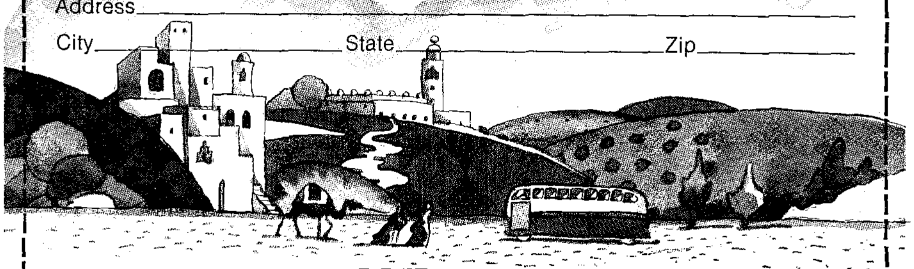
Other Alitalia Tours. ☐ Seascapes ☐ Africa

For free brochure on Alitalia tours, see your travel agent or mail coupon to Alitalia Tours, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City__________ State__________ Zip__________



ALITALIA AIRLINES

NY-P-S-M-9-20

Prices based on 21/14 day round-trip jet economy tour basing fares from New York for groups of 15 or more. Bookings and a 25% deposit must be made 30 days in advance.

Crompton is Velvet.

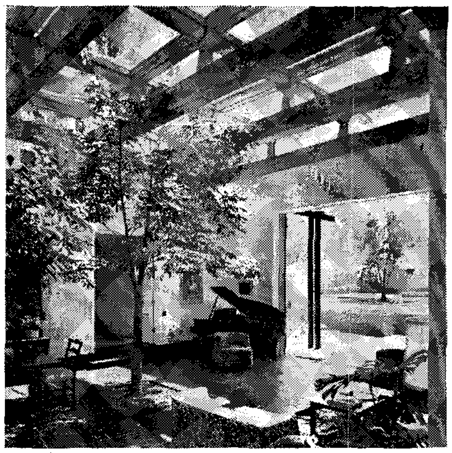
Barbarella knows. That's why they chose Crompton rippled rayon velvet to create this opulent evening pantsuit. In black or brown with ecru colored satin blouse. Sizes 6-14. About $145.* At B. Altman & Co., New York; Hutzler's, Baltimore; Dayton's Minneapolis; J. W. Robinson Co., Los Angeles.

CROMPTON-RICHMOND COMPANY-INC.,
1071 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS,
NEW YORK 10018.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE REGENCY.
*PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

likely antagonists if there is a new power struggle. The North Vietnamese press and radio have not hesitated to admit, with astonishing frankness, the existence of the worsening problems and shortcomings. A recent editorial in the official Party newspaper, *Nhan Dan,* for example, acknowledged that "the technical revolution has not been properly and comprehensively developed, little improvement has been achieved in management tasks, no great results have been obtained from capital investments, the collective economy has not been properly strengthened, and democratic activities have not been duly developed." An earlier editorial noted that "the revolution in implements is a basic, lasting problem." Despite the fact that almost all local industry, and some centralized industry in the Hanoi area as well, has been diverted to the manufacture of agricultural equipment, agricultural production has continued to lag, and, for that matter, industrial production has made such small gains as to be negligible, especially when the inflation plaguing both North and South Vietnam is taken into account.

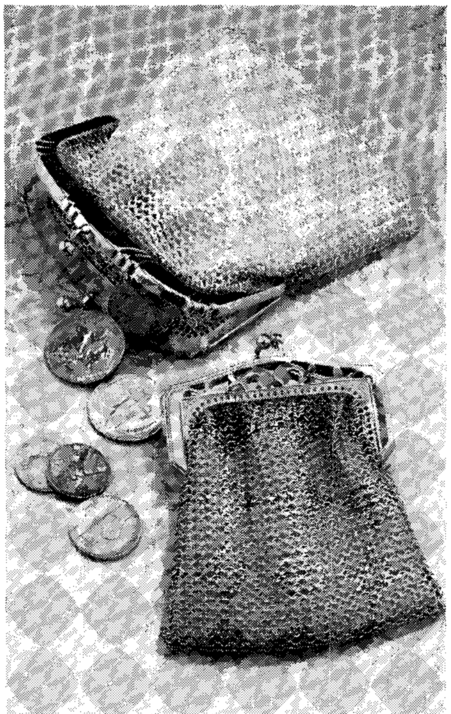
In the South, the whole agricultural crisis has come to a head at the very time that the price of rice in Saigon has soared to an unprecedented high of close to four thousand piastres per hundred kilos of the most commonly used variety. (At the official rate, the piastre is worth a hundred and eighteen to the dollar, but the black-market rate is currently about two hundred and twenty to the dollar, so a pound of rice costs a family about ten cents.) The latest price rise has been due chiefly to a shortage of rice, which, in turn, was due to mismanagement and bad warehouse practices. Actually, the price of rice, as of other commodities, began rising sharply three years ago, and last year the Americans began removing their subsidies on imports in an effort to stimulate agricultural production in Vietnam and to do away with the false consumer-goods economy that Washington had earlier supported in an effort to sop up piastres—most notably the huge wartime profits that were being made as a result of large American expenditures in Vietnam. In that earlier period, it had been felt that the best way to keep the wartime inflation from getting out of hand was to let the Vietnamese buy all the Hondas and TV sets they wanted, but this, it turned out, simply encouraged the rich to buy more and kept the poor from having enough money to buy anything. The Vietnamese are still annually importing



Your Romance with the Outdoors

. . . begins in this exciting 12-room house bordering the Burlingame Country Club golf course . . . in Hillsborough, California. The spectacular garden-living room with a 20-ft. ceiling of skylights, pictured above, and the elegant dining room open onto a 3-level water garden . . . three luxurious bedroom suites, each with a sitting room and fireplace. Offered with 2.78 acres. For illustrated brochure on Property No. YN-65217, contact

PREVIEWS Inc.
The International Real Estate Marketing Service
49 East 53rd St., New York, N.Y. • PL 8-2630
68 Post St., San Francisco, Calif. • 362-3006
Boston • Washington, D.C. • Palm Beach • Chicago
Denver • Los Angeles • Paris



Our linky, limp little purses by Giorgio di Sant'Angelo are today's way to purse up coins. Brass mesh with golden or silvery finish. 2⅛-inch frame, $8; 3½-inch, $10. Small Leather Goods. Mail and phone orders filled.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

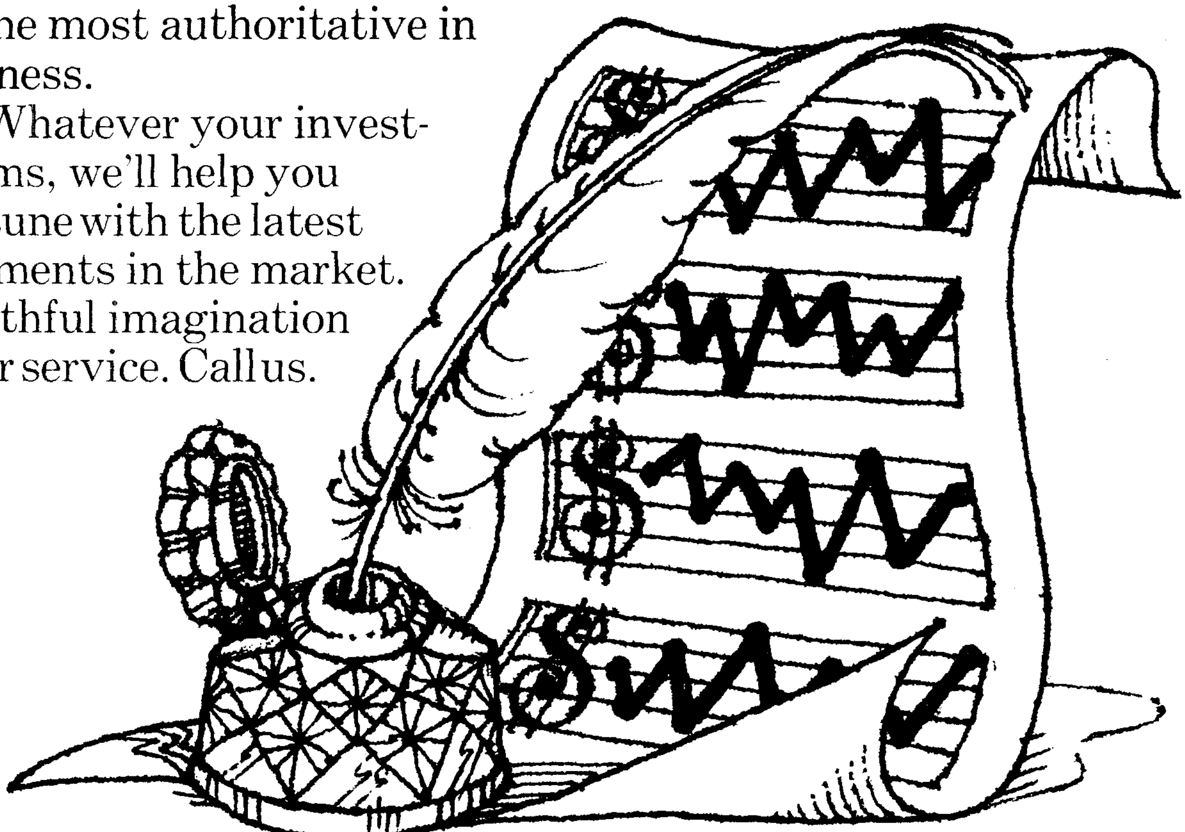
An Eastman Dillon broker at 30 is like Mozart at 12.

At 12, Mozart was an accomplished composer. At 30, an Eastman Dillon broker is likewise accomplished. In the brokerage field, a lifetime of experience is often crowded into a few hectic years. The very pace of today's business means the young imagination may come out ahead.

Every Eastman Dillon broker, whatever his age, is skilled. He offers investment help to professional men in many fields. And because he's with one of the top firms in both individual and institutional investing, he has access to all of the vital activity in the market.

Behind the recommendations he makes is the in-depth analysis of Eastman Dillon's Research Department. One of the most authoritative in the business.

Whatever your investment aims, we'll help you keep in tune with the latest developments in the market. Our youthful imagination is at your service. Call us.



Eastman Dillon helps men with money invest intelligently.

Eastman Dillon, Union Securities & Co.
Members New York Stock Exchange, ☐ One Chase Manhattan Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10005 ☐ Offices in Principal Cities.

RESORT VACATIONS ARE MORE

EXCITING

AT THE

PUERTO RICO-SHERATON

FROM ONLY $12.00* A DAY

The excitement begins from the moment you step from the hotel onto our beautiful beach. You can splash in the surf and swim in our tremendous pool just a few steps away. Relax on a sunny sweep of golden sand beneath swaying tropical palms. Play tennis, golf, go deep-sea fishing nearby or sightsee in picturesque Old San Juan. Have a superb meal with a view of the city from 21 stories up in our famous La Alhambra Restaurant. Enjoy dancing and entertainment nightly at Salon Carnaval. Stay in a spacious air-conditioned room or suite, each with its own private balcony. Come share the excitement with us soon at the Puerto Rico-Sheraton!

*Rates from $12.00 a day per person two in a room thru Dec. 14

For Insured Reservations at Guaranteed Rates, call a travel agent, any Sheraton Hotel or Reservation Offices: In New York—244-0700, Chicago—787-4585, Los Angeles—382-8408, San Francisco—392-8600.

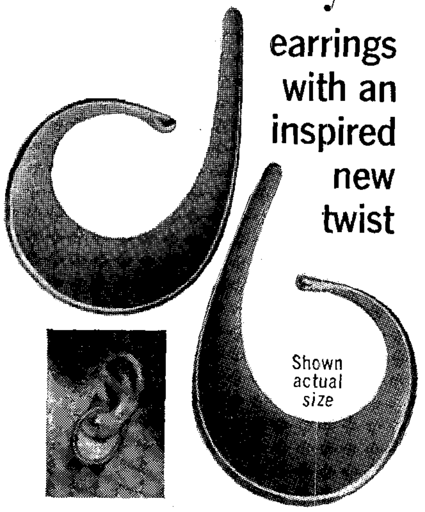
Puerto Rico-Sheraton Hotel

SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS. A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

goods worth eight hundred million dollars, about two-thirds of them consumer products. The government has considerable foreign-exchange reserves, amounting to some two hundred and seventy-five million dollars, and has been loath to use them as long as it could make money off the Americans. Now the subsidies are being cut further, as part of the Vietnamization process, and the word has gone out that, as one high-ranking American put it, "the Vietnamese have to become convinced that they can't go on living off the fat of the land." The consequence is a rising tide of resentment among the Vietnamese, who feel they are being left in the lurch too precipitately.

Beyond the fact that, in the words of another American, "instant unemployment may lead to instant unrest," the Vietnamese who are in charge of trying to straighten out the economy are resentful because, as one of them said to me, "You created an economic Frankenstein monster here by making this a big war, and now you are telling us that we have to learn almost overnight to be austere and to take care of ourselves, when we all know this is a long process and that there is no such thing as instant Vietnamization." He went on, "Instead of trying to understand our economy and help us plan rationally, you kept giving us temporary, stopgap panaceas. The situation was bound to get out of hand, to the detriment mostly of the poor and the middle classes. After the shock of the 1968 Tet offensive, we tried to let supply and demand guide the situation. There was still a lot of mismanagement and corruption, and prices kept rising, but instead of helping us deal with our fundamental need to improve our bureaucracy and our management techniques you remained solely interested in winning the war. So the bureaucracy became swollen, engineers became politicians, and austerity became a mere catchword. It's fine to talk about long-term plans for agricultural production, forestry, fishing, and so on, but we're in trouble right now. You've never thought of really teaching us instead of just building things, and in that respect you've done us as much harm as the French did."

THE sudden bitterness expressed by this man, who is ordinarily mild and pro-American in his sympathies, may convey some idea of the near schizophrenia that is developing among the Vietnamese today as the Americans begin to leave. Since we have failed,



From Norway...

earrings with an inspired new twist

It took a touch of genius to design earrings this elegantly simple...a woman's hand to make them such a delight to wear. No screw or clips. They rest safely, comfortably just inside your ear and wind gracefully around the back. Crafted in Norwegian sterling, $15. With 24K gold finish, $20.

On mail and phone orders add correct sales tax plus 75¢ for mailing.

NORSK Dept. N2

114 East 57th St. (off Park Ave.) N.Y.C. • PL 2-3111

SILVER • JEWELRY • CRYSTAL • PORCELAIN PEWTER • RYA RUGS

LIGHT-HEARTED is our little Lucite Lightmill. Encased in a solid (3¼") cube of Lucite, it spins perpetually. A joy to watch. A fascinating desk accessory or paperweight.

$20.95 post/paid from:

584 Washington St., San Francisco, 94111

haverhill's

ANGEL LOPEZ & SONS

Chateau Madrid

OLGA GUILLOT

Latin America's First Lady of Song

Flamenco by

EMILIA RIVAS

Never a cover charge

PL 2-8080

NOW AT just e. of Lex. Ave. 48th ST. in Hotel Lexington

for so many years, to help build a functioning political system or an efficient army in Vietnam, there is considerable reason to doubt that the transplantation process called Vietnamization can now be accomplished in a year or two, or even three or four. The problem far exceeds the simple matter of handing equipment over to South Vietnam. Militarily, the Vietnamese have already received most of their "legitimate requirements," as the Americans put it. Modern M-16 rifles, for example, are now in the hands of all regular South Vietnamese Army troops—officially, a total of about four hundred thousand men, but actually, given the still high desertion rate and battle losses, considerably less than that. By the end of this year, the two hundred and fifty thousand members of the improved Regional Forces will also have them; most, if not all, of the hundred and eighty thousand members of the Popular Forces will get their rifles by the middle of 1970. Of the more than a million local self-defense forces in the hamlets, villages, and towns, two-thirds have received brief training courses, and three hundred thousand now have modern arms—mostly carbines. Other essentials, such as mortars, light artillery, and transportation equipment, have recently been turned over to the regular armed forces, as have the first of several hundred helicopters and some modern jet fighter-bombers. The real nub of Vietnamization, however, is the time needed for training and indoctrination. Obviously, the Communists are deeply aware of this time factor, and are taking it into consideration when debating their own strategy, both in the field and in Paris. They unquestionably realize that an early settlement, leading to an accelerated withdrawal of American forces, would shorten the time in which Americans could train South Vietnamese to use such intricate machinery as radar networks, electronic devices, and communications equipment, or even to see to the upkeep of modern diesel vehicles and of the patrol boats that have vastly strengthened the riverine forces in the Delta.

The prospects for successful Vietnamization of the armed forces vary greatly from one part of the country to another. In the north—the I Corps area—where the United States Marines have stressed combined American-Vietnamese operations almost from the outset of their tour in Vietnam, considerable progress has been made in teaching the Vietnamese both how to use American equipment and how to

Original wood engraving by Clare Leighton—© Clare Leighton 1969

Look twice. It's Davidow.

DAVIDOW NEW YORK

Ten-O-Six
1006
Lotion
Bonne Bell
CLEVELAND, OHIO

When Americans like something, they go for it in a big way.

Bonne Bell Ten-O-Six® Lotion sells by the gallon. And lots of people buy it that way. People who value a clean, clear complexion. People that want a lotion to work. The gallon costs $30. Pints and quarts are less. Volkswagens come pint-size. They work too.

© 1967 Bonne Bell, Detroit at Riverside, Cleveland, Ohio 44107

VERY *Saks Fifth Avenue*

Colorful nights at home begin by buttoning into something bright, our longest shirt of acetate surah, printed in purple and gold and shock pink and bright green on a tomato red background. The skirt is quilted and filled with polyester. For 8 to 14 sizes, $35. Young Elite® Robe Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

plan operations on their own, including the coördination of fire support, ground-to-air facilities, and inter-unit maneuvers. There has been progress elsewhere, too. In the III Corps area, above and around Saigon, General Do Cao Tri, considered by many to be the best South Vietnamese general, told me the other day that now that two of his poorest division commanders have finally been replaced (they were friends of Thieu's, and it took a year of American prodding to get Thieu to remove them), he thinks he can accomplish a full takeover from the Americans in a year and a half. Tri may be overconfident—especially since he has plenty of problems on his hands, including the ubiquitous one of poor or uncertain morale—but some of his troops have done quite well in recent engagements against tough North Vietnamese outfits. Lieutenant General Nguyen Van Vy, the Minister of Defense, who is one of the holdovers from the previous Cabinet, hopes by the end of this year to give each Regular Army regiment its own independent artillery and tank support. But there are still many weak spots, the most serious being poor leadership in the officer corps, from generals down through captains and lieutenants to noncoms. Most of the regular divisions are still badly led at all levels, and although it is true that there has been some slight improvement, it has certainly not been substantial enough to cope with American withdrawal. And although the Americans have begun to teach the Vietnamese the techniques of battlefield coördination, the question remains: What will happen when the American officers in the field who are still pressing the buttons and calling the shots in combined operations leave Vietnam? One top-ranking American commander remarked to me, "The shift from coöperation to liaison on our part is still some years away." In many places, the Americans have already dropped back from a directory to an advisory role, and in some instances they are performing only a liaison function. But most American officers feel that the process of Vietnamization, to be really successful and produce the kind of force the Americans should have started building here back in 1954, let alone in 1965, needs from five to ten years. There are those who doubt this can *ever* be achieved, because of the differences of approach that are endemic in the American military establishment and other American agencies in respect to the nature of the war and the whole problem of counter-insurgency and

STEP PERFUME DISPENSERS GIVE YOU MORE FRAGRANCE FROM YOUR PERFUME.

The Secret—A unique patented mechanism actually transforms each drop of perfume into 20 or more sprays of fragrance-laden mist. Perfumes stay fresher, last longer. Absolutely leakproof, evaporation-proof, fully guaranteed, imported from France. Beautiful styles for purse and table. As shown (3" high) $5.00. Others from $3.50—$35.

Step

5 E. 57th St., N.Y. | At fine stores

Your own private Eden on one of the world's great beaches . . . a secluded resort and Watersports Center on colorful, sunny St. Thomas in the U.S. Virgin Islands.

Color brochure and Watersports folder on request
See your travel agent or call
HETLAND & STEVENS INC
211 East 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10017
Telephone (212) 867-1450

Sapphire Bay

St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands 00801

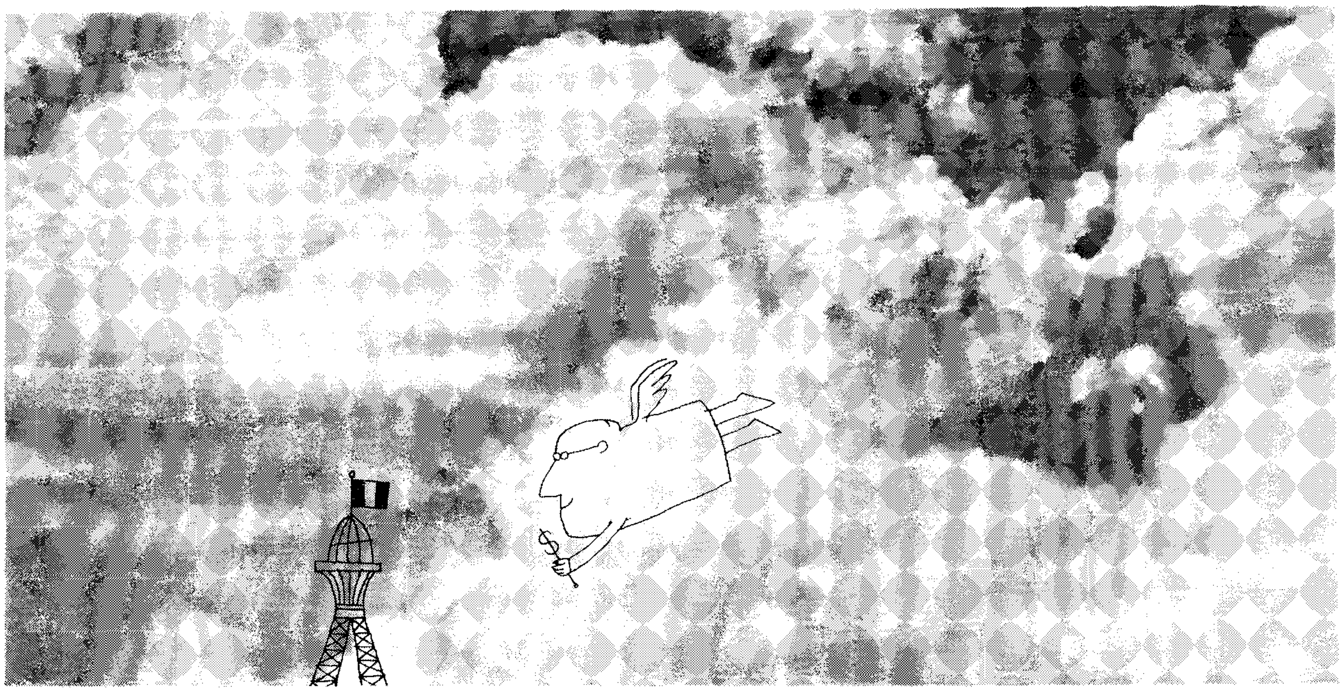
Mid-Manhattan at its Luxurious Best

Regally spacious guest rooms . . . suites with butler's pantry and refrigerator. HOTEL DORSET is noted for its quiet elegance; adjacent to Rockefeller Center, theatres, shops, art and business centers. Two excellent restaurants. Banquet and meeting rooms accommodate 10 to 175.

HOTEL Dorset

30 West 54th St.

Just off New York's Fifth Ave. • 212 CI 7-7300



WE PROTECT
YOUR INTERESTS IN
PARIS
PARIS, FRANCE, PARIS, VA.

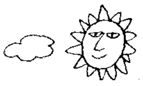
THE ST. PAUL INSURANCE COMPANIES

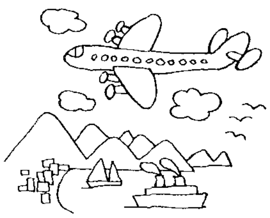
AND SIDNEY, PRETORIA, LOST NATION, IOWA • CRIDERSVILLE, OHIO & PHILADELPHIA PENN. AND NEWARK AND PERTH.

AND
ROME
ITALY & GEORGIA
ATHENS
GREECE OR TEXAS
ORLEANS OR
NEW ORLEANS
RIO DE JANEIRO, DWARF, KY.
BELFAST AND DE QUEEN ARK.

ALSO
NEW YORK
NEW JERSEY
NEW ENGLAND
NEW HOPE
NEW HAVEN
NEW CALEDONIA
NEW SOUTH WALES
AND
NEW ZEALAND
NEW BRUNSWICK
And
NEW MEXICO

TOLEDO OHIO AND OF COURSE TOLEDO, SPAIN • MADRID, SPAIN AND MADRID, IOWA



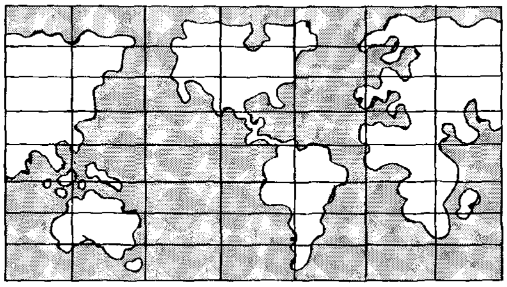


St. Bernard · St. Johns · St. Petersburgh · St. Marys and St. Thomas · COLUMBUS, WASHINGTON · LINCOLN

NAPOLEON AND TOLSTOY, S.D.

Not to Mention
Cuckoo, Va. Devine Texas

NO WE DON'T HAVE AGENTS IN EACH OF THESE CITIES, BUT WE'RE PRETTY MUCH AROUND THE WORLD. LET US KNOW WHERE YOU ARE



OH, WE'RE VERY LOCAL. LOCAL ANYPLACE IN THE FREE WORLD, ALMOST. WHEREVER IN THE WORLD YOU ARE, CALL ON US: TO INSURE YOUR INTERESTS, PROPERTY OR YOURSELF. OUR AGENTS AND BROKERS ARE AS CLOSE AS THE YELLOW PAGES

THE ST. PAUL
INSURANCE COMPANIES

Serving you around the world... around the clock
St. Paul, Minnesota 55102

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Joy is
the 1-coat
wonder

that plays a zillion roles—casual, dress-up, travel...a girl's best friend in "iffy" weather, because of the **ZEPEL**® rain and stain repellent finish. DuPont Antron® nylon* in black, punch red, brown, navy. 6 to 16. About $65.
Lord & Taylor, New York and branches; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago and branches; Dayton's, Minnesota; L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis; Neiman-Marcus, Texas.

*DACRON FILLED
®REG. T.M.

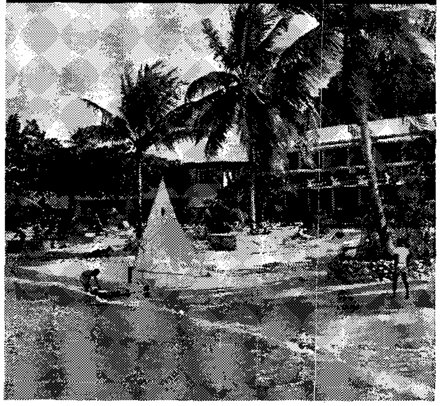
COUTURE
SPECIALTIES
a division of Handmacher
533 Seventh Avenue, New York

anti-guerrilla combat. And this problem—no matter how many Americans stay out here, or for how long, or in what capacity—is certain to be aggravated by the system of annual rotation of personnel. General Creighton W. Abrams, the American military commander in Vietnam, has attained near perfection in the development of his strategy and tactics of maximum pressure and quick response to any Communist action, and his large deployments of artillery and B-52 bombers have annihilated the enemy in virtually all large- or medium-scale engagements. Long-range and nighttime patrolling by the Americans—tactics that the Vietnamese have only just begun to adopt, and not yet very satisfactorily—have led to some improvement in the gathering of intelligence, and by keeping the Communists on the run have interfered with their battlefield preparations, so that when they have chosen to stand and fight, or have made suicidal assaults, they have suffered severely. But Abrams' way of fighting the war is still essentially orthodox, and what will happen when all that heavy artillery and all those heavy bombers are removed is at the moment unknown.

The Vietnamization of the war worries Hanoi—a fact that is being sharply revealed in propaganda both mocking and condemning it. Speaking on September 1st at a ceremony commemorating the twenty-fourth anniversary of the founding of the Democratic Republic of North Vietnam in Hanoi, Premier Pham Van Dong described Vietnamization as "puppetization" of the war, which, he said, was "a return to the special war defeated long ago," meaning by "special war" the war as it was fought prior to 1965. He went on to say, "It is nothing but hackneyed juggling. To use Vietnamese to fight Vietnamese is indeed an attractive policy for the United States! When one has money and guns, can there be a better way to reach one's aims than simply to distribute money and guns? Unfortunately, in the present epoch, such a parodoxical move is flatly impossible. . . . Certainly there is no means, no magic way, to 'ize' the war into something other than the most atrocious and most abominable colonial war in history."

The Politburo in Hanoi, in determining its military strategy and relating this to the two other prongs of its offensive—its political and diplomatic strategy in South Vietnam and in Paris—is engaged today in something very much like a poker game for huge

JAMAICA
The fun is still unspoiled here. You can actually hear Jamaica's sea-sounds and breezes and birdsongs and lots of soft laughter. (The sounds of traffic, jets and jetsetters are, happily, just out of range.) Service, cuisine, sports facilities are superlative, as you'd expect. Rooms, Suites, Penthouses. All face your ocean a few steps away. Open year round. Completely air conditioned.
SHAW PARK BEACH HOTEL
OCHO RIOS, JAMAICA
For information, see your travel agent or write direct.
Representative: I. Oliver Engebretson, New York TN 7-0720.



CHRISTMAS
CARDS
PHILADELPHIA
MUSEUM OF ART
Now available—the new color catalogue of distinctive Christmas cards and gifts offered by the Philadelphia Museum of Art. Among the more than 50 cards are reproductions of a 15th century tapestry, an 18th century Japanese door, lithographs by Currier and Ives, Picasso, Redon, and Kokoshka belonging to the Museum. All cards, in limited editions, are reproduced from original works of art, and are available with and without greeting. THE ANIMAL KINGDOM—the Museum's handsome 1970 engagement calendar makes an attractive gift for all occasions. Other unusual gift items are illustrated in the catalogue.

Museum Shop • Box 7646 • Phila. 19101
Enclosed is 25c for my 1969 catalogue

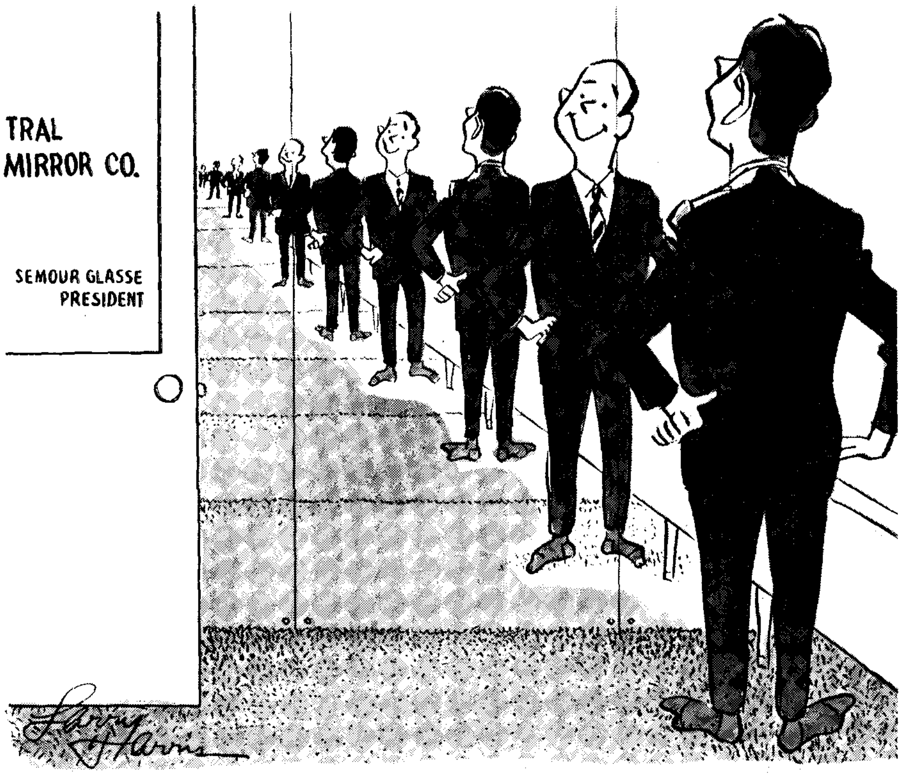
name
address
city zip

Giambelli
50th
RISTORANTE ULTIMO
GOURMET ITALIAN CUISINE
Banquet Facilities
Luncheon • Cocktails
Dinner
46 EAST 50th STREET
MU 8-2760
Diner's Club
American Express

stakes. Hanoi's main interest lies in getting as many American troops as possible out of Vietnam as quickly as possible. The easiest way to achieve the rapid troop reduction would be for Hanoi to reduce the level of activity in South Vietnam and simultaneously reduce the number of replacements infiltrated into the South from the North. Hanoi has repeatedly been told by Washington that this would hasten the pace of American withdrawals and would be considered a basis for agreement. However one wants to interpret the recent eight-week lull, its ending in mid-August, followed by heavy rocket and mortar assaults on Danang two days after Ho Chi Minh's death, showed that the Communists believed that they could not afford to do nothing for very long. Furthermore, since the Communists are not certain what President Nixon wants to do—whether he has made up his mind, as some observers believe he has, to withdraw virtually all American forces from Vietnam by the end of 1970 whatever the circumstances, or is planning to move more slowly and gauge the withdrawals to the moves made by the Communists—they are still thinking in terms of killing between a hundred and fifty and two hundred Americans a week. They figure that this will force Nixon's hand politically at home so that the option of gradual withdrawal will be denied him.

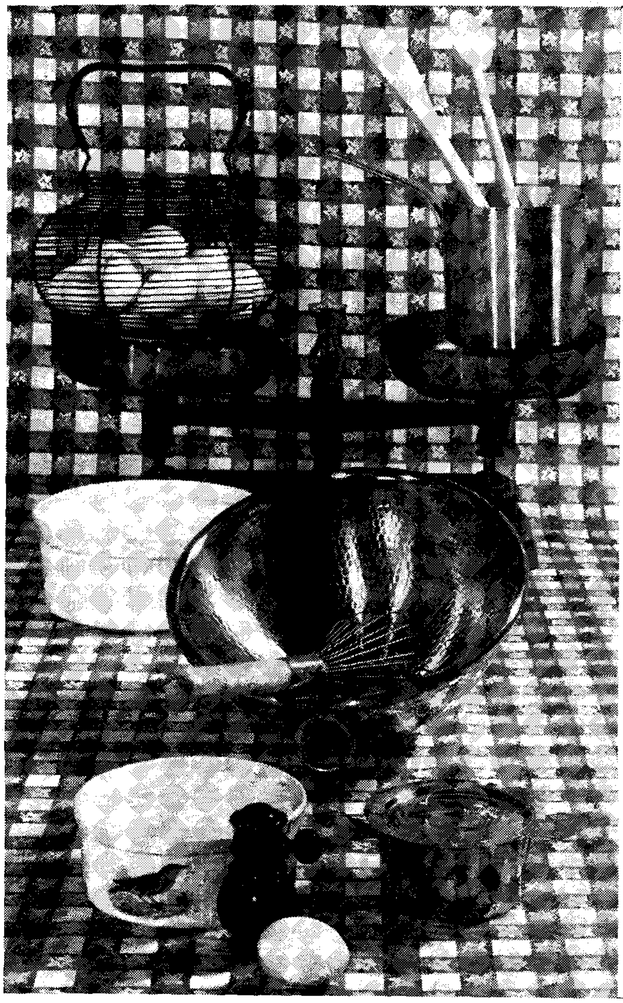
The Communists are obviously eager as soon as possible to score some resounding victories in key battles with the South Vietnamese forces fighting on their own, so as to prove to the South Vietnamese people that their troops have no chance against the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong. The sooner the Communists have a chance to do this, the less likely the South Vietnamese are to have made sufficient improvement to stand on their own, and the better the Communists figure it will be for them, so the guess here is that such a major showdown or series of showdowns will come late this year or early next year. What the Communists do not want, despite the fact that they are preparing themselves for it, is a return to the special, or pre-1965, war. Their own weakened situation, in both the North and the South, renders that a hazardous undertaking. They would undoubtedly rather try to Vietminhize, or Communize, the South politically than take chances on draining their own resources any longer in a protracted conflict. For that reason, if they decide that their situation in the North is too shaky

(*Advertisement*)



"A title on the door... rates a Bigelow on the floor"

Can't you just see yourself surrounded with rich, impressive Bigelow? If we haven't a carpet that reflects your personality, let us custom make one for you. Send for our free brochure on commercial carpets. Write Bigelow-Sanford, Dept. B, 140 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10016. *People who know...buy* BIGELOW.



B.I.A. Cordon Bleu, the cookingware for perfectionists. At –

Los Angeles
Bullock's
Sunset Skillet

Miami
Jordan Marsh

New Orleans
Twentieth Century Shop

New York
La Cuisiniere

San Francisco
The Emporium
Capricorn

St. Louis
Famous Barr

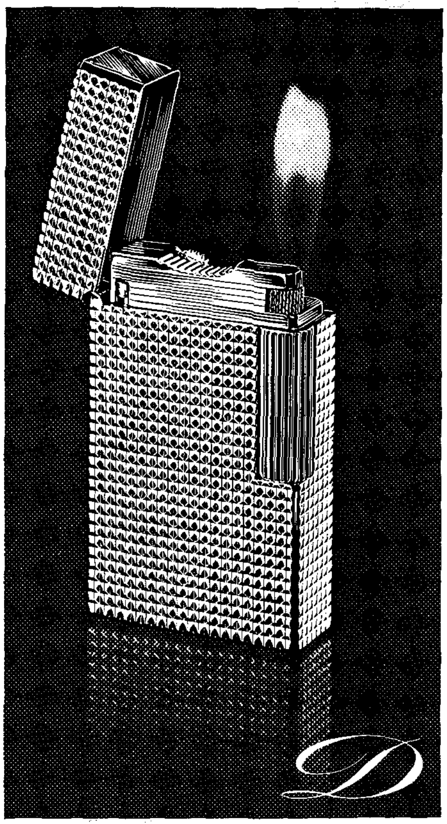
–and other fine stores.

Importers for Gourmets

CORDON BLEU
B.I.A.
FRANCE

Burlingame, CA 94010

THAT
IT LIGHTS
CIGARETTES
IS
ALMOST
INCIDENTAL.



LIGHTERS FROM $800 TO $45

S.T. Dupont
OF PARIS

From the S. T. Dupont of Paris collection of fine jewelry butane lighters—reflecting an *almost century-old tradition* of superb craftsmanship. The ultimate accessory for men and women...exemplifying an apotheosis of elegance, supreme quality, and highest precision. Heavily electroplated in 18 karat gold, or silver. Also in ancient Chinese lacquer.

Faceted design, shown above, large size, gold, $80; silver, $50. Also available in *small size, gold, $70; silver, $45.*

At the following fine jewelers around the United States: In **New York:** Herman Jewelers. **Boston:** Firestone & Parson, Shreve Crump & Low Co. **Chicago:** C.D. Peacock. **Coral Gables:** Balogh Jewelers, Carrols Jewelers. **Denver:** Bohm Allen Jewelers. **Des Moines:** Joseph Jewelers. **Kansas City:** Helzberg's Country Plaza Club & Metcalf, Tivol Jewelers. **Minneapolis:** J.B. Hudson Co. **New Orleans:** Coleman E. Adler & Son Inc. **Phoenix:** Grunwald & Adams. **Portland:** Zell Bros. **San Francisco:** Shreve & Co. **Seattle:** Friedlander & Son. **Shaker Heights:** *Rudolph Deutsch Co.* **Tulsa:** Peacock Jewelers. **Washington, D.C.:** Charles Schwartz & Son. For the store nearest you write: S.T. Dupont Corporation, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

to let them continue to sustain the major burden of the war in the South, they may settle for a series of regional cease-fires under some system of international supervision, followed by regional or provincial elections and then by a national election. This would presumably give them control over a number of areas—mostly sparsely populated ones along the Laotian and Cambodian borders, and some of the more populated places in the Delta and in the Central Plateau region. Such a compromise would make sense to them, not only because of their war-weariness and their dwindling manpower but because of their current military and political campaign in Laos, which is proving successful. In effect, though Washington doesn't like the term, this would mean a *de-facto* partitioning of South Vietnam, at least temporarily, as a prelude to an eventual election there. Unless the South Vietnamese government is really strong enough politically and militarily to resist such an offer, Saigon would find it difficult, in the face of American and world opinion, to reject it. A number of American experts who believe that Saigon is neither sufficiently strong nor sufficiently aware of the dangers it faces are urging a far faster rate of political preparation for potential regional contests. This would entail some knocking together of South Vietnamese heads. For example, in a specific area where the Hoa Hao or the Cao Dai or the Southern Buddhists or the peasant-labor forces or the old nationalist parties are the strongest single community force, that group would have the best chance of commanding regional or local respect and should be given the go-ahead. As for the cities, where the degree of political divisiveness is worse than in the countryside, some serious effort should be made to unite all the contending forces. Ultimately, there would have to be a trade-off of some degree of rural control by the Communists for government control over the more populous areas, in order to avoid handing the Communists the sort of coalition deal they want on a silver platter.

Saigon remains the No. 1 objective of the Communists, and any temporary deals they may make in Paris and Vietnam won't change that situation. It was not recently renamed Ho Chi Minh City in their propaganda for nothing. Bad planning and bad execution of plans lost them their chance of capturing it during the Tet offensive in 1968, and today their chances of taking it either by force or through subversion have dwindled. Having in-

What typifies Denmark? A smile. Grins just grow around anything Danish. See it by visiting the happy fur collection of Birger Christensen, at Bonwit Teller. And bring a gloomy friend. She'll smile too.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the
Royal Danish Court

SABBATHDAY HARBOR —ISLESBORO ISLAND— MAINE

The former Drexel estate in Islesboro has been made available for partition into a few parcels for fine summer homes.

The half-mile of deep water shorefront on Sabbathday Harbor will be divided among seven 4 acre properties. Each is being offered at $30,000.

There will also be several hillside parcels with incomparable views, 3 acres at $10,000, each with the use of a private sand beach, tennis courts and deep water moorings.

Deeds will contain restrictive covenants to protect this unusually attractive environment.

***Call* 207-667-5956 *or write* Box 45-L,**
Bar Harbor, Maine 04609

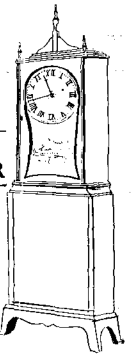
Explore a Clockmaker's Workshop.

SPECIALISTS IN RESTORATION AND REPAIR

Antique, Reproduction and Custom-made clocks for sale.
Write or call:

The British Clockmaker

NEWFANE, VERMONT. Tel: (802) 365 7770
DEPT. N.I.



filtrated only half as many men into South Vietnam so far this year as they had up to this date last year, and having suffered almost as many casualties as they had up to this date in 1968, they are facing a serious problem of attrition, which has forced them to make some cold recalculations. The new Communist military methods, as enunciated a few weeks ago by General Giap, call not for "offensives" in the old sense but for "campaigns," each one of which is a fairly fluid affair consisting of "low" and "high" points. Because the Communists have had an attrition rate—that is, losses exceeding replacements from the North—for the last half year of five thousand men a month, no sustained attack is now anticipated unless Hanoi puts more men into South Vietnam. At the current level of fighting, American military experts feel that the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong will run out of steam by the end of this year, particularly if they decide to take on the South Vietnamese in a large-scale engagement somewhere. Between engagements, the main Communist forces have followed their custom of moving across the Cambodian border to jungle sanctuaries. In Paris, the Americans have made it clear that if Hanoi wants to offer any serious signal of an intention to cut the total of its forces, it will have to withdraw some of them northward from base areas in both Cambodia and Laos as well as continue to decrease the rate of infiltration.

To the best of their ability, which is still considerable, the enemy forces have made the necessary military adjustments, using smaller, more compact units with heavier firepower to attack selected government and American targets, and, as at Danang, making heavy mortar and rocket assaults on major bases, especially Allied artillery centers. The foundation of their new order of battle is the sapper unit, consisting of regular assault troops specially trained for demolition and sabotage and of so-called "special-action" teams, which are paramilitary organizations used for assaults on urban areas. The latter most often wear civilian clothes and concentrate on terrorist activity, setting off satchel charges and other explosives at police stations, military installations, and so forth, and throwing grenades from vehicles. For planned major attacks on Saigon, which they haven't been able to carry out, the Communists last April set up special-action teams called *cac cum*, which are broken down into companies, squads, and, in some cases, three-

Sometimes mothers are so worried about keeping your playsuit clean, they forget you're supposed to play in it.

"bits 'n' bytes" playsuits are the kind of playsuits that make you look like a little angel. But that doesn't mean you have to act like one. They're 100% Acrilan® acrylic fiber. And they're guaranteed for one year's normal wear. (Refund or replacement when returned with tag and sales slip to Monsanto.) Sizes from 12 months to 12 yrs. And all kinds of colors.

ONE YEAR GUARANTEE
WEAR DATED®
YOU GET WHAT YOU PAY FOR OR WE PAY FOR IT
Monsanto

"bits 'n' bytes"® playsuits. You can play in them.

Portugal. Red-legged partridge.

Here's the first leg on your trip to great bird shooting.

WINCHESTER WORLD-WIDE ADVENTURES

Famous driven shoots for perdiz on private estates near Evora. Shoot duck, snipe, quail and pigeon. Season: August 15–Jan. 15. Send for full information, or see your travel agent. Winchester Adventures, Inc., Dept. NY-9, 100 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

name ____________________
address ____________________
city ____________ state ________ zip ______

TWA
THE SPORTSMAN'S AIRLINE

Oleg Cassini
rainfashions

'The wild one,' a hairy fashion in an exclusive **GLENOIT*** fabric. About $90.
At Arnold Constable, Fifth Avenue, N.Y.;
J. L. Hudson, Detroit; L. L. Berger, Buffalo; Stewart's, Louisville & Lexington; G. Fox & Co., Hartford, Conn.; Doyle & Knower, New Hartford, N.Y. & Utica, N.Y.; B. Forman, Rochester, N.Y., or write:
Oleg Cassini Rainfashions, 512 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10018.

A division of Botany Industries, Inc. *Glenoit's Reg. 50% modacrylic/50% KK0001 TM.

man cells. Some of these units were ordered into the capital in June, but only a limited number—about a hundred men—succeeded in penetrating the city. Since then, with the assistance of teen-age terrorists who live here, they have been responsible for the series of explosions that have occurred over the past weeks. Other *cum* units, hiding in the suburbs or farther out, presumably will be the spearheads of the action following the next lull, perhaps late this month or sometime in October. This new offensive tactic is based on following up a sapper thrust, if it is initially successful, with larger reinforcements—a scheme that failed during the 1968 Tet offensive because of poor coördination by supporting units. In Vietnamese, the tactic is known as *mui* (nose) *nhon* (pointed) *duoi* (tail)—the pointed nose of the sapper unit or special-action team being supported by the spreading peacock tail of a battalion or a regiment.

As if Saigon had not had enough problems and perplexities over the past weeks, it has had to live through the embarrassment of two major espionage scandals, one involving the American Special Forces, or Green Berets, and the other involving a spy ring that reached right into the Presidential Palace. The Green Beret case arose from the alleged murder of an alleged Vietnamese double agent named Thai Khac Chuyen, who was working for the Special Forces. For various reasons—the primary one being that Chuyen's body has not been recovered—there is no indication so far that the eight accused Green Berets, including the former commanding officer of the Special Forces in Vietnam, Colonel Robert B. Rheault, will be brought before a court-martial. Whether Chuyen was a double agent or not, if he was murdered it was a mistake, whatever the exigencies of the wartime situation, and an inexcusable one, as almost all Americans here seem to agree.

The other spy case is actually far more important, being said by both American and Vietnamese specialists to involve the largest espionage ring uncovered in ten years. This organization was under investigation for seven months before the first arrests were disclosed, in July, and since then about a hundred persons, including perhaps a score of women, have been taken into custody by the Vietnamese Special Police, and at least two-thirds of these are still in jail. The C.I.A. collaborated closely with the Vietnamese in break-

One of the few remaining Great Hotels

The Benson is in Portland, Oregon, elegant and distinctive, home of the Holiday Magazine Award winning London Grill and Trader Vic's. When you're in Portland, make your home the Benson on Broadway.

For reservations:
Call any Western International Hotel, or
N. Y., 661-7300 • Wash, D. C., EN 1-5800
Chicago, 337-8100 • Los Angeles, 879-0830
San Francisco, 397-1464 • Seattle, 682-6161

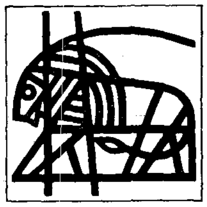
THE BENSON
228-9611 PORTLAND, OREGON
WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS

1776

AMERICA'S AWARD WINNING MUSICAL
MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY. PRICES: Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: Orch. $15, 12.; Mezz. $10.; Balc. $8., 6. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: Orch. $8.; Mezz. $7.; Balc. $6., 5. Please enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with mail order and suggest alternate dates.
46TH STREET THEATRE
226 W. 46 ST., NEW YORK 10036

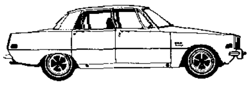
A ZODIAC BIRTHDAY

TILE is a gift both useful & decorative. (Leo shown) 6"x 6" White ceramic with design fired in Black. $2.50 ea. ppd. Felt backed or plain, please state choice. Send 10¢ for folder showing 12 Zodiac designs, 16 Herbs & 12 days of Christmas.



8 KEYS GALLERY
378 PARK AVE., GLENCOE, ILL. 60022

(Rover and psycho-Ergonometry)



“It says *EMPTY*, but it isn’t *EMPTY* if you’re still going, and you know it.”

IN studying the nature of human beings before designing the Rover 2000 Sports Sedan to suit them (a process called Ergonometry), Rover engineers did not concentrate on physical characteristics alone. They also considered certain of our little mental quirks.

In the matter of fuel gauges for example: Most cars have them, yet people are forever running out of gas and the designers asked themselves *“Why?”*

Two reasons. Some of us seldom look at the fuel gauge until an interruption in our smooth progress down the road reminds us to. Others of us look, but no matter how near the needle gets to *EMPTY* it is not *EMPTY* yet if we are still going, and we know it. The tendency therefore is to say the *next* filling station will do, or the one on the way to work in the morning, until we are right out of gas.

Reasoning this way, Rover engineers designed the 2000 so one *can* run right out of gas and still go some thirty miles with that knowledge uppermost in his mind, by pulling out the reserve fuel knob. In short, a second chance; the sort of thing that’s necessary when dealing with people.

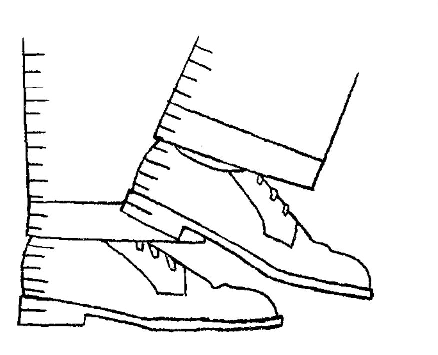


Fig. 1

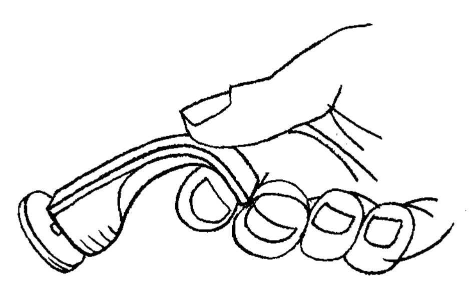


Fig. 2

Two ways to proceed after running out of gas: Fig. 1 On Foot. Fig. 2 In Rover 2000.

This is not the only interesting feature of the Rover 2000, ergonomic or otherwise, but we could never list them all on a page this size. Instead we have put together a detailed brochure with colored pictures which we will be pleased to send you if you are interested. Just mail us the attached coupon.

Rover Division
British Leyland Motors Inc.
600 Willow Tree Road
Leonia, New Jersey 07605

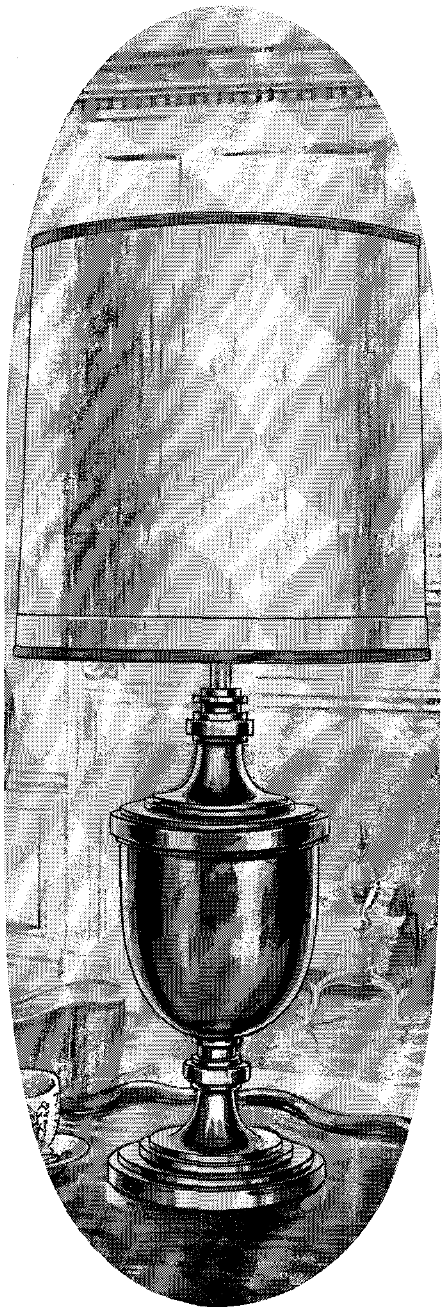
Gentlemen: Please send me that brochure on the Rover 2000 Sports Sedan, both Twin Carburetor and Automatic models.

My name:________________________

My address:______________________

City____________________________

State______________Zip____________



American Colonial
interpretation of the
classical urn.
Stoutly made of metal in a dark,
aged brass finish.
37½ inches, about $110.*

The Stiffel Lamp

For brochure of selected Stiffel Lamps,
send 25¢ to The Stiffel Company,
Chicago 60610
*May be higher west and south.

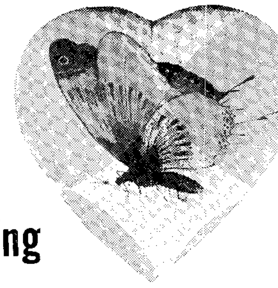
ing the spy network, and is said to have opened up the first leads. Operating within several ministries as well as within the Presidential Palace, the ring reported directly to the Strategic Intelligence Branch of the Central Office for South Vietnam (COSVN), the top Communist echelon in South Vietnam. This branch is known as B-22 and is run by one of Hanoi's main agents in South Vietnam. He is Dang Van Huong, alias Mat Ro, and he has not been apprehended. The Saigon network was handled by Vu Ngoc Nha, a Catholic, who was sent South by Hanoi in 1955, and who had close Palace connections as a result of being introduced there by some unwitting priests. Nha's principal agent at the Palace was one of President Thieu's assistants for political affairs, Huynh Van Trong. Trong is said to be a former French agent who pretended to work for the late Ngo Dinh Diem. When his pro-French activities became known, in 1958, he was arrested, but he was released two years later, with the assistance of some French Redemptorist fathers, and fled to Cambodia. He returned to South Vietnam after the 1963 coup and, having been introduced to Thieu by the French, who were ostensibly unaware of his Communist connections, became a Palace aide in 1967, after Thieu's election to the Presidency. Thieu is said to have been told about the existence of the spy ring early this year, and to have instructed the police to continue their investigation and uncover further ramifications of the case. The ring is said to have done considerable damage, especially in reporting to Hanoi on the progress of pacification programs and on the political activities of various religious groups in the South. In the course of their investigation, the Special Police came across a second, smaller Saigon spy ring, which was attached to a military intelligence unit also working for COSVN. The main spy-ring case is still under investigation, and there are indications that at least two more such organizations exist.

In the midst of these turbulent events, Saigon has been besieged by more than the usual number of visiting firemen from America—a state of affairs that has scarcely made life easier for harassed Allied officials. Among the visitors was a delegation of nine members of the Citizens Committee for Peace with Freedom in Vietnam, which is a group of a hundred and thirty distinguished Americans that former Senator Paul Douglas, of Illinois, organized in October, 1967, and whose

Our pride of lions*. . . the lioness collared in amber fox, the King of beast's trench tethered in leather.

*country
of origin—
Mexico

Neiman-Marcus
Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth



The Soothing Heart . . .

a solid, smooth piece of Italian alabaster, hand sculptured in the shape of a heart and adorned by a butterfly in full color. It is a soothing stone and by rubbing your hand along its side—well, tranquility just seems to seep in. Also a pretty paperweight for your desk. Heart is 3½" wide at widest part. $6.75 includes mailing. Comes boxed.

Add 50¢ if sent as a gift.

EC Edith Chapman ROUTE 303 • DEPT. 24
ROCKLAND COUNTY, BLAUVELT, N.Y. 10913

WALDORF-ASTORIA
Tony Bennett
exclusively on Columbia Records
John Bunch, Musical Director
Louie Bellson on the drums
EMPIRE ROOM • SEPT. 18–OCT. 4
2 shows nightly except Sun.
9 and 12. Continuous dancing.
Res.: Call Camilo (212) 355-3000.
Oct. 6–Oct. 18 • ANTHONY NEWLEY
Oct. 20–Nov. 1 • SHIRLEY BASSEY

founding honorary chairmen were former President Harry Truman and the late President Dwight Eisenhower. The committee is in favor of obtaining a peace in Vietnam that will not be what they consider a sellout to the Communists and will guarantee the South Vietnamese the right to determine their own future through safeguarded elections. Next came five members of the National Committee for a Political Settlement in Vietnam, which seeks an immediate, standstill cease-fire, supported by an international peace-keeping force to supervise withdrawal of all troops; prompt free elections, under the supervision of a joint electoral commission; complete land reform; and extensive postwar economic aid, under the auspices of the United Nations. This committee has the support of Cyrus Vance, the former Deputy Secretary of Defense, who was W. Averell Harriman's deputy at the Paris talks. Before, between, and after these committee visits, there was a stream of members of Congress. All these visitors went through the customary top-level briefings and tried to see as many Vietnamese as they could during their stays, which varied from a day or two to two weeks, and all of them left apparently as bewildered or more bewildered than they were when they arrived. The trouble seems to be that too many such Americans, thoroughly concerned though they are, are seeking answers without knowing the right questions. Perhaps this has been our trouble in Vietnam all along. —ROBERT SHAPLEN

•

New. This section is patterned after Sec. 6 which calls for review where a student gets a D or F in a summer session. If all other grades are C or higher, a U grade will not affect a student. Even where a U grade is to be taken into account the U grade would not necessarily be treated as if it were a D or an F. ¶ The alternative of providing that a U grade has certain specific consequences is not feasible because U represents both D and F. The Faculty Council rejected the alternative that U grades be ignored completely.—*Bulletin circulated at the University of Missouri.*

It's no wonder our youth is restive.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Adv. in the Raleigh (N.C.) News & Observer*]

GUEST EVANGELIST
REV. J. TOWNEY DAVIS
Rev. Davis as an evangelist has spoken in the largest Baptist churches in America. To miss hearing him will be a chance of a lifetime.

It decides when to flash.

Stick a flashcube on an ordinary camera and it'll flash with every shot until it's finished.

Too bad.

Good picture-taking calls for flash when you need it, no flash when you don't — real fast!

It calls for one of the Minolta Autopaks.

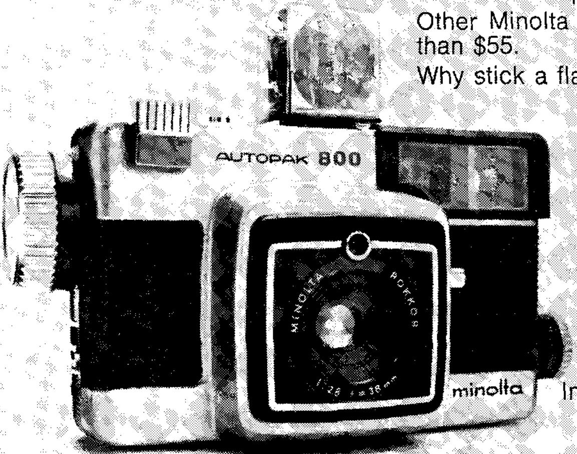
The only instant-loading cameras in the world that decide for themselves when to fire and turn the flashcube.

Shown is the Minolta Autopak® 800. Under $80, plus case, with an automatic film advance that lets you take 12 shots in 14 seconds with just one winding. Plus a rangefinder for sharp, easy focusing.

Other Minolta Autopaks from less than $55.

Why stick a flashcube on an ordinary camera?

Now that the extraordinary Autopaks are here.



Minolta Autopak
Instant-loading cameras with the quality difference.

For literature, write Minolta Corp., 200 Park Ave. So., N.Y., N.Y. 10003. In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd.

Baby him with our soft, zip-front creepers. Left: skipsuit in pale blue with red, or yellow with blue. Right: racer in medium blue with yellow. By Spur in machine washable Orlon® acrylic, M, L, XL, 9.00 each. Infant's Shop, Lord & Taylor WI 7-3300—and all Lord & Taylor store

Lord & Taylor

THE CURRENT CINEMA

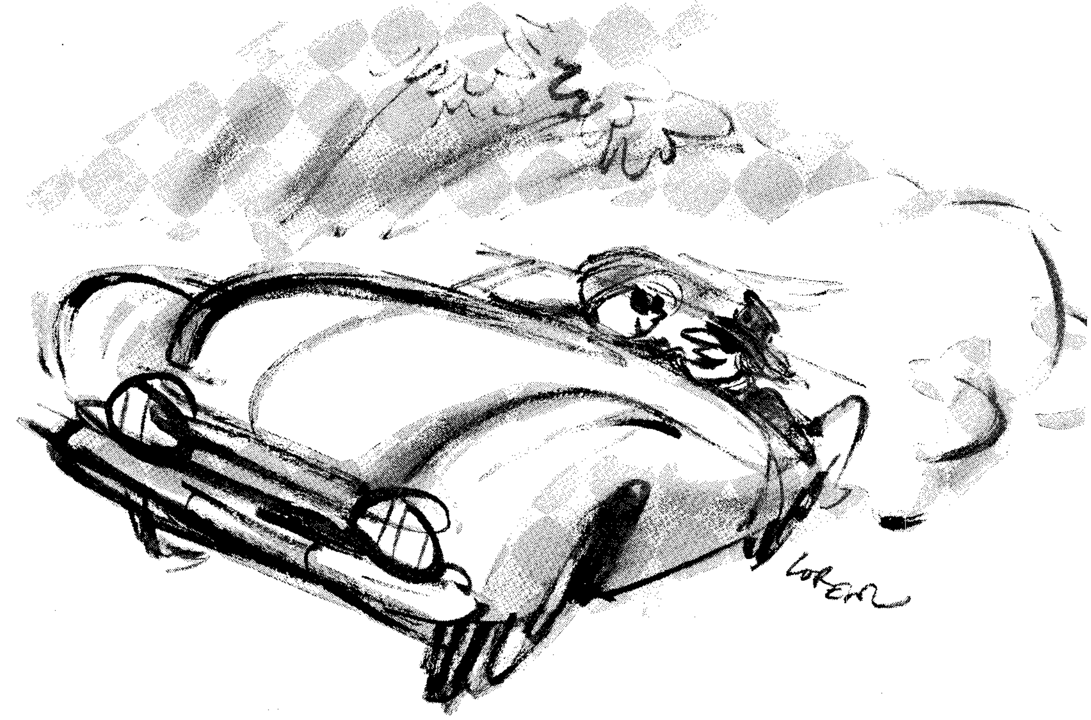
Game Without Umpire

1.25
NOW PLAYING

RENOIR'S "Rules of the Game"—part of the New York Film Festival—is a work to be put with "Così Fan Tutte" and "The Marriage of Figaro." Society is satirized in it with Mozart's own mixture of biting good sense and blithe, transforming acceptance. Like the operas, the film has a prodigality that is moving in itself. Fugitive moments of genius pass unstressed, because there is always infinitely more to draw upon, in the way of those Mozart tunes that disappear after one statement instead of spinning themselves out into the classic a-b-a aria form. The serene amplitude of Renoir's view floods the sophisticated plot and turns it into something else. He thought at the time—in 1939—that he was simply making a film about a contemporary houseparty. Mozart probably had an equivalent feeling when he was setting da Ponte's librettos. The script of the film—by Renoir himself, with Carl Koch—was written with actual memories of eighteenth-century plays in mind, and it opens with a quotation from Beaumarchais. After the Festival performance, it will be a shame if this glory of the classical spirit transformed isn't shown at bigger public performances all over the country. It seems not to have been around much in America.

Even for a masterpiece (masterpieces generally have savage voyages), the film has had a hard and strange history. It was made in the conditions following Munich. The opening in Paris, during the summer of 1939, was received with fury. Renoir saw one man in the audience start to burn a newspaper in the hope of setting fire to the cinema. Because of the presence in the cast of the Jewish actor Marcel Dalio and the Austrian refugee Nora Gregor, the film was attacked by both the anti-Semitic and the chauvinist press. Butcher cuts were made. In October of 1939, it was banned by the government as demoralizing. Both the Vichy and the German Occupation authorities upheld the ban throughout the war. Until 1956, it seemed that only the mutilated version of the film was extant. Then two young French cinema enthusiasts who had acquired the rights to the film found hundreds of boxes of untouched footage in a warehouse. After two years of editing, under Renoir's supervision, they were able to reconstruct his original film. When it was first shown again publicly, I saw someone who had worked on it in 1939 sitting there with tears running down his cheeks at the sight of it restored.

The plot is a pattern of three triangles—two of them abovestairs, one below—seen mostly at a château during a big houseparty for the shooting season. The Marquis de la Chesnaye, played by Dalio, is a dapper man who collects eighteenth-century clockwork toys. He has Jewish blood, as his male servants point out behind the baize door to demonstrate that he can't be relied upon always to know the rules of being an aristocrat. His wife, Christine, played by Nora Gregor, is a highbred Austrian woman, frightened to find herself fond of an aviator who has just flown solo across the Atlantic and let out an angry declaration of love to her at Le Bourget during a radio interview. This is one of the triangles. The second is made up of the Marquis, his wife, and his mistress, a dark, overanimated society girl whose most sober thought is that she wants to be happy; she says it sadly two or three times during the film, between spasms of social chatter. "How are your factories?" she gabbles brightly, blotting out pain to greet a moneyed woman at the château. The third triangle is formed by Schumacher, the Marquis's gamekeeper; his wife, Lisette, the Marquise's maid, who is based in Paris away from her husband and living a surrogate life because of her loyalty to her mistress; and a poacher who crosses the lines to respectability and becomes a bootboy, because the Marquis has been tepidly attracted by the fact that the man is more efficient than the gamekeeper at trapping the rabbits that lower the tone of the shoot. With Lisette's adored mistress in town so much, Schumacher feels he might as well be a widower. He tries to get the Marquis to pay heed to the problem, in a desolately comic scene on the château doorstep while they move between car and front door, but the Marquis has guests and rococo and rabbits on his mind. This ignored third triangle is to intersect fatally with the others when Schumacher, run amok with loss and jealousy, mistakenly kills the aviator because he thinks it is Lisette rather than the Marquise who is with him. And through it all—through the bright welcomes and the glances and the melancholy accommodations to loveless social rules, through



"Sure, I'm still in the revolution bag, Baby, but as long as the system is turning out these toys we might as well play with them."

the shooting party and the amateur theatricals and the good-night scenes in long corridors where nobly born men horse around with hunting horns while a lordlier-looking servant walks impassively past them—through the whole intricate gavotte of the film wanders the solicitous figure of Octave, played by Renoir. Octave is the eternal extra man, the buffoon who really has both more sense and more passion than the others of his class, the one who best loves the Marquise and pines to look after her in memory of her father, who taught him music in Austria long ago. He would have liked to be a conductor. The man whom everyone idly holds dear for being the perfect guest suddenly speaks of himself with hatred for living the life of a sponger. How would he eat if it were not for his friends? The thing is to forget it and get drunk. Though then, after feeling better, he feels worse—that's the nasty part. But he will grow accustomed, as necessary. He used to dream of having something to offer. Of having contact with an audience. It would have been overwhelming. . . .

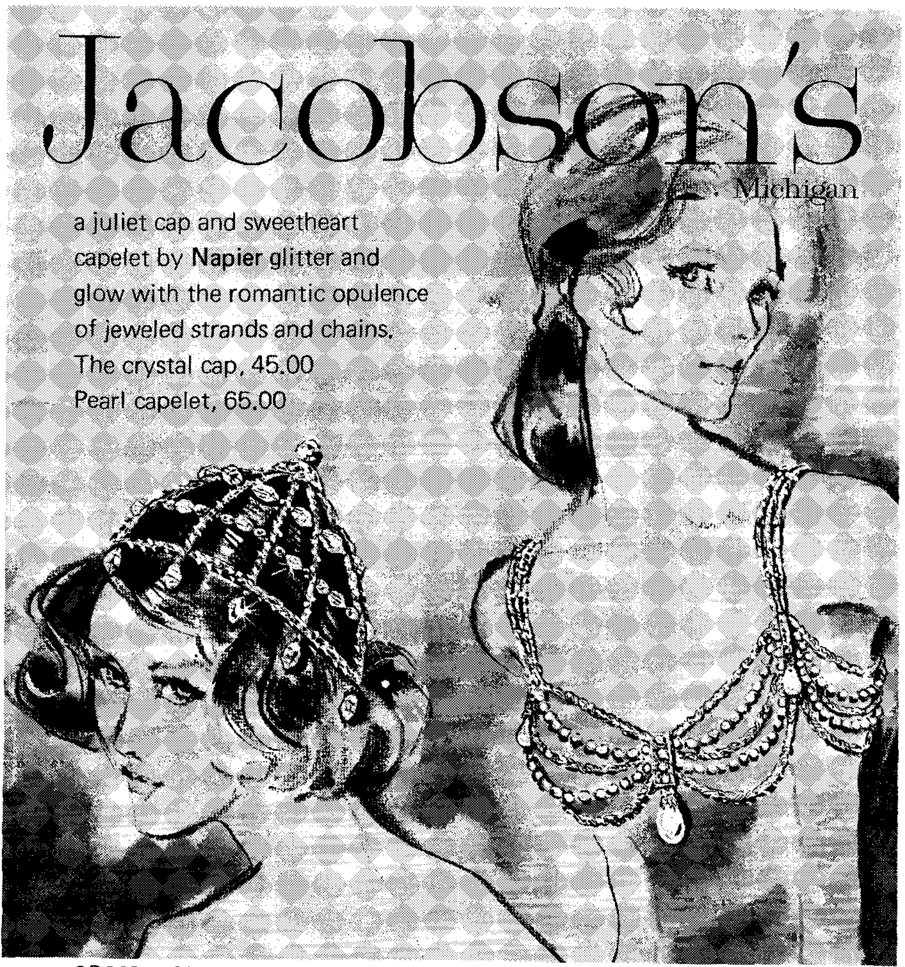
The houseparty's formal shooting scene has its double later on, in the desperately actual one when Schumacher runs among the guests and tries to kill the poacher. The amateur theatricals that everyone treats so seriously have their mirror image also in this drama, which the houseparty takes for play. The intrusion of the aviator into an alien society—the romantic hero thrust among skeptics trained in old rules, the pure among the impure—has its counterpart in the poacher, catapulted into a world of snobbery-by-proxy and of a chef's adopted airs about making potato salad with white wine. He accepted the Marquis's offer gratefully, because he had always dreamed of being a servant. Limited hopes, delusory debts. He had always liked the clothes. Julien Carette plays him wonderfully. When he is seen in the servants' hall for the first time, a vagrant corralled within the laws of the housebound, his right arm wheels with embarrassment as he introduces himself. There is a shot of him in front of a palm tree with the Marquis during the evening fête, straightening the master's tie. "Did you ever want to be an Arab?" asks the Marquis. They are both thinking about women. The Marquis, with two on his mind, envies Arabs for not having to throw out one for another. "I hate hurting people," he says, and he means it, in his fashion. "Ah, but a harem takes money," says the poacher. "If I want to have a

RAIN CHEETAHS BY NAMAN

DUPONT
ZEPEL®
RAIN/STAIN REPELLER

For girls who refuse to wear a uniform in the rain.

YOU'RE REALLY NOT PART-OF-THE-CROWD, SO WHY SHOULD YOU LOOK THE PART JUST BECAUSE IT'S RAINING? DAZZLE IN SILVER GLEN PLAID GLISTENED THROUGH WITH LUREX®. IN COTTON TREATED WITH ZE PEL®. BACK BELTED, BACK PLEATED. BLACK/WHITE. 6-16. ABOUT $75. AT BLOOMINGDALE'S, NEW YORK. BURDINES, MIAMI. CHARLES BERG, PORTLAND OR WRITE RAINCHEETAHS, DIV. OF NAMAN RAINWEAR, 500 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10018



a juliet cap and sweetheart capelet by **Napier** glitter and glow with the romantic opulence of jeweled strands and chains.
The crystal cap, 45.00
Pearl capelet, 65.00

GROSSE POINTE · BIRMINGHAM · DEARBORN · ANN ARBOR · BATTLE CREEK
SAGINAW · JACKSON · EAST LANSING · GRAND RAPIDS · KALAMAZOO

at
home
with
Evelyn Pearson®

It's a beautiful, young-at-heart world for the stay-in life! Unforgettable forget-me-nots, edged in pertly-pleated lace, add romance to nylon tricot, quilted with polyester fiberfill. White with Blue, Maize with Mint, or Pink-on-Pink. 6 to 16. **$18.** At Lord & Taylor, 5th Avenue, & branches; or write Evelyn Pearson, Inc., Empire State Bldg, N Y C 10001.

woman, or to get rid of her, I try to make her laugh. Why don't you try it?" "That takes talent," says the Marquis.

"Rules of the Game" is delicately good to every character in it, even to the most spoiled or stilted. For the people who are driven to their limits, it has the special eye that Renoir always reserves for men nearly beyond what they can manage. There is a wonderful shot of Schumacher, the violent, rigid gamekeeper, now sacked from his job because of the shooting affair, and thus separated completely from the lady's-maid wife he was trying to save for himself. She chose to stay with Madame. He stands with his forehead against a tree, stiffly, finished, like a propped scarecrow. The game has gone wrong. The rules—for him as for the aviator—were so much dead wood, but he was deceived in hoping to hack his way back to life by violent action. For the others the game still holds, although the idea of honor has petered out into the advisability of avoiding open indiscretion, and the idea of happiness into being amused. The *crime passionnel* of the plot, terrible for all three triangles, is given the labelling of his class by the Marquis. It is called "an unfortunate accident." He tells his guests that the gamekeeper, who was actually egged on by the poacher to shoot the aviator because they thought he was poaching Lisette from them both, "fired in the course of duty" on an intruder suspected of the only kind of poaching that gamekeepers are supposed to deal with. Renoir's formal command of his film is beautiful. During the last part of the picture, the camera moves about almost like another guest. It must be some quality of Renoir's that makes his camera lens seem always a witness and never a voyeur. The witness here communicates a powerful mixture of amusement and disquiet. "Rules of the Game" was made in 1939, after all; it is not only a wonderful piece of filmmaking, not only a great work of humanism and social comedy in a perfect rococo frame, but also an act of historical testimony.

I DON'T know that any other form of art can touch the soaring, mesmerizingly funny heights of off-key earnestness that can sometimes be reached by a rotten movie. A new film called "Number One," which is about a football quarterback in spiritual combat with himself, is nearly as fine in the vein as a 1964 picture called "Youngblood Hawke." The only thing to approach them is the endearing and agonizingly funny phonograph record of the efforts of the tone-deaf Mrs. Florence Foster Jenkins to come somewhere near the note in her privately sponsored career as a coloratura soprano. "Youngblood Hawke" told the tale of the moral downfall of an unknown author who started off with integrity enough in Kentucky and feverishly wrote a very long novel in time off from something that had roots—mining, I think. The manuscript was so huge that he had to carry it to the post office in a suitcase, and he once fell into a ditch because of the weight. A New York publisher accepted it instantly, and he came to the city. The sound track played "Adeste Fideles" as he rode on his first escalator. With the help of something called his stylist, a pretty girl who lived with him and his manuscript to put in the style, the book became a masterpiece. Then he met a married woman, and wrote masses more, and started on a downhill course of adultery and padding. He paid for the adultery—though not as much as the woman did—by the death of her child in the middle of the Broadway opening of his first play. There was a pregnant overhead shot of the heedless pair in evening dress in their aisle seats, being whispered to by a theatre attendant about the nemesis waiting for them. Youngblood also paid pretty heavily for the padding, in an unforgettable sequence where a critic in black tie at a party in Youngblood's honor suddenly thundered Savonarola warnings about the dangers of whirlwind fame and the decline of the hero's prose. A group of the New York intelligentsia listened awestruck. The moral nub of the tirade was that Youngblood's colossal novels were beginning—only beginning, though—to be written too long. As I remember it, the film ran a good two and a quarter hours on its own bat, but I wouldn't have wanted it cut.

"Youngblood Hawke" was about everything, really. Every honking moral dilemma of the Western world. So is "Number One." The best movies of this sort generally are. Spengler, here's your hat. "Number One" is about, to begin with, the vicarious enjoyment of violence (football), a society in decay (us), alienation, and clashing cultures (the quarterback hero is married to a fashion artist). Charlton Heston is the hero, called Catlan. He represents a bought soul. He performs in the gladiators' arena for money. And now his game is getting less good. Should he retire? Or should he hang on for the three seasons that the supposedly self-interested but actually rather nice coach still sees in him? ("Jimmy, you're a whore," Catlan says to the man unkindly after a terrific moment of truth in the locker room.) But if he does quit, and takes the offered managerial job in a computer firm, what will he feel like, this famous ox of a man? This man who has spent his life in another, warmer world, though it is also one that is obviously supposed to be a microcosm of the senseless violence of our . . . et cetera? His wife is no help. She puts her career first. You can tell that by her spectacles. They have no children. I think she may stand for a sterile society. Her closest friend is a homosexual, drawn with rich ludicrousness. He rubs her back when she is tired after a successful fashion show, and lisps flirty abuse at Catlan, whom he calls Hot Lips. Catlan hurts his knee in a game and finds comfort with a beauty in an open car who keeps a tennis shop. While they are at a party together, and he is lying on a bed in the next room to rest his knee, it becomes clear that she has a soul and an intellect as well as a keen understanding of sports; Catlan says about the party, "They seem to be having a great time out there," and she replies, "That's funny. I could have sworn I heard loneliness." In the eyes of the film, which are starry with jargon, they seem to be beginning to have a *meaningful* relationship, but I suppose it isn't a *mature* relationship. The girl suffers moral reprisals for this. She gets stopped for speeding. (She soon fades out of the story altogether.) Anyway, the point is that Catlan himself can't really sustain a meaningful relationship with anyone, because he is a *product of our society* and *essentially alone*. All the way along, you know that this is a movie about big ideas. It tells the story of a fallen giant—blind, muscle-bound, with nowhere to go, but certainly a giant of our time. As his contact in the computer firm says, giving four reasons for offering him the job (I forget the first and third), "Two, you're used to functioning under extreme pressure. . . . Four, you're probably the most dynamic leader of men I've ever met."

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

He can, as he concedes, slip easily into the colorful patios of the Southwest.
—*Topeka Daily Capital.*

Under cover of dark?

If it weren't for a volcano, Leilani would taste and cost the same as any ordinary rum.

Leilani Hawaiian Rum
Leilani Hawaiian Rum

LEILANI HAWAIIAN RUM • 80 PROOF

CALVERT DISTILLERS CO., HONOLULU, HAWAII

On the Hawaiian island of Maui, there's a dormant volcano called Haleakala.

And the land that surrounds it is rich in volcanic ash. Which is why we have the juiciest sugar cane in the world. And why Leilani has such a light, distinctive flavor.

However, Leilani does cost a little more. That's because we make it in a small distillery. And we make it slowly. Carefully. In small batches. On a remote island. So we can't make much of it.

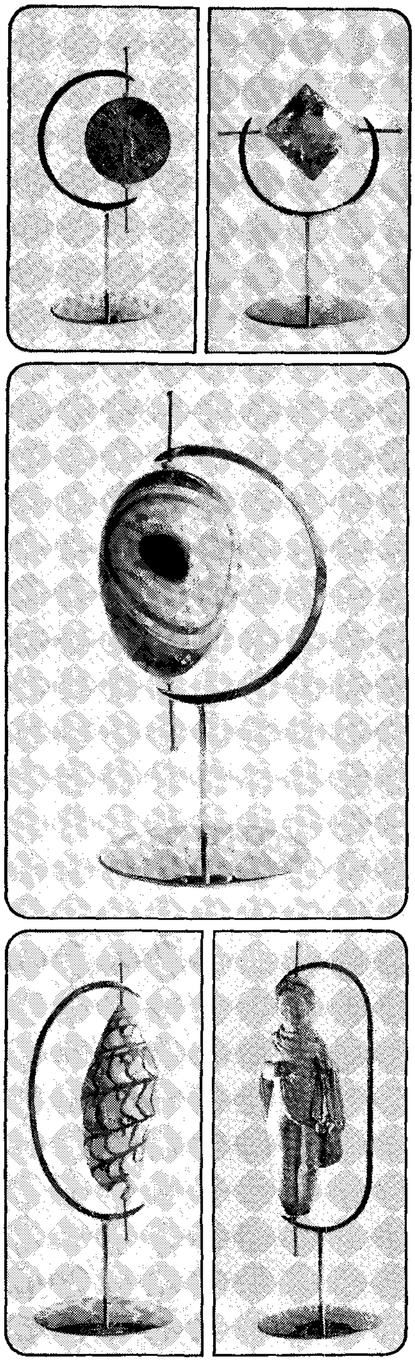
But we think you'll find the taste so pleasant, you won't mind paying that little bit extra.

After all, Leilani is made in paradise.

Shorter division by Olga...the Panti-slip that gives more freedom and coverage when you wear less skirt. It looks like a slip, divides like a pantie: in short, very short or mini lengths. Nylon tricot and lace, P-L, 6.50 to 7.00. The smoothest bra, with **Lycra***spandex, 5.50. At stores with fashion spirit.

*DuPont's Reg. T. M.

behind every
OLGA®
there really is an Olga



Enhance the beauty of your favorites

Precious minerals, pre-Columbian art and an endless list of valued treasures: rare shells, Ukrainian Easter eggs, small sculpture, ancient artifacts, antique watches, medals and coins are exhibited to their maximum advantage in the patented **Stix Stand.** Available through your interior designer and many fine shops or write for specifics:

Stix

13 Vandam Street, New York, N.Y. 10013

GASTRONOMY RECALLED

ESPECIALLY OF THE EVENING

ANY half-decent approach to maturity in the use of words is as mysterious as that of sex initiation into a Congolese tribe, but much slower. Of course I can only judge at first hand by the former, but books tell me that it is apparently much easier to learn marital protocol in a jungle clearing southeast of Lambaréné than it is to accept reasons for some of the sounds we use in communication.

My first hint of puzzlement ahead came long before I could spell or read, when I felt bothered, irked, perhaps slightly wounded by the rhyming of

> I love little Pussy! Her coat is so warm!
> And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm.

Since then, I have listened to several kinds of accents tackle this, and never have they coped with the basic problem.

About a decade later in my semantic—or, at least, phonetic—education, after I had survived the hazards of "Gladly the Cross-eyed Bear" and suchlike hymns I could sing without reading, I met a professionally mad Basque, really a nice, mild Spanish aristocrat raised in Paris, who shocked me almost silly by prattling persuasively at my first grown-up dinner party about the pity of wasting the word "iodine" on a foul medicament. "Correctly pronounced," he cried, "it would grace any lovely woman! If I should ever have a daughter, I would call her Yo-*deen!*"

I have never recovered from this part of the initiation, and I still transfer common sounds into real or imaginary languages, even subconsciously. Once, in a repaired attic room in Aix-en-Provence, I awoke to the Matins from St.-Jean-de-Malte, which rang a few dozen feet from me, and I was saying aloud, "Avocado . . . a-vo-caaa-doh." It was beautiful. I was making progress. (It lasts, so that now deep bells sound very softly when I see the fruit or taste it.) My teachers were leading me from the jungle. Sometimes what they showed me was clear, as with Yo-*deen*, but why the Matins in the cool morning sounded avocado "a-vo-caaa-doh" to me I do not yet understand.

One of the last teachers was an Algerian with a bright eye and ear. "What," he asked me with a subtle air of impudent challenge, for he was politically wary and liked to ascribe this wariness to cultural gaps (mine, not his), "is a beautiful sentence to you—a perfect phrase?" Without any thought, I answered, "Soup of the evening, beautiful soup." We were astounded, both of us, if for different reasons. We talked about it, and I have often pondered it since then. Basically, it can be left alone, like a fragment of Etruscan pottery, and the Algerian had no real need to point out to me, as he did very skillfully, how dull it would be in translation. (Italian and Spanish sounded better than French.)

Of course it was the Mock Turtle, singing for Alice when she was in Wonderland, who gave me the phrase. The peevish Gryphon had maliciously suggested the subject to the poor creature who represented soup itself in those Victorian days, and it was a kind of melancholy wail, a musical moan, he managed to produce. But it still sounds in my ears, "more and more faintly . . . carried on the breeze":

> Beautiful Soup! Who cares for fish,
> Game, or any other dish?
> Who would not give all else for two p
> ennyworth only of beautiful soup!
> . . .
> Soo—oop of the e—e—evening,
> Beautiful, beauti—FUL SOUP!

That is exactly how I feel about it. I like it best without further courses like "fish, game, or any other dish." I know that tuppence would not buy much today, but when I am tired and cold and hungry, poor or rich, I would rather drink a bowl of hot broth than confront any meal ever devised. And I feel confident that I would be a useful provider in times of hardship, for it is challenging, even when I need not scratch for tuppence, to steep the last drop of nourishing flavor from a bone, a cabbage leaf. There is excitement and real satisfaction in making an artful good soup from things usually tossed away: the washed tops of celery stalks, stems of parsley, skeletons of fowl, bones of animals. This cannot be done in a public eating place, because of modern laws of sanitation as well as ancient ones of common courtesy, but at home I do not hesitate, if a fine T-bone lies fairly naked on the platter, to make a stock from it, remove any fat when it is chilled, and use it within a few days for a soup base or a sauce. It is, as Mrs. Beeton would say in her Victorian cooking manual, "a sustaining broth."

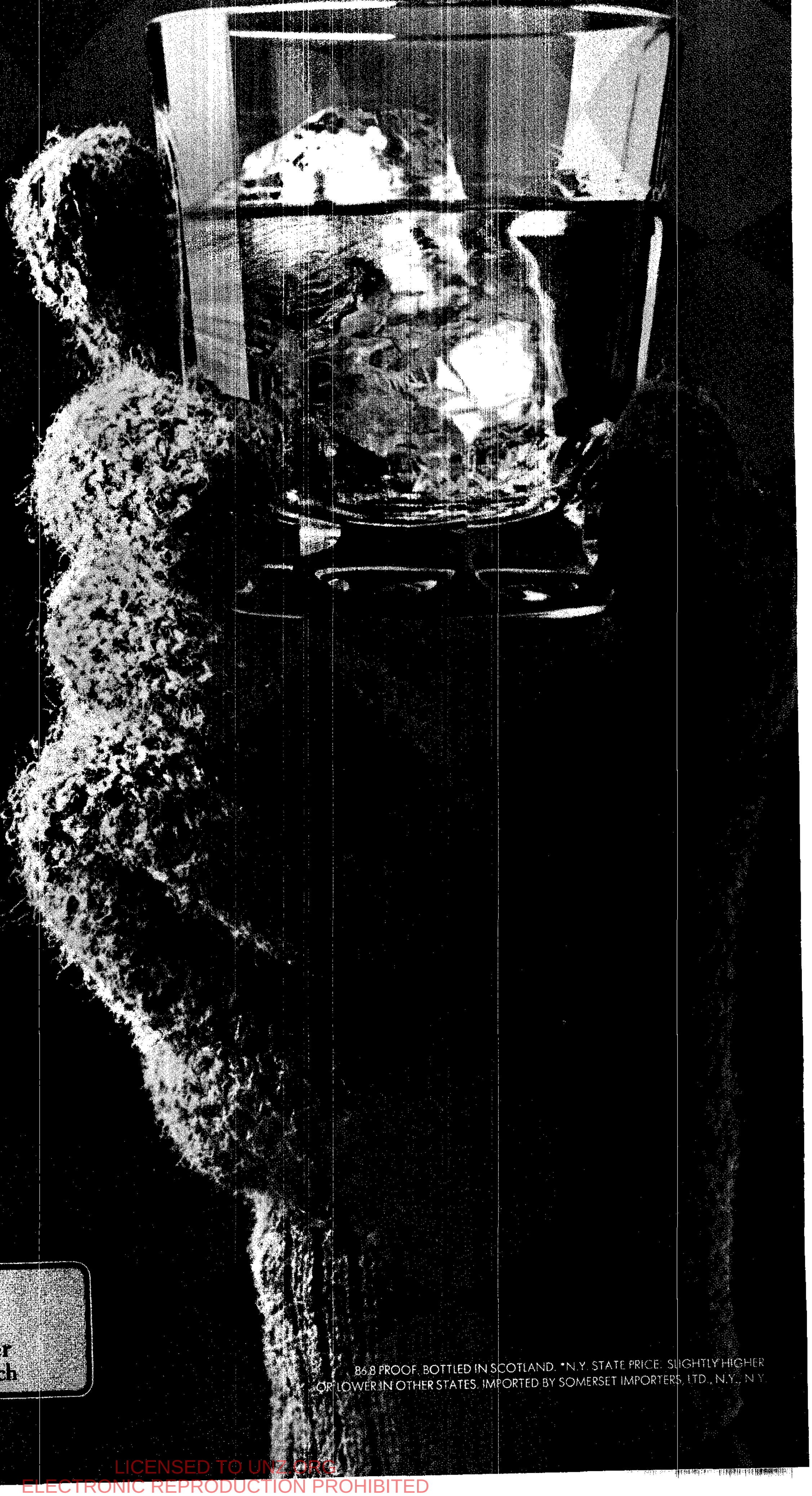
For simple living, when one is alone or with children or other people who must sleep sweetly and then rise to face school or jobs, the supper of our Eu-

"A friend of mine who happens to be an industrial engineer was kidding me about how much time we put into each pair of trousers. I suppose 71 minutes sounds like a lot when others are doing it in 38 or even less, but he knows as well as I do that we'd have to cut plenty of corners to cut down on the time. And even if customers didn't notice the difference, we would."

HOWARD CORBIN

Gentlemen's Clothing
by CORBIN LTD

Corbin Ltd., 1301 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019. Write for a listing of the fine stores that feature Corbin trousers.



Save your money. Winter is coming.

The dark skies and chill air are not far off.

After you've had your last summertime-with-lime drink, and you're ready to go back to scotch, go back to the best.

Order a couple of ounces of Johnnie Walker Black Label on ice.

Very soon after, you'll probably want to pick up a fifth. That will cost you. About $9.40.*

But winter is still a way off, so you can start squirreling away a few extra dollars now.

You didn't think *all* the best things in life were free, did you?

YEARS 12 OLD
Johnnie Walker
Black Label Scotch

86.8 PROOF. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. *N.Y. STATE PRICE. SLIGHTLY HIGHER OR LOWER IN OTHER STATES. IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y., N.Y.

ropean forebears is a good one, and when one feels jaded from too many pressures it seems even more beneficent: all one wants to eat of a plain soup, some bread or toast perhaps, then a compote of cooked fruits or a little custard if indicated by habit or hunger, and then *bed*—unless there is in the family somewhere an Austrian or a Frenchman who will enjoy, and gently initiate the others to enjoy, a fuming cup of the mild infusion of various dried herbs and leaves and berries called a tisane. This is a delicate belly-wash indeed, good for quiet talk with friends before a slowing fire, or alone between the sheets.

There are several kinds of soup I consider excellent for such gentle suppers. When I am alone and perhaps a little low, it is good to heat a can of cream of tomato and some milk or water, pour them into a warmed bowl with a sprinkle of cinnamon in it, and go to bed with it. (A small, wide-mouthed pitcher is easy to drink from, especially if I am reading a good book.) Any mild, smooth soup will serve as well, and I usually keep a jar or two on hand. I make them from leftover vegetables and good basic stock, all put in a blender so that no spoon is necessary when I am half stretched out. I also give the smooth, delicious mixtures to my friends, but usually as the sole dish for lunch—hot on a cold day, chilled, of course, in summer.

Another good soup for any weather is made either slowly or quickly, according to one's speed of life. Here is my quick way:

A Lifesaver

1 part good stock.
1 part tomato juice or V-8.
1 part clam juice.

Mix, heat to simmer point, and serve, seasoning and garnishing as wished. Good alone, or with a sandwich for lunch.

This can be varied for grownups, and indeed made quite sophisticated, by substituting for the tomato juice one part dry white wine added at the last; the soup should be brought just to the steaming point and served immediately. It is also good chilled, or even lightly jellied. It is good very hot, in mugs, or it can have things added to it and be eaten properly from a consommé cup or soup plate, at luncheon or dinner. Chopped watercress is a fine, pungent addition. Or why not a spoonful of fresh caviar, if it is there handily growing on the nearest bush?

Plainly there are many tricks, self-taught or stolen from other magicians of any standing in the soup circuit. One good amateur cook who makes

Go with Jerold, baby!
You'll have it made!

The Safari Coat by Jerold

Great fashion trophy of 65% Dacron® polyester/35% cotton. Protected with ZePel®. Warmly lined. Navy, oyster, natural, wheat, or ice blue, 6-18—about $28.00. From the Outer Banks Collection to hunt for at The Broadway, L.A.; Miller's, Tennessee; Luckey-Platt, Poughkeepsie. Or write Jerold, 512 7th Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10018.

DUPONT ZEPEL RAIN/STAIN REPELLER ®TM Du Pont

The everything Hilton for everybody.

Romantics: step from your air-conditioned room in the Jamaica Hilton onto your balcony and into air perfumed with golden jasmine. *Gourmets:* in the circular Arawak Dining Room feast on passion fruit. Baked black crab. And for dessert—mangoes in coconut cream. *Athletes:* play tennis or pitch-and-putt. Be a jockey in a donkey race. Fish. Sail. Swim off our 800-foot beach, or in our pool. *Adventurers:* climb a waterfall. Raft down the Rio Grande. *Dancers:* ska and limbo in our Limbo Night Club. *Bargain hunters:* shop for duty-free cashmeres and cameras in our Freeport Shop.

Even if you're not everybody, you'll love the Jamaica Hilton.

Call your travel agent, any Hilton hotel, or Hilton Reservation Service.

JAMAICA HILTON

the best split-pea soup I ever tasted—and split-pea soup can be a fine thing—adds a quart of strong beer or ale to every gallon of his production before its final half hour of simmering. Why? What does this mean? I cannot possibly say, but certainly the stuff is good, with a nice bite to it. He serves this restorative as the main course of a long, gabby supper, with plenty of pumpernickel and ripe cheeses, or after a lengthy session of music and more talk, when people begin to feel a pre-dawn intimation that they are not immortal.

IT is hard to remember the worst soup I ever ate, but easy to give a near-exact date for the best, the most memorable: April or May in 1921. I have eaten many more cunning broths and brews since then, both plain and fancy, but that was a soup that I still *qvell* for when I think about it.

I had been in bed for perhaps five days with some kind of flu, and except for an occasional remote word of sympathy from my parents, who had to remain antiseptic because of all the younger siblings and who therefore could get no closer to me than it takes to use a thermometer, I was *alone;* even my sister had been moved relentlessly into the spare room. This was a test of my being the oldest and the nearest to grown up, and it was perfect for the first four days: I was a sick little animal, lying under the bushes farthest from the pack. Floods of watered fruit juices stood by my bed, for the version of the adage practiced in our house was "Starve a fever and also starve a cold, but more so." (Does this explain why we had few of either, and with no lingering aftereffects to plague us once we got some meat back on our bones?) The fifth day, I felt as pure as a mountain stream, and eager for company, and almost wildly hungry. From out the kitchen windows and across the roof and into my private pest ward came a breeze of delight—a beef broth was in the making! Could I stand to wait for it without howling aloud? I lay for several hours, obedient to family law but increasingly peeved, for nobody had bothered to take my temperature or say good morning. Did they not understand what I had gone through? Had they forgotten me perhaps? About noon, my father came home from his job as editor, occasional pressman, and volunteer paper boy on the daily *News* and right to my room, and gave me a bone-cracking hug, but my resulting elation slumped badly when I heard everyone murmuring down in the dining room. He had

Special moments call for a special dress. Like this jewel-buttoned, silk and worsted beauty.
Cadet navy or emerald. 8 to 16, 56.00*

*Slightly higher on the West Coast

Peck & Peck dresses for the occasion. For a certain kind of woman.

ON THE TRANQUIL, TROPICAL BEACH AT ACAPULCO

Acapulco's most gracious hotel, managed in the treasured European tradition of personal service and elegance.

Peaceful and unruffled. *NEVER A CONVENTION*—Located in a serene setting of quietude on Acapulco's famous beach.

Gourmet dining at VOISIN—or under the stars on the EL PALMAR TERRACE. Dancing and entertainment nightly in the renowned EL CAZADOR BAR.

ACAPULCO'S PRESTIGE ADDRESS
ACAPULCO MALIBU
Apartado Postal 582
Acapulco, Gro. Mexico
Cable Address: MALIBUACAPULCO
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

Hand carved and tinted wooden King from Spain, 20" high, leads a double life as a bottle holder. Price $23.50 (Scotch not included). Postage $2.50.
Duty, if any, payable on receipt.
Also perfume, jewelry, watches.
"A distinguished store of impeccable reputation"
C.&M. CARON
P.O. BOX 1735
ST. THOMAS, VIRGIN ISLANDS
Write for our illustrated Price List

Only in San Francisco
In San Francisco, *only*

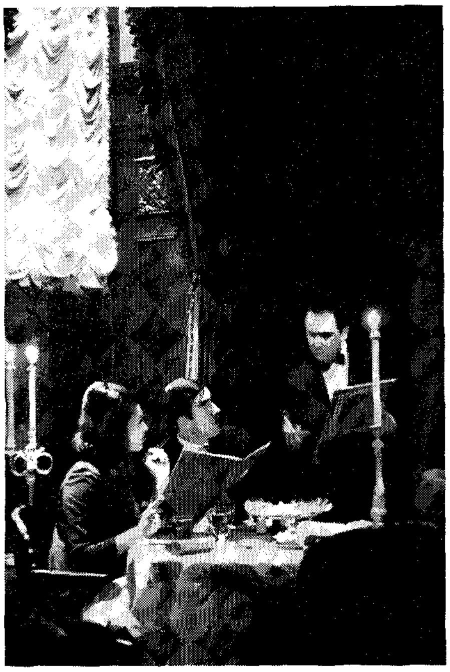
Hubert Braun
les coiffures *internationales*
445 sutter st., san francisco

not reminded them that I lay alone—weak, starved, almost sobbing, *alive*. And then my mother came. She put down a little tray with a big bowl on it, and gave me the second hug of the week and my first kiss, and went away. There, alone with me, waiting for me, was the biggest bowl—a *kitchen* bowl—of the most beautiful soup I had ever seen or smelled, of a clear color like strong tea, with other glowing colors not too far below the surface, and a pearly vapor rising straight up. At first, I ate it properly, with a large spoon (the Irish pattern, which was usually saved for Occasions). Then, aware that things were going exactly as my mother had meant them to, I picked up the bowl in both hands and sucked at it the way a half-drowned cow or sailor will suck at the air. It filled me with bliss. I drank all the dark, heady broth—slowly, no doubt noisily, and very voluptuously. I lay back. Then I returned to the delicious engagement and ate the freshly cooked morsels of half a dozen vegetables at the bottom of the bowl, and the bits of meat that had been cut from the big bones I had smelled rolling in their kettle. I tipped down the last drop, put the kitchen bowl neatly on its tray, and sank back again for a long, sweet nap. I was sure that more soup would be there for supper ("Soo—oop of the e—e—evening, beautiful, beautiful . . ."), and that my little sister would be sleeping in her bed beside mine. Fate could not harm me.

There is no secret in making such a magic potion, and it is not necessary to be convalescent to respond to it. I know from experience that something almost like it can be contrived quickly from cans and frozen packages and perhaps a pressure cooker. Given the time and the ingredients, though, it is at its best as I ate it that day, made of a strong bouillon of meat bones, and then fresh vegetables: carrots, green beans, slices of zucchini if possible, mild onions, peeled tomatoes perhaps, celery, cabbage leaves. If everything is basically good, there seems little need for salt, but some herbs and celery tops in the stock are one more addition to the savor. The kettle is kept at a slow boil for three or four hours, and then the bouillon is strained, and skimmed of fat when it cools. Good bits of meat are chopped and set aside. The vegetables go into the stock, which is once more boiling, according to their times for being done. The bits of meat are added. The brew is ready, to cheer and succor.

As for the worst soup I ever ate, a merciful and apparently impenetrable

GOOD GRIEF!
The Plaza has changed The Edwardian Room.



YOU CARE.
You noticed we removed some tables. But only so our captains can flame sauces and mix salads before your eyes. Otherwise, we've changed not an inch of red velvet, or . . .
WELL.
We *did* add marvelous new continental dishes. And we now have music until 10:30 p.m. Otherwise, New York's most romantic dining place is still . . .
EGAD.
We have complete pre-theatre dinners for $8.50. Reservations—Mr. Jan, Plaza 9-3000

THE PLAZA
Fifth Avenue at 59th Street
An HCA Hotel

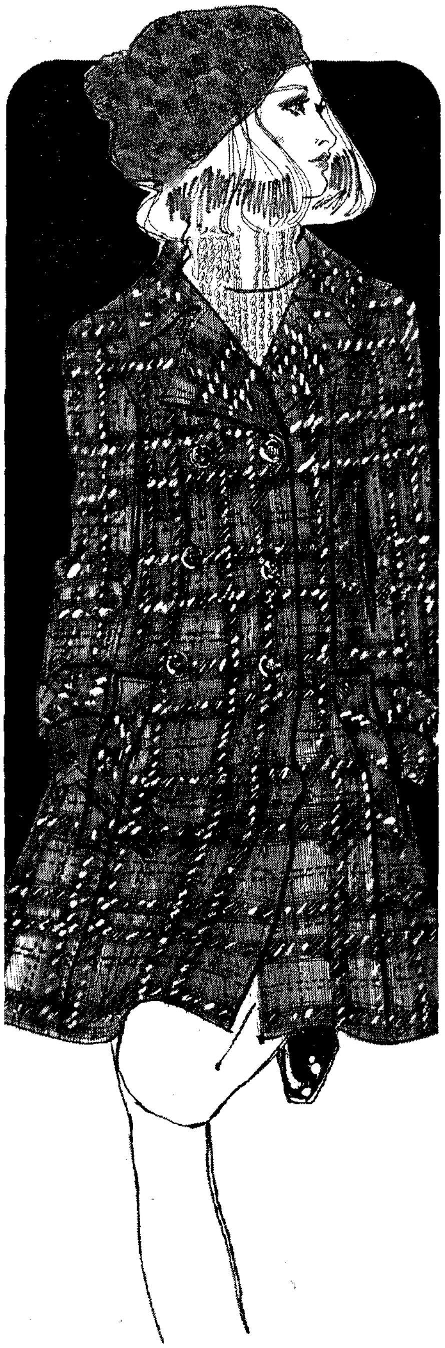
For an authentic Dry Margarita...

Imported
TEQUILA WHITE
PRODUCE OF MEXICO
TEQUILA
GAVILAN

You better use Gavilan—the Dry Tequila
A wet tequila will never make it.
With Gavilan, you can mix the authentic Dry Margarita...the authentic Bloody Maria... the authentic Tequila 'n Bitter Lemon...the authentic Tequila Sour...or Tequila on the Rocks.
Anything else is for authentic Tourists!

GAVILAN TEQUILA

The Mexican Government has awarded the Official Seal of Guaranteed Quality to the Distillers of Gavilan Tequila.
Free Recipe Book! Write Dept. 100. Foreign Vintages, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York 10020—90 Proof



The pride of the clan—the authentic MacHardy tartan. Wear it proudly in the boy coat $85, turtleneck $14, tam available. All created from the finest pure virgin wools, uniquely tailored for a look that is —so real, so woman,

so Pendleton

At fine stores or write Dept. N-229, Pendleton Woolen Mills, Portland, Oregon 97201 • Pure Virgin Wool ©PWM 1969

veil has been drawn over this event by my highly self-protective nature. I can state, however, that a kind of thin-thick whitish stuff served mostly in Swiss boarding houses and third-class station restaurants in France should be courteously shunned unless one is almost falling-down hungry. I know its secret—a gritty meal called *semoule*, much like our Cream of Wheat, which is employed to thicken and stretch pale broths, usually made even paler by a little blue-gray milk. That covers the subject, I think.

The Swiss seem prone to serve thick soups, except in *pensions*. They always taste as if they had been affronted in some way by the compulsive national addition of starches. They are of various colors, but of a generally indistinguishable flavor. Often they look like a poor American gravy. Here, though, is one recipe that can be delicious:

ALPINE MUSHROOM SOUP

½ pound mushrooms, chopped.
2 cups chicken stock.
2 cups milk.
5 tablespoons butter.
5 tablespoons flour.
Salt, pepper.
½ cup light cream.
¼ cup dry white wine.
(Or 3 tablespoons dry sherry.)

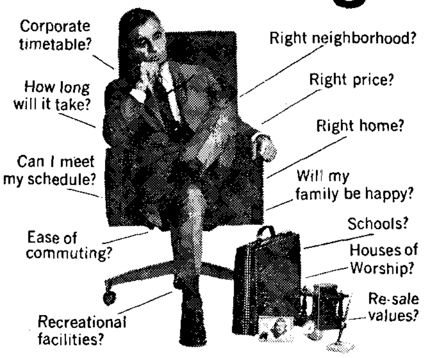
Chop clean mushrooms, and simmer for 20 minutes in chicken stock and milk. Rub through coarse sieve (I prefer to skip this step). Melt butter and blend in flour. Add liquid mixture slowly and cook over low heat, stirring constantly until thick. Season. Just before serving, add cream and wine.

Most Swiss, and I believe most Alpine people, like to stir things—edible things, that is—into strong hot broth: droplets of various batters, cubes of soft cheeses, broken lengths of vermicelli. All this must be eaten as fast and hot as one can safely swallow it, which is as it should be in high, snowy country. One fine trick I learned when I lived there, and often play when I am far away, is to beat an egg lightly with a little broth or wine and stir it into a cup of steaming consommé, to make a quick restorative from cold or weariness.

The first time I ever drank this comforting potion was the evening I reached, on shanks' mare, a small unfashionable inn, in the cold dark, wearing a pack and carrying skis, which were also unfashionable in those long-gone days. I must have looked as tired and lost as I felt, for when I asked the sleepy but pleasant innkeeper if she could scare up something simple to eat, she brought me almost at once a big bowl of strong consommé with a milky look to it, and told me to

EXECUTIVES...

Relocating?


Corporate timetable?
How long will it take?
Can I meet my schedule?
Ease of commuting?
Recreational facilities?
Right neighborhood?
Right price?
Right home?
Will my family be happy?
Schools?
Houses of Worship?
Re-sale values?

Executive Homesearch can solve your househunting problems . . . WITHOUT CHARGE . . . quickly . . . easily . . . efficiently

Through eight branch offices and a nationwide network of Realtors, we offer the fastest individualized personal attention to the problems of the homebuyer. We screen specific neighborhoods and match your requirements; fit community facilities to your needs. Relocating becomes a pleasure, not a problem . . . backed by Previews' 34 years of dedication, experience, and integrity. Executive Homesearch charges NO FEE for its services. Literature on request. Write or call (212) PL 8-2630, S. DEMPSEY.

Previews EXECUTIVE HOMESEARCH™

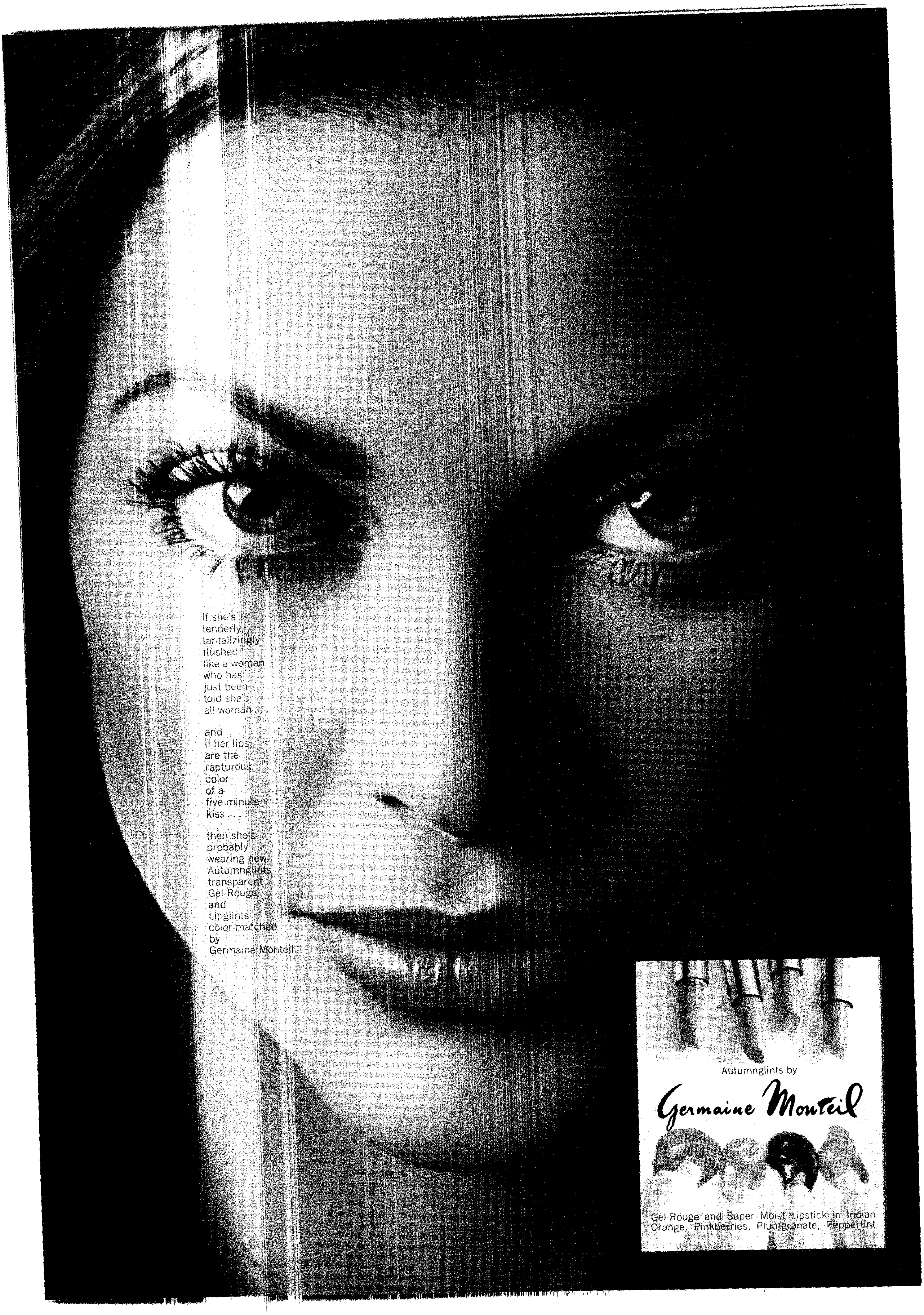
49 East 53rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10022
Boston • Wash., D. C. • Palm Beach • Chicago
Denver • Los Angeles • San Francisco

This season we'll give you the moon, the sun, the stars, and an outrageous view of Montego Bay.

Upper Deck

Admiral Nelson was here in 1782
Montego Bay, Jamaica, W.I.
For information and reservations see your Travel Agent, or contact:
ROBERT F. WARNER, INC.,
(in the East and Midwest)
and
GLEN W. FAWCETT DIVISION
OF JOHN A. TETLEY CO., INC.
(in the West)

TOM'S Shangri-La
Res. MU 3-0996
237 Madison Ave.
near 37th Street
CANTONESE & MANDARIN COOKING
3 private rooms for meetings & parties
Ample parking after 6 P.M.



If she's tenderly, tantalizingly flushed like a woman who has just been told she's all woman . . .

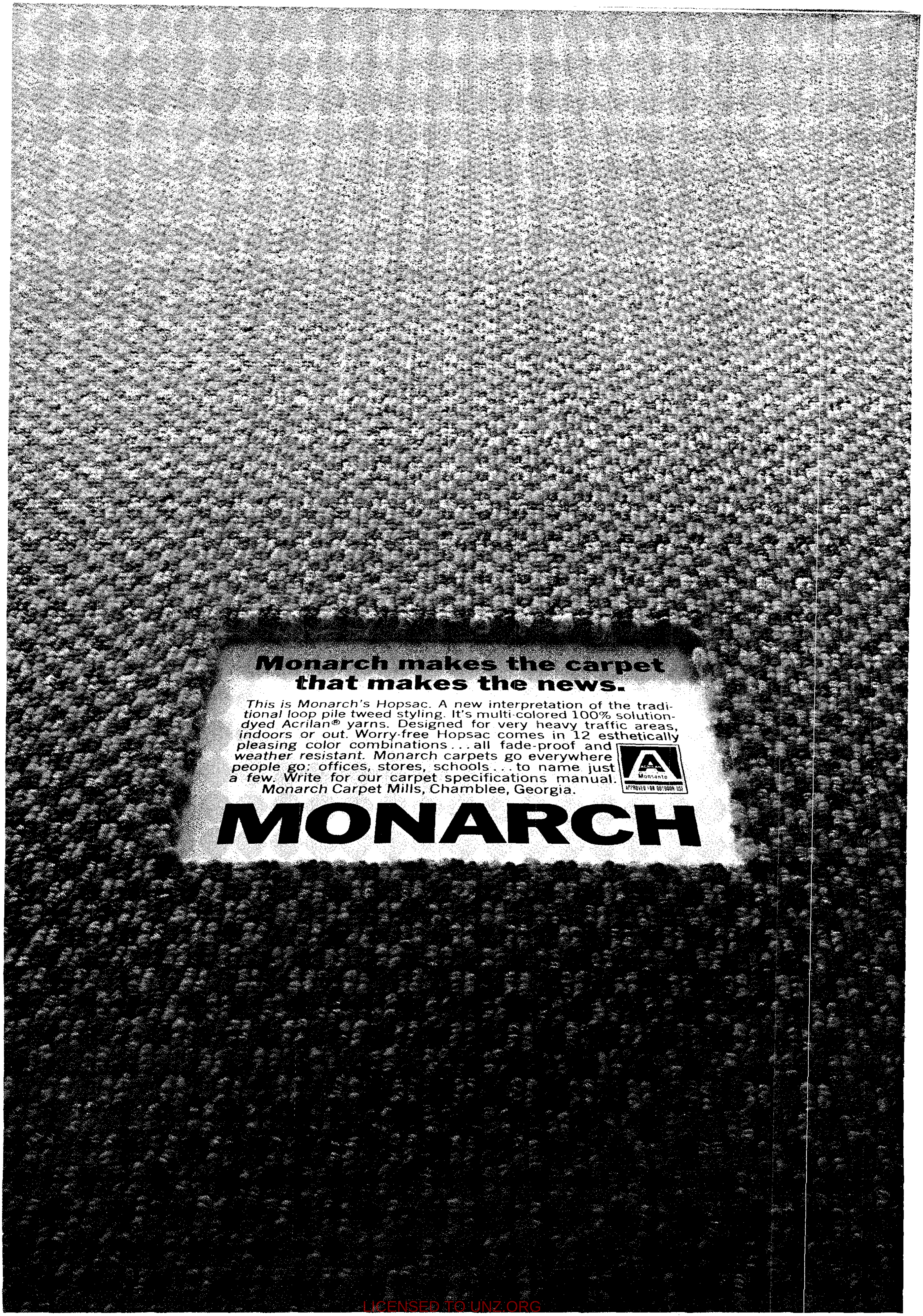
and if her lips are the rapturous color of a five-minute kiss . . .

then she's probably wearing new Autumnglints transparent Gel-Rouge and Lipglints color-matched by Germaine Monteil.

Autumnglints by

Germaine Monteil

Gel-Rouge and Super-Moist Lipstick in Indian Orange, Pinkberries, Plumgranate, Peppertint



Monarch makes the carpet that makes the news.

This is Monarch's Hopsac. A new interpretation of the traditional loop pile tweed styling. It's multi-colored 100% solution-dyed Acrilan® yarns. Designed for very heavy traffic areas, indoors or out. Worry-free Hopsac comes in 12 esthetically pleasing color combinations . . . all fade-proof and weather resistant. Monarch carpets go everywhere people go: offices, stores, schools . . . to name just a few. Write for our carpet specifications manual.
Monarch Carpet Mills, Chamblee, Georgia.

A
Acrilan
Monsanto
APPROVED FOR OUTDOOR USE

MONARCH

drink it all while she scouted the kitchen for some scraps from the family supper. I did. It was enough for my needs, but by the time she came back with a little omelette stuffed with chicken livers, as I remember, and then a piece of apple tart, I felt ready to tackle them and the whole strange business of being a camp follower to a bunch of mountain buffs. (I was never any good on skis, except to stay vertical on the meadows and wait in the huts. "Mush on," my husband would sing out as he went swooping off with the pack. "Good girl! Mush on!" And there I would be, by a fine fire, when they all swooped in again—food ready, heart ready.)

The innkeeper told me what she had done, when I paid my bill the next morning and noticed "Plain Consommé" marked on it, for something like twelve cents. "But that was not plain," I said. "That was special, extra." She laughed a little sidewise, and said I looked as if I could do with a couple of fresh eggs—even with an omelette afterward. Not everybody is that nice.

I DON'T think we eat enough soup here in the States. It can, and often should, be a meal in itself, as an occasional good book devoted to the subject tries to prove. What is better, more reassuring, on a Sunday night than a tureen of steaming buttery oyster stew, plenty of little round crackers, some cold white wine or lager beer? Or a chowder—New England style or New York or plain American? Or a reasonable approximation of a West Coast *cioppino*, a Louisiana gumbo, a bouillabaisse more or less *marseillaise*? None of these heady, sustaining concoctions is what my young daughters once described as "innocent," as is a plain broth with an egg in it. There are as many recipes for them as there are cooks, almost, and they are absorbing of both time and wit, but worth what one has to spare of both.

There are reliables, standbys, tried-and-trues in any repertory, public or private, and it is amusing to observe their popularity wax and wane. For some time now, for instance, weight-watchers who must lunch often in upper-class restaurants have shunned the lately fashionable vichyssoise, which is usually served very cold but can be good in winter, hot from a tureen. It is a potato-leek soup that has been either glorified or emasculated, according to one's taste, from its first hearty beginnings to its present genteel position in a small cup embedded in chopped

john Widdicomb
Makers of fine furniture for more than a century

A rare example of Spanish influence
at its best. The carving is High Renaissance,
a classic style that embodied the vitality and richness
of the art of 16th Century England, Italy and Spain.

Get to know John Widdicomb furniture
See it at any John Widdicomb showroom through your dealer or decorator.
NEW YORK, 205 East 58th St. • PHILADELPHIA, 2301 Chestnut St. • BOSTON, 90 Berkeley St. • GRAND RAPIDS, Exhibitors Bldg.
Chicago • Cincinnati • Cleveland • Dallas • Denver • Houston • Indianapolis • Miami • Pittsburgh • St. Louis • Los Angeles • San Francisco

we've got a suggestion to wear.
LILLY PULITZER
PALM BEACH • BEVERLY HILLS • BOCA RATON • EDGARTOWN • LA JOLLA • NAPLES • NEW ORLEANS • NEWPORT • NORTHEAST HARBOR • ORLEANS • OSTERVILLE • PALM SPRINGS • PETOSKEY • SARASOTA • SOUTHAMPTON

Fall is crystal sheer

Lady Arrow makes polished entrances in the "grand manner" shirt, as seen above. Points to note: the super-long collar, body shaping and washability (it's 100% nylon). Seen below, some of the fine stores stocking it, in fashion colors, 8-18, for around $13.00.

Gimbel's, New York
Charles F. Berg, Portland, Oregon
P. A. Bergner & Co., Peoria, Illinois
Erie Dry Goods, Erie, Pa.
Flah's of Albany
The John Gerber Co., Memphis
Hesse's, Allentown, Pa.
Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh
Kreiger's, New Orleans
Lion Clo. Co., San Diego
V. M. McKelvey Co., Youngstown, Ohio
Mabley & Carew Co., Cincinnati
Nordstrom Best, Seattle
Rich's, Atlanta
C. A. Rowell, Inc., Philadelphia
Young Quinlan, Minneapolis

Prices slightly higher in West.

Lady Arrow®
1407 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018
A division of Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

ice, and since it is already on the skids because of its caloric menace, I feel enough loyalty to suggest that a good sturdy old-fashioned version of it be made occasionally by every self-respecting cook who wants to satisfy and soothe a hungry family.

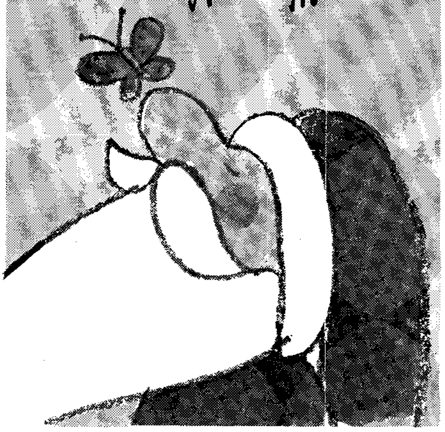
The best version I ever ate was created by a Hollywood star who mistakenly gave up forever the kitchen, in which she could outshine herself, for her figure's sake. She and any peasant farmwife worth her salt would agree on several basic points about their *potages bonne femme:* the potatoes must be of good quality, and raw to begin with; the milk must be fresh; the onions or leeks (or scallions) must be simmered too gently to risk turning golden. In France, as in Switzerland, there seems to be a national temptation to put soups through strainers. Myself, I like a soup like this to have more definite texture, with the potatoes melting somewhat stubbornly into the creamy stock and delicate shreds of the onions still wandering through.

Another soup, much more stylish currently than any version of vichyssoise because it can be less fattening, is gazpacho. Again, there are almost as many recipes as there are cooks, and I seriously doubt that such a thing as a classic and firm formula exists, in spite of the Andalusian purists. It is a cold gruel made with fresh vegetables and herbs, bound by a kind of vinaigrette of olive oil and lemon juice or vinegar. It should rest and "marry" for a time before being eaten. In Spain—a more austere country than ours when left to its own devices—gazpacho has a water base and is served, most elegantly, with one or two cubes of ice in it. Here, a private poll lasting some thirty-five years has made it plain to me that my compatriots prefer it made with a fairly strong stock, even a little jellied, and never with the last-minute piece of ice to thin it. But in Spain or in California it is very good after a night in the icebox, and I am told it is balm of Gilead to a hangover. I have tried making it in a blender, urged on by my enthusiastic and otherwise reliable kitchen pals, but to me this forms a basically unattractive mess, without true colors or textures of all the bits of tomato, green and red pepper, onion, herbs that swim so refreshingly in the more old-fashioned version. I like to make a rough thick paste of the herbs and seasonings and oil in a big mortar, and gradually add the stock, and then stir the minced raw vegetables into it vigorously, to bruise them a little. And it is a personal and non-classic preference to leave out

Spend a dollar, get a "dollar". And a 1969 Neiman-Marcus Christmas catalog.

Send your dollar to N-M, and in mid-October we'll send you our 1969 Christmas catalog (90 pages of sumptuous treasures) and an N-M "dollar" that's applicable towards your first purchase. Write to: Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 29 P.O. Box 2968, Dallas, Texas 75201.

Neiman-Marcus



If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is an early American inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. Swimming, fishing, boating and tennis. And proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

1740 HOUSE
LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

OLD·DROVERS INN
DOVER·PLAINS N.Y.

LUXURY COUNTRY DINING
Overnight Accommodations
Res.: (914) Temple 2-3811 • CLOSED TUES. & WED.

Famous last words of a weed: "The Plus-2 did it."
SCOTTS, the grass people

the sprinkling of dry crumbs that most recipes ask for. It is correct that they will make any extra oil vanish, but the test of a true gazpacho for me is that although it can contain more than its fair share of good olive oil, none will ever make a droplet on its surface if the mixing has been slow and full.

Recipes for this honorable cold reviver are everywhere, especially in the modishly enormous and expensive books now being written by gentlemen chefs and lady globe-trotters, but I cannot withstand the temptation to print one version never to appear again, I feel fairly sure. It is, plainly, a freak. It is not even a soup, technically, since it can be eaten with a fork. But it was a standard dish in a hush-hush military enclave of engineers and technicians and their ladies, sweltering somewhere between Florida and the Bahamas one long summer of about 1950, and a friendly survivor gave me the recipe. I admit firmly that it has not been "kitchen-tested"—in my own laboratories, anyway—but our friendship has, and my brave little donor is one of the best cooks in my experience, as well as loyal and true.

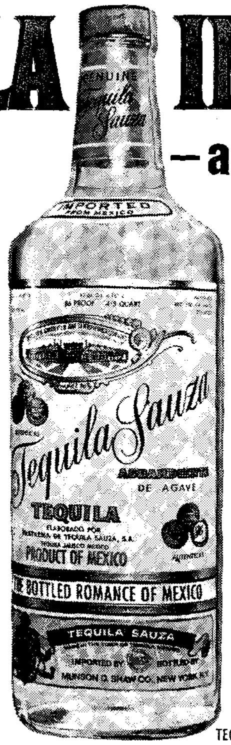
GUZPATCHEE

2 large hardtack (keep well in tropics).
4 fresh ripe tomatoes.
1 cucumber, sliced or chopped.
1 green pepper, chopped.
Bottled mayonnaise (can't *make* it in tropics).
Salt and pepper.

Soak hardtack in water until soft. Squeeze dry and add vegetables. Mix in plenty of mayonnaise, and season well. Chill at least 4 hours, or overnight. Fine for the hottest of days.

This repulsive-sounding mess is a mercifully far cry from an Andalusian or even a Californian gazpacho, but it is basically recognizable, and borsch (or borscht) is another one of the soups we can all nod to in this shrinking world. Of course! Vichyssoise is white, gazpacho is red and green, and borsch is plain red. Vichyssoise has little flashes of chives on it. Gazpacho has crumbs, usually. Borsch has a dollop of sour cream—and if it is not red, it is not a borsch, or so most people believe.

Once, to honor a Russian Jewish guest, I made a "big" borsch rather than a little one, and as I remember it I spent about as much time and energy on it as an Irish Boiled Dinner would take, or a Potée Normande. It was a masterpiece, and strictly kosher in every sense. But it was not the thin fluid of beet juice flavored with sour salt and swirling with thick cream that my friend and everyone else expected—a

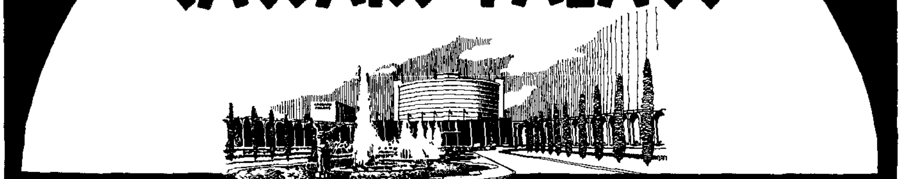

SAUZA IS THE LARGEST-SELLING TEQUILA IN MEXICO
—and in the world.

Now available in the U.S.A.
At last you can get the Tequila that Mexicans prefer. They choose Tequila Sauza more often than they do any other Tequila made — and their Government affirms their choice by giving Sauza its official guarantee seal!

When in Mexico visit the Tequila Sauza plant in Guadalajara.

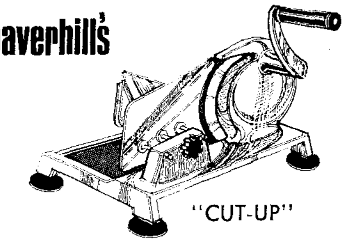
TEQUILA SAUZA 86 PROOF. SOLE DIST. U.S.A. MUNSON SHAW CO. N.Y.

? WOULDN'T YOU RATHER BE IN VEGAS AT
CAESARS PALACE



For rates, reservations and brochures, see any Travel Agent or write Caesars Palace, Las Vegas 89109. Phone (702) 734-7222.

haverhill's



"CUT-UP"
is a Home Food Slicer for those of you who wish you could make your sandwiches at home just like at the "deli." It's easy with this wonderful kitchen aid that slices raw, cooked or frozen food to any thickness (or thinness)! 6¼" stainless blade. Skidproof feet.
$16.95 post/paid from:
584 Washington St., San Francisco, 94111

George Feyer at the piano
His low-pressure piano subtleties are our secret ingredient for dinner, supper or drinks after 8:30 pm to 1:30 am except Sundays. No minimum. Cover $1.00.
For reservations please call "Gunnar" at BU 8-5800.
THE Stanhope
FIFTH AVENUE AT 81ST

A Young Girl Reading by Fragonard (1732-1806), National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

How Bankers Trust got involved in this beautiful oil deal.

When we're appointed executor of an estate, we can't always know what will turn up.

A fleet of freighters.

An unfinished skyscraper.

A priceless painting.

But we're prepared for anything. We have to be.

As executor of one estate, we were responsible to a number of beneficiaries, each of whom found that he had inherited a share in a legendary art collection.

That this collection included three Rembrandts, a Hals, a Van Dyck, a Cranach, a Holbein, a Gainsborough, and a Fragonard had already caused rumbles in the art world.

We could easily have told you about any one of these paintings. But we just couldn't keep our eyes off the Fragonard.

Fragonard? One of the most successful of the French court painters in the eighteenth century. After the Revolution, this artist fell into obscurity. He died in Paris in 1806, a forgotten man.

But recently, interest in his work had revived.

Pressure began mounting. For sentimental reasons, European collectors and museums wanted these paintings to be sold in Europe.

But we resisted. If assets must be sold, we must first find the way to get the highest price for the estate.

As an executor we inherit a unique responsibility–to fulfill the terms of a will as if the decedent's wishes were our very own. We must act as if the property is ours. That's what trust is all about.

Why did this family come to Bankers Trust? They trusted and respected our abilities and judgment.

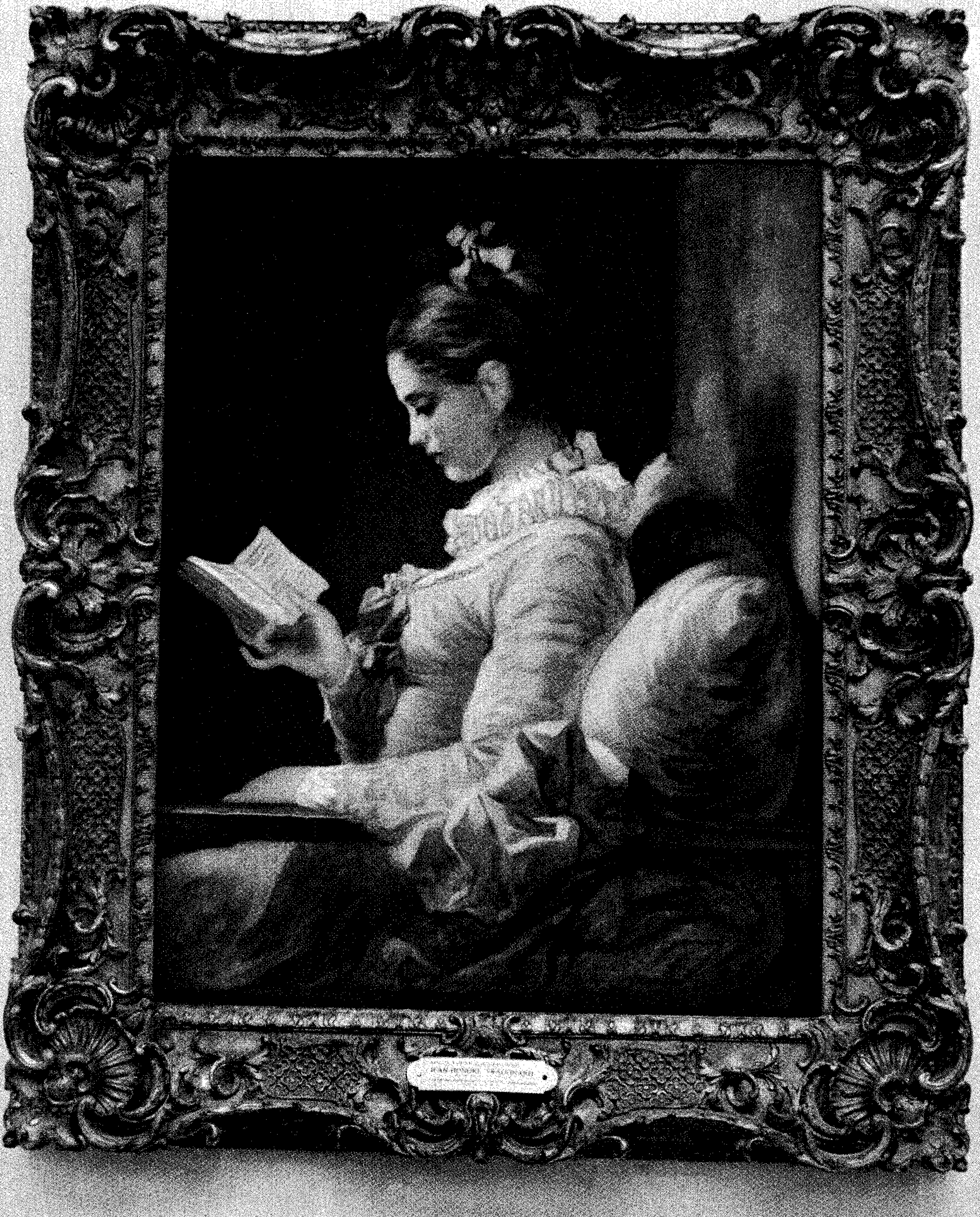
The auction sale is now history. The Fragonard alone was sold for $875,000. The highest price ever paid for a work by this long-neglected master.

It hangs now in the National Gallery in Washington, D.C.

In the role of executor, a Bankers Trust man's first loyalty is to the responsibility entrusted to us.

At times like these, it's as if he didn't even work for our bank.

You'll find an executor at Bankers Trust.


JEAN-HONORÉ FRAGONARD

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation © Bankers Trust Company, 1967.

CHIVAS REGAL
FOUNDED
ABERDEEN SCOTLAND
CHIVAS BROTHERS
12
PRINCE OF WHISKIES
SCOTLAND'S

12-YEAR-OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

Naturally, Chivas drinkers aren't the only ones who try to squeeze the last drop out.

However, they are a bit more patient about it than the rest.

tart, refreshing fillip before the meal. It was the meal itself, and the beets were there—but artfully prepared to be added by each person, not the raison d'être of the show. Thanks to well-conditioned reflexes, ethnic and otherwise, the show was a delicious flop. We ate it all, but later the guest of honor confessed to me that he had never seen such a filling but edible meal, and could not possibly think of it with the word "borsch," which had been in his childhood a term for water with a beet boiled in it, to warm and fill the stomach.

I often serve variations of his original version, because the color is pleasant, and I can use it to mask amiably a dozen mixtures of meat and vegetables and even fish broths, especially helped by sour salt or lemon juice. Of course I cheat—canned beets are good, sliced or chopped, and so easy! I heat them in their own vivid juices, well seasoned with bay, a flick of cayenne sometimes, and the salt. The liquid will go into whatever broth I have on hand, and the well-drained beets into a vinaigrette while they are still hot, to make a delicious chilled salad. This is a bald-faced trick—as basic as juggling three oranges, I suppose.

Here is a more classic variation on the same Slavic theme, and it has often been approved by both Polish and Georgian friends. For it, the young beets should be either raw and scrubbed or parboiled just enough to let their skins slip off.

A Little Borsch

14 crisp beets.
2 cups vinegar.
2 large sweet onions, chopped.
2-3 leeks, thinly sliced.
2-3 carrots, thinly sliced.
1 cup chopped parsley, with some tarragon if possible.
3 tablespoons butter.
2 tablespoons flour.
1 tablespoon salt.
½ teaspoon pepper.
2-3 bay leaves.
2-3 quarts beef broth.
1 pint sour cream.

Put 2 beets aside. Grind rest coarsely, and cover with vinegar for 2 hours. Braise onions and then leeks, carrots, and herbs in butter until rich brown. Add flour, taking care not to let it burn. Drain beets and shake dry in sieve, and add to vegetables. Add salt, pepper, bay leaves, and then the broth. Let simmer until beets and carrots are tender. Grate the 2 remaining beets, and add with a dash of vinegar. Pass the sour cream separately.

For a heartier dish, make small quenelles of sausage meat, rolled in flour and then poached in boiling water, and add at last.

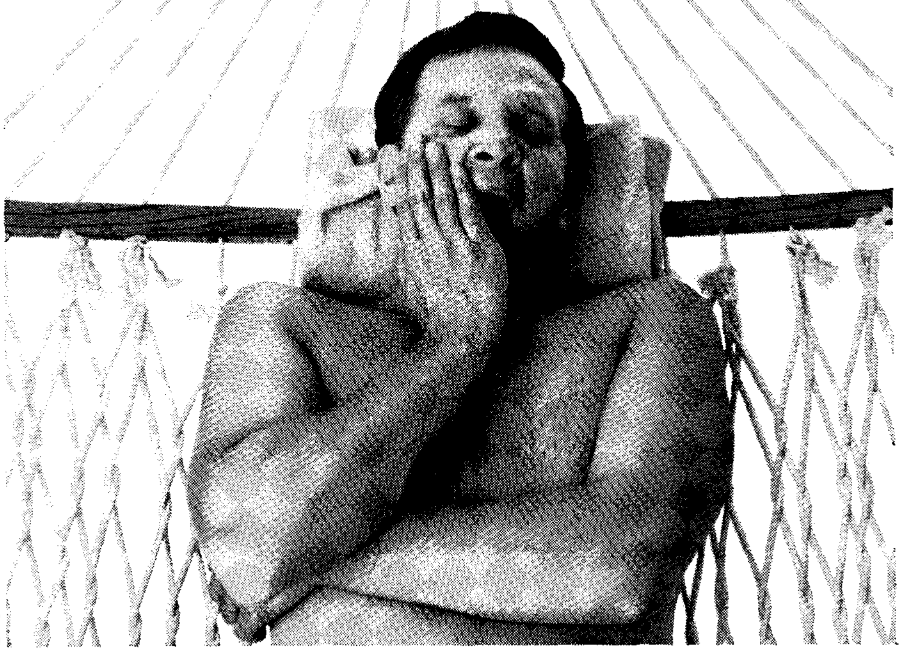
Plainly this recipe is not flimflam. There is some up my sleeve, though,

The lazy Hilton for lively people.

Fastest movers at the Virgin Isle Hilton are its racing turtles. Nobody else needs to hurry. The best of St. Thomas is here or near. Swimming. Tennis. Golf. Spear-fishing. Lobster diving. Duty-free shops at the hotel or in Charlotte Amalie, five minutes away. Save Thursday for barbecues and turtle racing and Sunday for the international buffet. Dance the bambooshay. The Virgin Isle Hilton is so lively, people get lazy about leaving. So will you.

Call your travel agent, any Hilton hotel, or Hilton Reservation Service.

Virgin Isle Hilton



PLEASE DO DANCE IN THE AISLE
BUT LET THE WAITERS THROUGH
MYKONOS
LUNCHEON
COCKTAILS
DINNER
SUPPER
349 W. 46 ST. (W. of Eighth Ave.) Tel. 265-1590

Sea-Fare of the Aegean
25 West 56th St., N.Y.C.

Come try our Oliver Twist Martini. If you can't come write and ask how it's made.

the Silent woman
RESTAURANT
WATERVILLE, MAINE

Bean's Sportsmen's Cardigan

Handsome, rugged sweater from Australia. Finest Merino wool for warmth. Siliconized for maximum water repellency. Extra stretchy for comfort. Saddle shoulders, zipper front and two pockets. Two colors: Navy, Camel. Men's sizes 38 to 46. Price, $29.50 postpaid.

☐ Send Free Fall Catalog

Ship ______ Sportsmen's Cardigan @ $29.50

Color ______ Size ______

NAME ______

ADDRESS ______

______ ZIP ______

L. L. Bean, Inc.
384 Main St., Freeport, Maine 04032
Hunting, Fishing and Camping Specialties

from Scotland–
antartex
SHEEPSKIN

No. 7: $205.00
in brown curly

All sizes (S.R.T.) men and women—23 styles, 14 colours—from $90.00. Can be ordered made to measure. Also available in Antartex sheepskin—slippers, boots, hats, rugs, etc. Handmade knitwear. By Donald Macdonald (Antartex) Ltd., Loch Lomond, Scotland, suppliers to the Trans-Antarctic Expeditions.

ANTARTEX SHEEPSKIN SHOPS
New York City: 139 E. 76th St. (at Lex) LE 5-9079
14 W. 55th St. (at 5th) 765-1455
Greenwich, Conn: 120 Greenwich, 661-5788
Cambridge, Mass: 50 Boylston, Harvard Sq., 868-6083
Chicago: Geneva, Ill., 200 South 3rd St., (E.W. Tollway to 31) 232-4434
Lake Forest, Ill., Robertson's, 240 E. Deerpath
Minneapolis, Minn: 920 Nicollet Mall, 339-1276

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

For your FREE catalogue and real sheepskin samples send this with your name and address to:—
ANTARTEX SHOP AND WAREHOUSE, 120 Greenwich Ave., Greenwich, Conn. 06830. Tel: 203-661-5788

which I disclose less openly. Many people, for instance, are repelled by the thought of eating anything raw, like an egg yolk. Others will reel with disgust at the word "buttermilk." Such problems are largely semantic, and best left in silent limbo—the unmentionables. And meanwhile, just as I sometimes add a barely coddled egg, or even a couple of completely unbothered yolks, to a hearty salad that is to be the main dish at lunch, I continue without a sound to make and serve several soups like the two following ones. I forget the name for the Russian recipe on which they are based (an *okroshka?*), which I am told is currently stylish with Jet Set chefs, but there is a sour-cream version in Polish cooking called *chlodnik*, or something like that, very cool and rich and suave.

Shrimp Cucumber Soup

2 tablespoons mild prepared mustard.
1 large cucumber, peeled, seeded, and coarsely chopped.
1 cup or 1 can peeled shrimp, with juice.
1 quart buttermilk.

Mix mustard, cucumber, and shrimp in bottom of tureen. Add buttermilk and stir well. Chill at least 6 hours.

I usually mix this soup in a pitcher, which takes up less space in the icebox than a tureen, and chill it overnight, stirring it when I remember. It should be *yellow*, so more mustard can be added—a typical "hot dog" type, mild and garish with turmeric.

The second recipe is a personal invention and depends upon the fresh materials at hand. It is very good the next day, and, like the shrimp-cucumber soup, it is recommended—along with gazpacho and, I suppose, borsch, too—as a bracer after a heavy night. I assume that all these concoctions could be made most simply with a blender, but I know, even without trying, that I prefer the contrasting textures and flavors of a rougher dish.

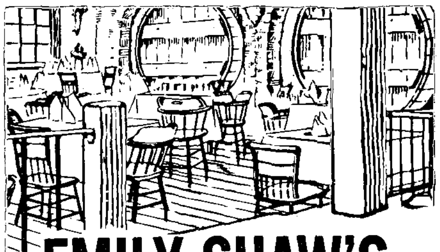
A Summer Soup

1-2 tablespoons prepared mild mustard.
1 cup chopped tomato.
1 cup chopped watercress.
½ cup chopped scallions and tops.
½ cup chopped fresh herbs, if possible.
1 quart buttermilk.

Mix all together roughly. Chill at least 3 hours. Then season to taste, which will depend upon strength of watercress and so on.

Watercress is a lovely thing, especially so to me because often in my life it has been as scarce as rubies. When I was little, it was forbidden fruit, since my grandmother abhorred it for grow-

The Proper Bostonian is the Sheraton-Boston.
1,000 air-conditioned rooms right in the middle of the "new" Boston.
It's a new hotel with some old-fashioned ideas about comfort and service. Eight fine restaurants and lounges. The proper Bostonian hotel for any group meeting, too.
Sheraton-Boston Hotel
PRUDENTIAL CENTER
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS.
A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT



EMILY SHAW'S INN
POUND RIDGE, N. Y.
Finest type of American Food and Cocktails
Merritt Parkway, exit 35, north on 137,
or Route 22 to Bedford Village.
John F. Shaw, Pres.
CLOSED MONDAYS • Pound Ridge 4-5779
VISIT OUR WALK IN WINE CELLAR

S T R A P A R A M A®
has the largest collection of fine leather watchstraps in the world—Precious Leathers, soft and supple—made exclusively for us in Switzerland. All sizes and colors—for men and women. Attached in one minute. $3.00 to $15.00.
We KNOW we are doing something right!
425 MADISON AVE., NYC 17—Bet. 48 & 49 Sts.

Takeda's **IRORI**
AUTHENTIC JAPANESE STEAKS & SEAFOOD PREPARED ON OPEN GRILL
Individual Private Tables
60 W. 56th ST. tel. 247-3349

Camille was no lady.

Camille was a hurricane the likes of which this country has never seen.

Starting on the night of August 17th, it ripped its way through Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama.

It flooded Virginia and West Virginia.

It killed people by the hundreds. It destroyed homes by the thousands.

It crippled countless small businessmen and farmers and fishermen.

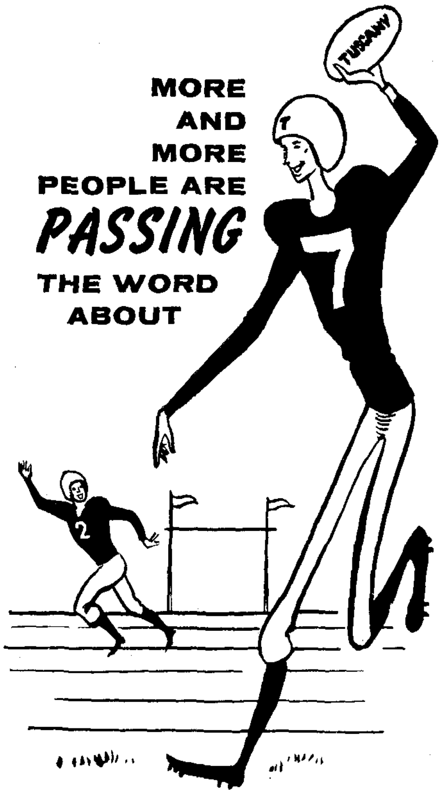
And it left thousands of Americans in desperate straits.

Red Cross volunteers are there right now, doing everything they can, but the latest estimate says it will take $15,000,000 to put those thousands of American men, women and children back on their feet.

Give them all you can. Right now, you're all they've got.

Camille was a disaster.
Give to your local American Red Cross Chapter or United Fund.

Advertising contributed for the public good.



MORE
AND
MORE
PEOPLE ARE
PASSING
THE WORD
ABOUT

"New York's Biggest Little Hotel"

THE TUSCANY...ONLY HOTEL IN THE WORLD WITH COLOR TV. ADJUSTABLE BED (with vibrator) AND LOUNGER CHAIR IN EVERY ROOM.

Other Tuscany Innovations:

Every room has: Air-Conditioning, FM Radio, Bathroom Extension Phone, Butler's Pantry, Electric Shoe Polisher, Irish Linen Towels, Electric Wall Clock.

Our restaurants are extraordinary, too! Just around the corner from Grand Central, air terminals, most shops and theatres.

May we send you a brochure?

the Tuscany
39th Street, Just East of Park Avenue
NEW YORK 10016
Bertram Weal, General Manager
Tel.: (212) 686-1600

Visit our gallery and find the artist of your choice

PORTRAITS, INC.
We represent 200 of today's leading portrait painters and sculptors
41 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK

ing along the banks of streams where cows might stand—uncontrolled cows, that is. And then I lived often in very dry countries. I like this peppery little weed any way at all, and more than several times have embarrassed people by eating what was meant as a garnish on a plate. A quick fine soup can be made by chopping about a cupful and adding it at the last to heated and seasoned canned soups: cream of chicken or tomato, plain beef or chicken consommé. And here is a good, reliable recipe, open to budgetary or coincidental changes, of course, which has often pleased people I like. (It interests me—egocentrically, at least—that I seldom think of making a soup for people who bore me or to whom I feel indifferent. In the same way, I do not waste a good soup on people I love dearly who, poor souls, detest the stuff.)

GREEN GARDEN SOUP

1 bunch watercress.
½ head solid lettuce.
4 scallions and tops.
4 green celery tops.
4 green cabbage leaves.
10-12 sprigs parsley.
1 sprig fresh thyme if possible.
3-4 tablespoons butter.
1 quart (or more) strong chicken broth.
1 egg yolk.
½ cup cream.
Salt, pepper.

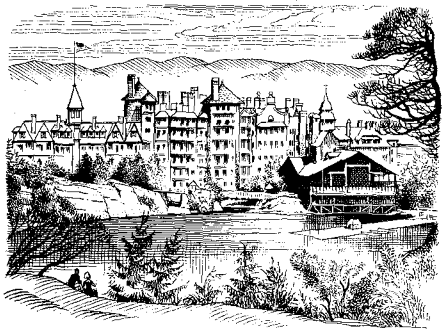
Chop all vegetables fine, and simmer gently in butter for about 10 minutes, stirring to prevent burning. Add broth. Cover and simmer slowly about 30 minutes. Beat yolk and cream together, add desired seasoning to broth, and then stir in the egg mixture. Serve at once.

This soup can be put through a sieve or into a blender and then reheated before the egg and cream are added, to make a more elegant and equally delicate dish.

CHOWDERS are homely fare, no matter how distinguished their ingredients. I suppose baked beans, stews, desserts like Brown Betty are in the same delicious category. Like all basically honest things, they can be perverted and desecrated by human stupidity-cupidity, but it is hard to think of making a bad one on purpose.

Once, in Paris, at Prunier's, I ordered a clam chowder, New England style. (It was on the menu, although, of course, unrecognized as such in "Larousse Gastronomique.") There were several other things I would have preferred to eat in that happy temple, but I felt a patriotic curiosity—what would a great French fish cook do with a Yankee dish? It was superb, the best and purest I have ever eaten, kept very simple and made with salt pork, clams

The Unspoiled Resort

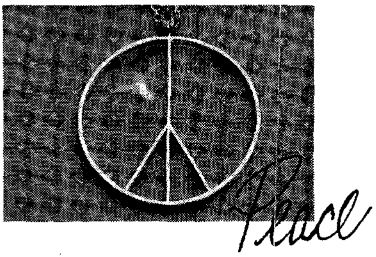


Mohonk
MOUNTAIN HOUSE

Seven thousand acres of unspoiled mountain beauty for your family to relax and play on, share nature's wonders. Congenial hospitality. All sports—golf on scenic course, tennis, boat, fish, swim in spring-fed lake. Hike forest trails, stroll lovely gardens. Movies, musicales, variety of other entertainment. 300 rooms. Also cottages. Delicious meals. See your Travel Agent, or call (212) 233-2244.

MOHONK MOUNTAIN HOUSE
90 miles from N.Y.C., NYS Thruway Exit 18
LAKE MOHONK • NEW PALTZ, N.Y. 12561

Holiday House



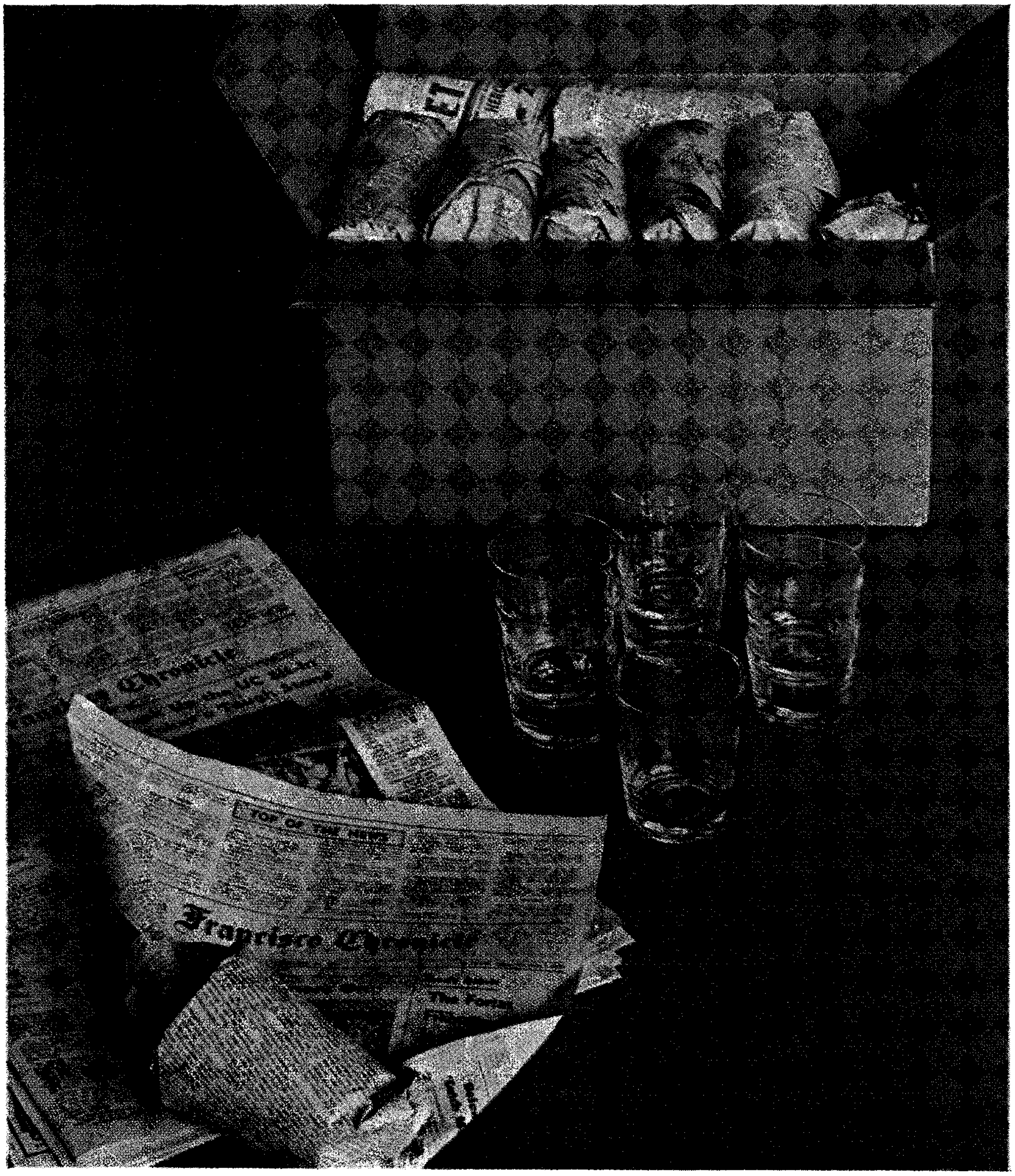
The international symbol of Peace — timely today and always—here in gold plated sterling silver as a pendant with a message. 1¼" diameter with 30", gold-filled, intertwining chain. **$14.50.**
Send for catalog • Mail-orders shipped promptly.
Holiday House 17 Bellevue Theatre Bldg., Upper Montclair, N. J. 07043

Le Restaurant Par Excellence
LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS
DINNER · CLOSED SUNDAY
QUO VADIS
26 EAST 63rd ST. at MADISON AVE., N.Y.C. · TE 8-0590

RESTAURANT
L'Aiglon
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES
CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
13 E. 55TH. N.Y.C. PL 3-7296
OPEN SUNDAYS

the finest in Italian Food
ITALIAN PAVILION
24 W. 55TH, N. Y. C.
daily except Sunday
luncheon cocktails dinner
JU 6 5950

A great newspaper is more than wrapping paper

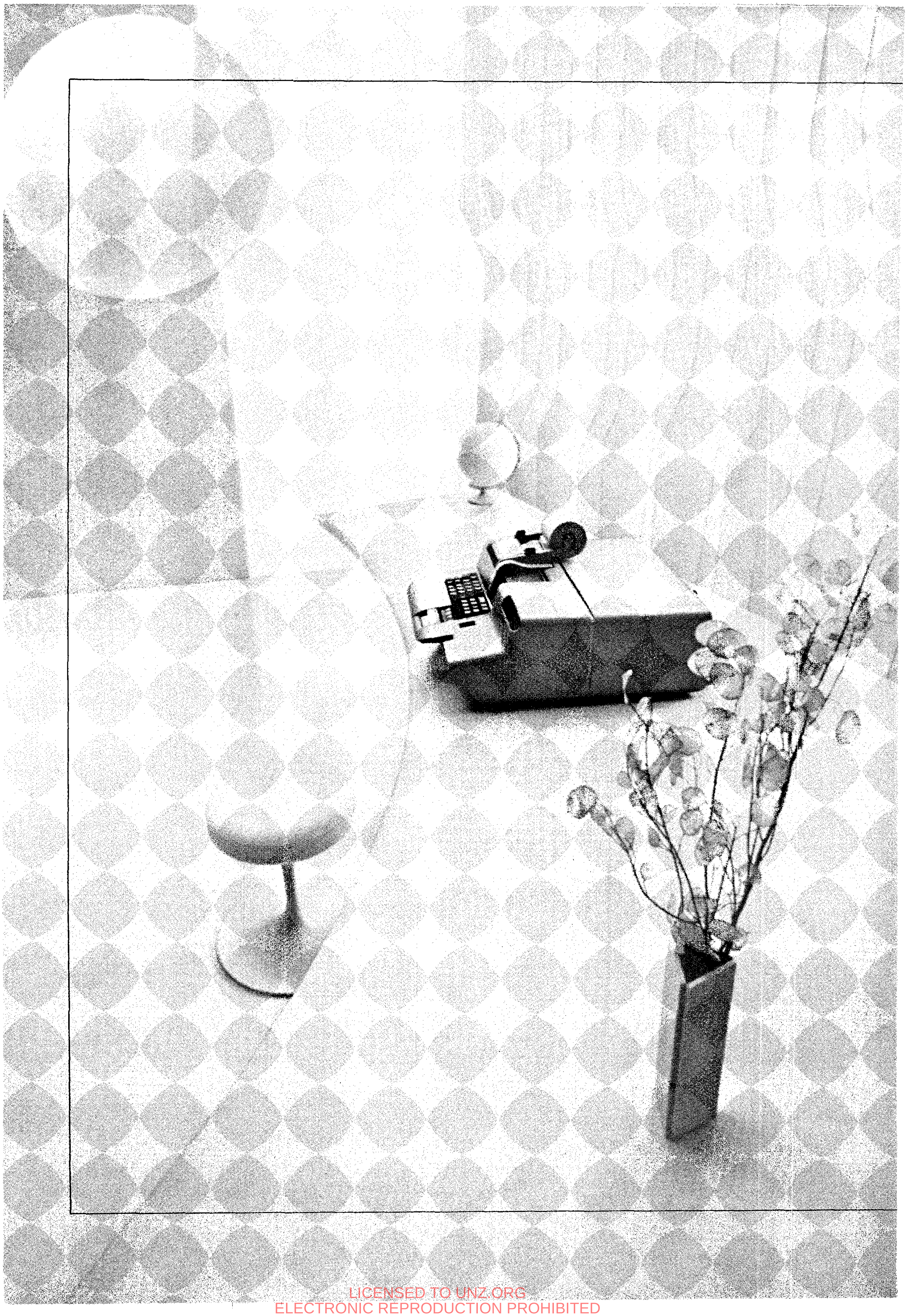

Chronicle
TOP OF THE NEWS
Francisco Chronicle

ROY FLAMM

"Newspapers, if they are to be interesting, must not be molested."

. . . *Frederick the Great, 1740*

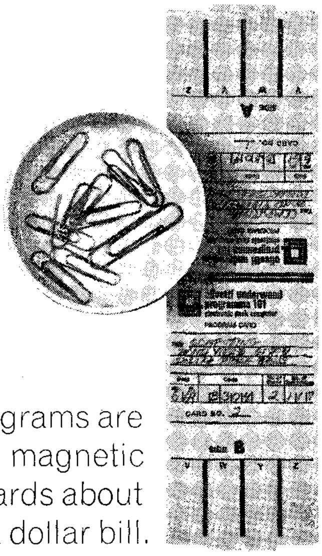
San Francisco Chronicle



The Programma 101 is not simply a calculator. Nor is it a remote computer terminal. It's a completely self-contained computer. A true computer.

The Programma 101 stores, computes, makes logical decisions and prints.

The Olivetti Programma 101: the do-it-yourself desk-top computer.



Programs are stored on magnetic cards about the size of a dollar bill.

Only variables need be entered. The Programma 101 does the rest. Create your own programs. Or use ours. Finance. Banking. Commerce. Insurance. Statistics. Engineering. Education. The list is growing.

Programma 101 is available. Today. Look us up in the Yellow Pages.

olivetti

Programma 101. Actual size: 7½" x 19" x 24" deep. 115 volts AC.

"First in French Crystal ...since 1666"

Americana by BAYEL ...$2.00 per glass

Bayel
Cristal
SINCE 1666

Send for FREE illustrated Bayel brochure to:
EBELING & REUSS CO.
Dept. B2, 23rd & Chestnut Sts., Phila., Pa. 19103

Christmas Cards 1969

THE
PIERPONT
MORGAN
LIBRARY

29 East 36th Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

Please send me your 1969 Christmas Card Catalogue. I enclose 25 cents which will be credited against purchases of $5.00 or more.

NAME

ADDRESS

(Please include Zip Code)

freshly minced, crackers crumbled on top, all according to kitchen Hoyle. It put my own slapdash floutings of regional tradition into shameful shade, but I continued to play with them, depending upon the weather and my company, and here is one sturdy skeleton from the classic mayhem which can be clothed more or less at will:

A CLAM CHOWDER

½ pound very lean bacon, cut in ¼-inch pieces.
2 mild onions, minced.
(Or 2 bunches scallions, green and white, split and cut in ½-inch pieces.)
4 large potatoes, peeled, cut in 1-inch cubes, boiled 5 minutes.
2 cans (4 cups) cream-style corn.
2 quarts hot water, stock, or water from potatoes.
2 cans (2 cups) minced clams and juice.
Salt, pepper.
1 cup sliced red pimento (optional but recommended).
1 pint cream or top milk, heated.
Butter, in lump size of egg.
Paprika.

Cook bacon slowly in big pot, remove when crisp, and drain on paper towels. Keep warm. Cook onions gently in hot fat. When limp, add drained potatoes and mix well. Add corn and continue thorough mixing, and then add hot stock. Simmer 15 minutes, or until potatoes start to melt. Add clams, and season. Add pimento and the cream or rich milk. Pour into hot tureen when well blended, and top with lump of butter freely doused with good paprika. Scatter bacon crumbs as last garnish.

Obviously, this is a hearty mishmash. The clams can go, or the corn can go, and surely the pimento and the paprika can go, but the bacon, the onions, the hot milk must *stay*, for reasons of gastronomical, regional, and even national honor and integrity.

This chowder is much like one we used to call a Harlequin, for some reason vague but probably Anglophiliac—lots of chopped fresh vegetables, braised gently in butter or good fat and then simmered in stock, with milk or cream added at the last. The first recipe is certainly naïve, but a Harlequin has more real innocence.

It is true that in our country many people do not think much about soups as a pleasant and healthful part of their daily fare. They are a boringly correct prelude to a meal in public at best, and few families serve them as much more than that at home. I know of almost nobody who makes a winter or summer soup the whole meal, as can so easily be done, and I cannot find the reasons for this almost studied unawareness of a simple enjoyment. Very young and very old people find it much easier to drink a soup from a properly designed

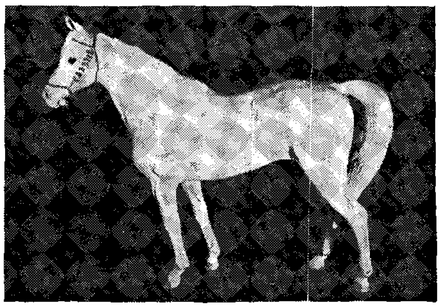
When You are Host...

you need the assurance of
predictable perfection

Entertaining is a fine art when practiced at The Water Tower Hyatt House. Some of America's leading figures in the worlds of finance and industry make this their home when they want the best. Reservations assure immediate attention.

Chicago's Prestige Address . . .

THE WATER TOWER
HYATT HOUSE
800 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 60611
RESERVATIONS: Area Code 312 WH 3-5600
Enclosed Parking . Write for Brochure



***MORAFIC**

A sculpture in wood of the beautiful Arab import—from photos. Similar portrait sculptures of your own horse from your photos—various sizes, painted or natural walnut.

Price quotations after seeing photos.

Dog Portrait sculptures also a specialty.

32 page catalog of horse, dog, bird and wild animal sculptures, $1.

M. E. BRASHER
Dept. M-3, Chickadee Valley, Kent, Conn. 06757

MONTEGO BAY
at the
Royal Caribbean
HOTEL

A sophisticated bit of **JAMAICA** *that swings . . . blue mountains, crystal* waters, a beautiful 600 ft. private beach. Fully air conditioned, 175 rooms, a staff of 300—no conventions—adults only. Privately owned by Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul. See your Travel Agent or
LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION

Dine in the intimate surroundings of
The GROTTO Restaurant
Where soft blue lights and sparkling water add to the atmosphere of a fine Italian restaurant.
PARTY FACILITIES
224 W. 46 ST. — CI 5-1848
"In the heart of the theatre district"

cup than to eat it with a spoon from bowl or plate, and often I serve brews, thick or thin, from mugs fitted to the drinkers' sizes and skills, and watch them smile. At boarding school, we were given a thin, tedious consommé before the main course of dinner six nights a week, from large flat plates, and our manners were closely watched by the head of each table of eight shy, clumsy, splashing girls. I suppose I can feel some thanks at this safe distance for such training, but I am always glad when I can get people of any age to enjoy a good pottage without their worrying about spots, spills, shaking hands.

Most people, especially men, seem to feel safer with a thick soup than a thin one, as far as table habits go, and in winter I like to please them with lumpy chowders and their ilk. But there are many soups that can well be put in a blender and then *drunk*, no matter how thick. It is nice sometimes to serve a big hot pitcher of one of these, and another pitcher of a clear broth, when people are standing around talking after a concert or a late meeting of Puzzled Moms and Dads, Ltd. They take care of themselves and drink, with one hand left free for the oyster crackers or the brown-bread-and-butter sandwiches.

For fun, here is another way to serve a more impressive buffet, either stand-up or with small tables where people can sit with their plates and/or mugs. A good white wine is fine with it, and a fruit compote afterward—cookies with that, and coffee, and, of course, crusty bread or crisp buttered toast with the soup.

A Chicken Soup Supper

Make a rich chicken broth, from any classic recipe. A pressure cooker is useful for this.

Cut the meat from the bones, chop it coarsely, and put it aside.

Skim and season the broth, saving the fat.

To serve: Put the heated broth in pitchers. On the buffet table with them, have hot rice or kasha (cooked preferably in chicken broth instead of water), the chopped and seasoned chicken tossed in some of the fat, and smaller bowls containing chopped parsley, chopped chives or scallions, perhaps capers, thick fresh cream (flavored lightly with curry if wished), chopped hard-boiled eggs, sautéed mushrooms, finely ground pecans or almonds. The broth can be drunk, plain, from mugs, or it can be poured over any mixture the guest may wish to make from the bowls of chicken and so on, and in any amount.

This is a fairly easy and entertaining meal to assemble. It tastes fresh and tempting, and seems to please people. It

Having your portrait painted is an unique experience

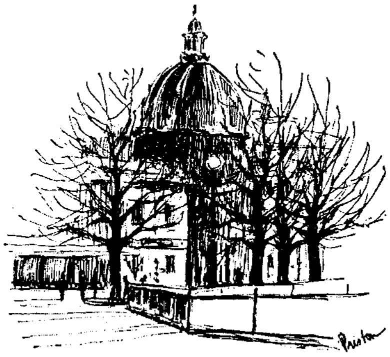
A portrait should be more than a likeness —it should also capture the likeness of the spirit.

C. C. Price represents many of today's leading portrait painters. Visit the C. C. Price Gallery & Studio and select the artist of your choice.

Write for a "Guide to the Portrait Scene."

C. C. PRICE INC.
PORTRAIT ARTISTS REPRESENTATIVE
Gallery hours: 10 to 5, Monday through Saturday
30 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019

The New Yorker Subscription Order Form



Please enter my subscription to
The New Yorker,
payment for which is enclosed.
One Year (52 issues) ☐ $10
Two Years (104 issues) ☐ $17
(Extra postage outside U.S. and its possessions:
Canada, Latin America, and Spain—
$1 per year; other foreign—$3.)

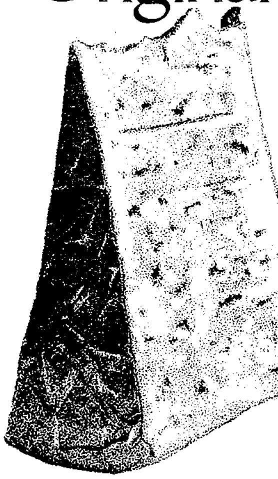
name

address

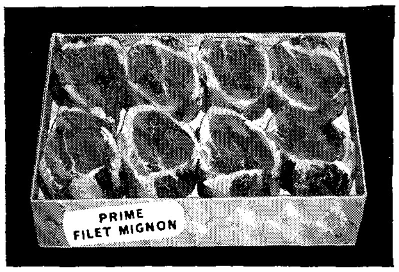
(Please include zip code.)

The New Yorker, 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

Danish Original



There's no mistaking authentic Danish Blue cheese. Crown a sizzling steak or hamburger with its tempting tang. Add spunk to salads, snacks and sauces. A distinct accent to pizza. Delicious Danish Blue is an original import, and as every woman knows, nothing can compare to an original.
IMPORTED
Danish Blue Cheese
ONE OF THE WONDERFUL CHEESES FROM THE FAIRYLAND DAIRYLAND OF DENMARK.



PRIME FILET MIGNON
not for sale
(in any market, that is)
These primest of filet mignon are not sold in any market. Yet, you've probably enjoyed them in luxury restaurants. They're Prime Pfaelzer steaks—tender, flavorful, aged. Enjoy them at home, or have them sent as gifts with personalized card. Quick-frozen, packed in dry ice for guaranteed perfect arrival.
Box of 16— 6 oz. each, 1¼" thick. #30405 $37
Now Available in Canada Shipped Prepaid
Write for free catalog listing more than 200 gift items
pfaelzer (pronounced FELZER) BROTHERS
Dept. YL-9 • Chicago, Ill. 60632 • YARDS 7-7100
© P.B. 1968

BROADWAY JOE
"NEW YORK'S TOP STEAK HOUSE"
open 4:30 P.M. to 1 A.M.
315 W.46 ST.NYC CI 6-6513 CO 5-9196

can be developed, up or down, but for myself I like it to remain simple, with things hot and well seasoned, or chilled, according to their natures.

And there are a thousand other good games to play around the soup kettle. Gather a few good basic recipes, and the field is open: a Greek *avgolemono*, which can be served very cold as deliciously as hot; a minestrone stiff enough to stand a spoon in, as friend Nino says it must be (wonderful chilled for breakfast on a hot day!); a soothing and baffling garlic soup from Provence, or one *au pistou*. They wait in good cookbooks, to try for size, as any good cook will and must do—a gastronomical tailoring, to fit the cloth to the suit, or something like that. And then there are the plain curiosities, like Guzpatchee, or like the caraway soup I'll note for possible titillation or nostalgia, and the elegant buckle or frill for armchair epicures, sidewalk chefs, like a Consommé Talleyrand, possible to savor with the mind's ear and tongue, but not available in two-pennyworth portions. Soups of the evening—soups of the morning, of noon, but especially of the evening. Oh . . . beautiful Soups!

CARAWAY SOUP

½ cube butter.
2 tablespoons flour.
1 tablespoon caraway seeds.
2 cups hot water.
Salt.
Rye-bread croutons or toast.

Brown the butter, stir in the flour and caraway, and brown again until the seeds pop. Stir in the water carefully. Bring to boil, and then simmer 10 minutes. Season, and serve with toast.

"A cure for colds or malaise," says the family recipe.

And at the other end of the stick, far from sniffles and homely remedies for them, is an equally simple but infinitely less attainable broth which I feel sure would do much to ease my malaise, whatever that might be:

CONSOMMÉ TALLEYRAND

4 large fresh truffles, grated.
½ cup very dry sherry (or more).
Cayenne pepper, a pinch.
3 pints strong veal or beef consommé.
2 tablespoons tapioca.

Put grated truffles in tureen, cover with sherry, and add pepper. Cover closely and let stand 1 hour. Boil consommé with tapioca until it is transparent, and pour over the truffles. Serve at once.

—M. F. K. FISHER

•

McAuliffe walked again in the fourth and took second when Jim Northrup struck out, then reached first on a wild pitch.—*Ann Arbor* (*Mich.*) *News*.

Wild pitch and wild idea.

THE RICE HOTEL
You'll like Houston's traditional host
We're in the most interesting section of downtown Houston. From The Rice, you can walk (a block or two) to the burgeoning new Civic Center, Jones Hall, Old Market Square. And just down Main Street from us is the shopping and financial district. Check us out. Then we'll check you in . . . and show you why our location alone didn't make us Houston's traditional host.
Main at Texas, Houston · (713) CA 7-2111

Sun Luck RESTAURANTS, N.Y.C.
Specializing in CANTONESE, PEKING, SHANGHAI & CHUNGKING Cooking.
For those who want VARIETY & the ULTIMATE in Chinese Cuisine
Luncheon Cocktails Dinner Banquet Facilities
• IMPERIAL, 935 Lex. at 69 ST. • LE 5-4070
• GOURMET, 157 W. 49 ST. • JU 2-8182
• EAST, 75 E. 55 ST. • PL 3-4930
• QUEENS, 91-16 59th AVE. (Nr. Queens & Woodhaven Blvd.) ELMHURST • 446-1166
• SUNNYSIDE, 45-12 Queens Blvd. (Nr. Sunnyside Garden) 361-1328
• FLUSHING, 144-08 Northern Blvd. (At Parsons Blvd.) 445-1144

KNIFE & FORK INN...
ATLANTIC CITY'S FINEST SEAFOOD
Est. 1912

MONSIGNORE
ELEGANT CONTINENTAL CUISINE
LUNCH • COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER
STROLLING VIOLINISTS—CHARGE CLUBS
61 EAST 55th STREET • EL 5-2070

Liqueur
Triple Orange
Triple Orange
Grand Marnier
Liqueur
PARIS
FRANCE
MARNIER LAPOSTOLLE
LIQUEURS

The Spirit of Grand Marnier . . . always captivating . . . exciting . . . alive with every sip! If you enjoy a Sour, you must try the Grand Marnier Sour . . . 2 ounces Grand Marnier, juice of 1/2 lemon . . . shake and serve on the rocks. You may want to taste the very elegant Coffee Grand Marnier . . . one ounce of Grand Marnier in hot black coffee, topped with whipped cream, and voilà! Delicious. Grand Marnier flames in magical ways in many fine recipes, excels in cocktails . . . or in a snifter. It has spirit! For cocktail and gourmet recipes, write for our free booklet.

PRODUCT OF FRANCE / MADE WITH FINE COGNAC BRANDY / 80 PROOF / CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., DEPT. NY8, 745 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY 10022

THE ARTISTRY OF CENTURIES, PAINSTAKINGLY COLLECTED OVER A LIFETIME...HOW BEST TO PRESERVE IT FOR POSTERITY?

See the Trust people at Chase Manhattan

The preservation of a private collection is a subject that calls for expertise—and understanding. You know your collection has more significance intact. And so do we. Which may be why Chase seems to collect so many collectors who want help with personal planning.

The Trust people at Chase are experienced, understanding, and creative in helping people find ways to fulfill their personal planning objectives.

How can we help you? Come in with your lawyer and talk it over. Remember, in trust services, you have a friend at Chase Manhattan.

Personal Planning Division • 1 Chase Manhattan Plaza or 535 5th Avenue

THE CHASE MANHATTAN BANK, N.A.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

Hibernian Games

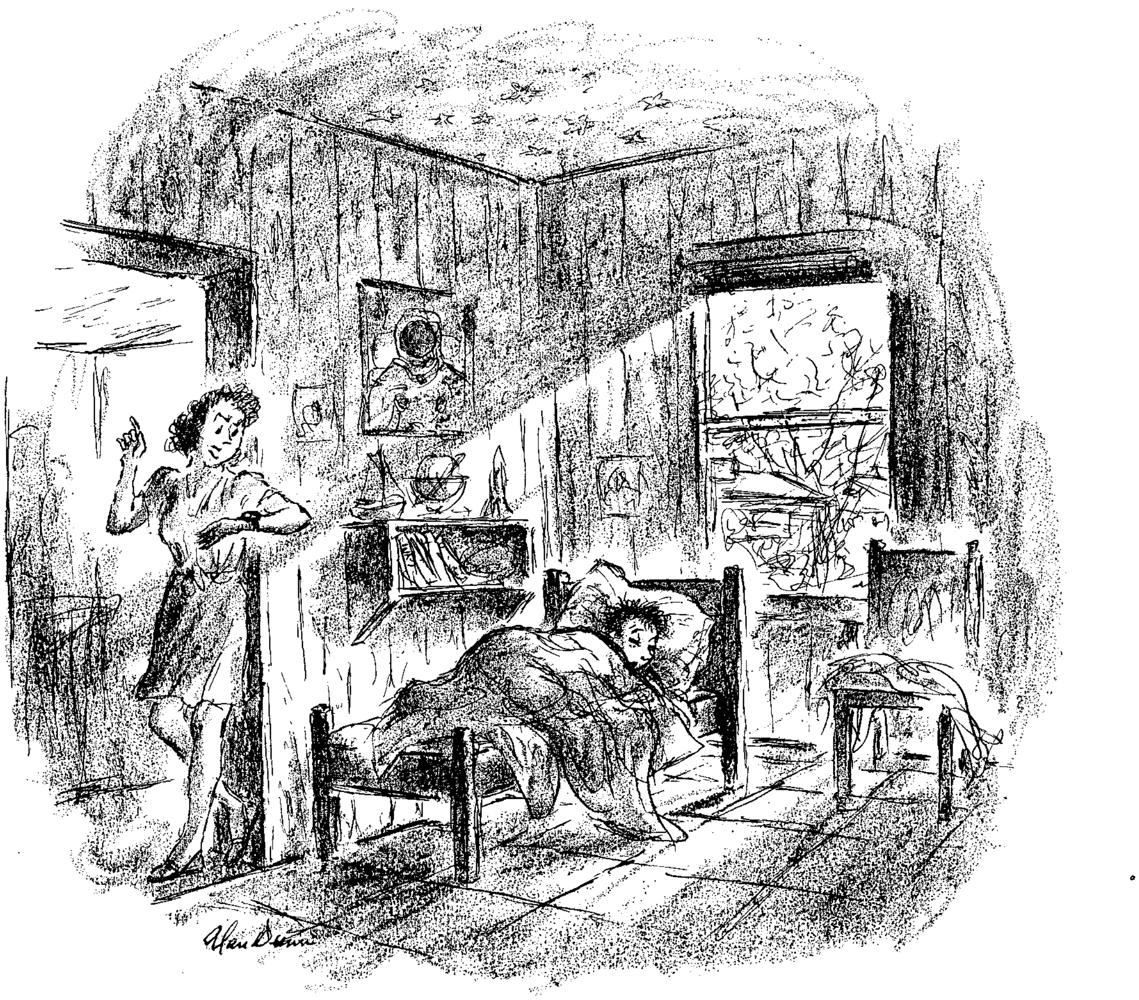
PRACTICE, bromidically, makes perfect. And it is therefore no surprise that a forty-four-year-old second novelist should be somewhat tentative and his second novel uneven and erratic. Yet "Pairing Off," by Julian Moynahan (Morrow), is a lovely and promising book full of late-blooming gifts. These are not to be found in the plot—a thin and implausible account of a young librarian's failed double try for vocational and sexual success, topped off by a farfetched, far-flung happy ending. Or in the chief male character, the inchoate and undefinable Myles McCormick, A.B. in Classics, Harvard, 1948. Or in the tone, which ranges from that of noble tragedy to that of knockabout farce. Or in the style, too frequently and unsuccessfully derivative of Joyce, Donleavy, Beckett, and others of the Irish pantheon, on the one hand, and of Amis (in sentences like "Thinking it over later and recalling several junctures at which the interview had veered towards disaster, McCormick tentatively concluded that it had been successful in the bitch goddess, or perhaps more accurately in the bastard god, sense"), and even Waugh (in an interoffice memo cast in cablese swiped from "Scoop"), on the other.

In spite of these faults, "Pairing Off" is a good, a delightful, and, finally, a successful novel. Three things make it so. The first is Moynahan's sense of play with language. This dictive music, so to speak, is quite his own between bouts of influence by others, and, on its own, it is original, individual, and, by turns, lyrical and funny. Like many Irish and Irish-American writers (if not, indeed, all of them), he is a compulsive word-game player and associator, pressing into the service of his metaphors the dialects of a dozen districts, the jargons of a hundred disciplines. With this gift of tongues (and a Celtic gift of joy in testing them), he engulfs, digests, and expresses with fine irony great chunks and sections of the real, square world.

Secondly, Moynahan paints us a permanent picture of Boston, of the decayed, profuse, coffee-smelling ex-Athens and neo-Dublin of the mid-forties. (Though the book is supposedly set in 1959, the detail is nearly all of a decade or more earlier.) The Boston Public Library (here exiguously disguised as the Boston Free Library), Beacon Hill (or, rather, its poor relation the West End), Cambridge, and Somerville are all presented in their true period tones (sooty granite and peeling clapboard on a brown wash of despair), just as they were in that time of eternally dashed expectations when Boston still rested, pretty gracefully, on the dried arrangement of its late-Victorian laurels.

Third, and perhaps the greatest of these three, is Moynahan's real talent for creating women on the page. He makes Myles's supervisor, Roberta Colley ("Chief of Cat. and Class."), a good and pitiable dragon placed by shape and age beyond the pale of sexuality. He makes Millicent Rogers, R.N., Myles's dying mistress, believable and touching in the mystery and sanctity of her withdrawal into death. And he makes Myles's mother, Julia Ward McCormick, a rich and rounded model of an Irish matriarch-by-default who keeps her tartness and objectivity intact into a lonely old age among the trailer parks of St. Petersburg. (It is a measure of Moynahan's skill that the mother's character is entirely created by her letters to her son.) On the strength of these portraits—and an equally demanding one of Eithne Gallagher, Myles's ideal woman, who is made to seem all of that—it is safe to say that we now have among us another of those very few male novelists who can bring women of all types and ages to life in fiction.

Practice, predictably, makes perfect. We must now hope that Mr. Moynahan will devote his next decade to those four or five more novels which will

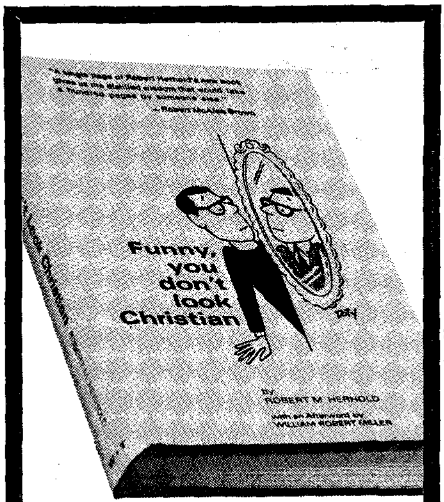


"Ten . . . nine . . . eight . . . seven . . . six . . ."

The Talbots

Initially Yours. Our monogram skimmer of Dacron and wool double knit is banded and piped at the neckline in contrasting colors and fits like a dream. Navy with red neckline and red monogram or jade green with navy neckline and navy monogram. Sizes 8-18. $33.00. Three letter monogram $4.00. Add 50¢ for postage.

Send for free catalog.
THE TALBOTS • DEPT. DB, HINGHAM, MASS. 02043
Branches: Duxbury, Lenox, Mass., Mt. Carmel, Conn.


Funny, you don't look Christian
ROBERT M. HERHOLD
With humor and insight, a Lutheran pastor looks at the contemporary church and some of its not-too-Christian Christians

FUNNY, YOU DON'T LOOK CHRISTIAN

By ROBERT M. HERHOLD
All bookstores, $3.95
WEYBRIGHT AND TALLEY W-T

banish his vacillations and uncertainties, purge his unneeded influences, and perfect his native gifts for language, landscape, and portraiture.

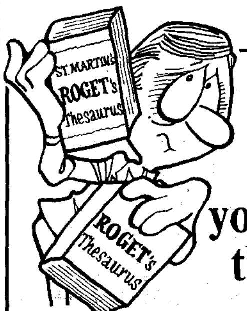
—L. E. SISSMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

EDMOND HALLEY, by Colin A. Ronan (Doubleday). Edmond Halley (apparently pronounced "Haw-lee") was one of the greatest of the seventeenth-century astronomers. As Mr. Ronan, a British science writer and editor, points out in his fine book, the name Halley is familiar, of course, because of the comet—seen as far back as 239 B.C. (computed) and most recently in 1910—that bears his name. However, most people do not realize that it was Halley who first made use of Newton's mechanical equations—published in 1687—to predict that the comet would *return* at Christmastime, 1758. And return it did—it was first sighted on Christmas Day of that year—seventeen years after Halley's death, at eighty-six. Halley was a polyhistor—at home in all the sciences, arts, and letters of his time. He made several daring sea voyages of exploration, and plotted the earth's winds and magnetic fields in North and South America. He was a man of great charm and tact, and was, perhaps, the only person who was in a position to persuade the neurotic Newton to publish his greatest work, the "Principia." In fact, Halley supervised the printing of the book, read proof, and even paid the printer out of his own pocket. Mr. Ronan's book makes delightful reading, and from it one gets a sense of how science functioned in one of its greatest epochs.

THE YEAR OF THE WHALE, by Victor B. Scheffer (Scribners). Mr. Scheffer is a marine biologist with the United States Fish and Wildlife Service and a writer of unusual grace and feeling. His specific subject here is the crucial first year in the life of a sperm whale—the big, toothed, deep-diving, oil-rich, Moby Dick whale. He recounts that year's wanderings, dangers, and slow maturing with an iron concern for truth and a sense of honest drama, but his yearling whale is merely his stated subject. His real subject is the Pacific pasture of the sperm whale, and he ranges it from pole to pole, showing us thirty-seven bull whales mysteriously panicked to death on a



How do you choose a thesaurus?

One good rule is: Buy the one translators prefer.

ST. MARTIN'S ROGET

because it has: more pages, more entries, larger, blacker type larger, whiter paper

But most of all because its organization is tops for aptness, utility and browsability.

Get yours now · At your bookstore
Plain $6.95 Thumb indexed $7.95

SMP ST. MARTIN'S PRESS NEW YORK 10010

FROM THE LETTERS OF
Robert S. Gerdy
(1942 - 1945)

A brilliant articles editor, thirteen years with *The New Yorker* when he died in 1965, covers his World War II experiences in the U.S. and European posts. The letters contain graphic personal accounts of OCS interviews and training, and subsequent service as an Air Force information officer.

$5.95 at your bookseller or from
DORRANCE & CO., Publishers
Philadelphia, Pa. 19130

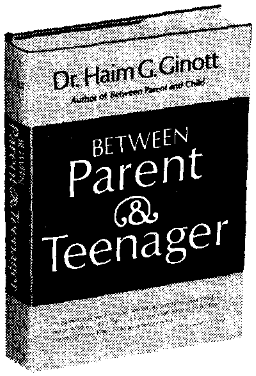
Takeda's JAPAN ROOM
Sukiyaki Cooked at Table
Tatami Room
Lunch Cocktails Dinner
58 West 56 Street JU 2-6153

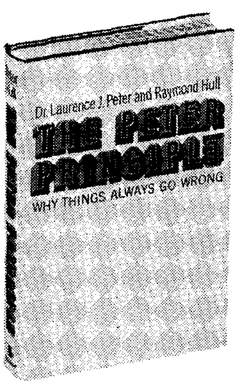
AT HOME ABROAD
Choice Staffed Holiday Rentals
Europe & Caribbean
Send for Brochure
136 E. 57 St., #1901 N.Y.C. HA 1-9165

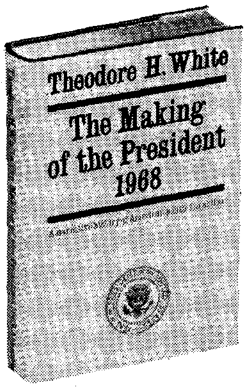
Any FOUR of these 23 books will make you more interesting.

Just $1. Interested?

Join the MAINSTREAM BOOK CLUB now and agree to take only four selections in the next two years.

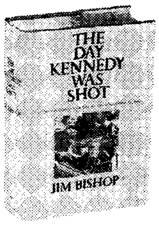

177. BETWEEN PARENT AND TEENAGER
Dr. Haim Ginott
Publisher's edition $5.95


16. THE PETER PRINCIPLE
Dr. Laurence J. Peter & Raymond Hull
Publisher's edition $4.95

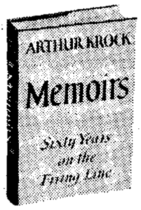

388. THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT® 1968
T. H. White
Publisher's edition $10.00

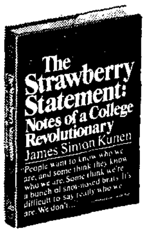
409. AN UNFINISHED WOMAN
Lillian Hellman
Publisher's edition $7.50

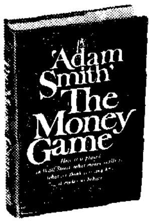
270. NORMA JEAN
Fred L. Guiles
Pub. ed. $8.95


23. THE DAY KENNEDY WAS SHOT
Jim Bishop
Pub. ed. $7.95

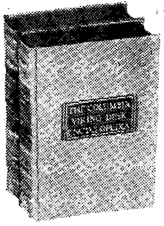
297. THE RICH & THE SUPER-RICH
Ferdinand Lundberg
Pub. ed. $15.00

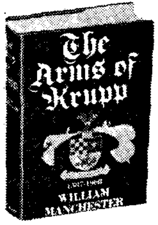

228. MEMOIRS
Arthur Krock
Pub. ed. $10.00


36. THE STRAWBERRY STATEMENT
James Simon Kunen
Pub. ed. $4.95

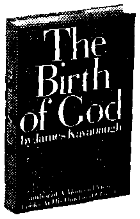

345. THE MONEY GAME
"Adam Smith"
Pub. ed. $6.95

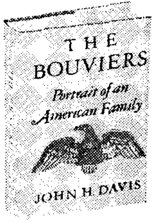
326. INSTANT REPLAY
Jerry Kramer
Pub. ed. $5.95


17. THE COLUMBIA-VIKING DESK ENCYCLOPEDIA (2 Vols.)
Pub. ed. $9.95


26. THE ARMS OF KRUPP William Manchester
Pub. ed. $12.50

14. THE PILL Robert W. Kistner, M.D.
Pub. ed. $5.95


180. THE BIRTH OF GOD James Kavanaugh
Pub. ed. $4.95


398. THE BOUVIERS John H. Davis
Pub. ed. $10.00

CHOOSE ANY FOUR FOR ONLY $1

INTERESTING PEOPLE ARE MORE INFORMED. They know what's going on, lead discussions and back opinion with fact. They don't just rely on newspapers and TV for their information. Interesting people read books—particularly non-fiction. And the *most* interesting people select their non-fiction from the carefully screened offerings of the MAINSTREAM BOOK CLUB. Almost always current or recent bestsellers.

Join the interesting people!

Select 4 bestsellers from this typical selection. Write their numbers in the boxes on the coupon. Complete the coupon and mail to MAINSTREAM. You have two whole years to choose only 4 more books from our many selections and alternates. Books on which you save an average of 40% off the publisher's edition price.

What we do for interesting people

We send your initial selection of 4 bestsellers, and bill you $1 (plus shipping and handling). Every month we mail you our free bulletin in which MAINSTREAM editors fully describe their new selections *before publication*, together with a convenient form for requesting an alternate or no book at all. We send you the books you choose on publication, billing you at a huge discount. Every fourth purchase entitles you to select a free *bonus* book.

The time to join the interesting people is now. Send no money. Just fill in the coupon and mail to MAINSTREAM BOOK CLUB, Garden City, New York 11530.

291. THE VALACHI PAPERS
Peter Maas
Pub. ed. $6.95

284. THE SEXUAL WILDERNESS
Vance Packard
Pub. ed. $6.95

402. MAN AGAINST CANCER Bernard Glemser
Pub. ed. $7.95

217. THE ECONOMY OF CITIES
Jane Jacobs
Pub. ed. $5.95

129. WASHINGTON
Douglas Southall Freeman
Publisher's ed. $14.95

2. HAMMOND'S CONTEMPORARY WORLD ATLAS
Pub. ed. $9.95

314. THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT® 1960 & 1964
T. H. White
Combined price
Pub.ed. $13.90

MAINSTREAM BOOK CLUB

Dept. 99-NDX Garden City, New York 11530

Please accept my application for membership and send me the four books whose numbers I have printed in boxes below:

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Bill me only $1 plus shipping and handling for all four books. However, if not delighted with them, I may return them in 10 days and my membership will be cancelled.

If I decide to continue, I agree to purchase on my Club charge account as few as four more selections or alternates during the next *two* years at the members' special price, guaranteed to average 40% less than the publishers' editions (a modest charge is added for shipping and handling). Each month you will send me the free Club bulletin describing the forthcoming selection and other vital provocative books, together with a convenient form for requesting an alternate or no book at all if I do not wish to receive the selection. Every fourth purchase of a selection or alternate will entitle me to choose a free bonus book.

Mr.
Mrs. ______________________________
Miss (please print)

Address ______________________________

City ______________ State ______________ Zip ______________

OFFER GOOD IN CONTINENTAL U.S.A. ONLY 3MS25

CRAVATS
PIERRE CARDIN

THE SIGNATURE SHOP
HIGBEE'S, CLEVELAND

EARTHA KITT
is the Meow with Wow
from Sept. 3 to Sept. 30
Performances 9:15 & 12:15
For reservations call
PLaza 9-3000
PERSIAN ROOM
AT THE PLAZA
An HCA Hotel

CHRISTMAS CARDS and
greeting cards

reproduced from treasures in
The New York Public Library
as well as gifts
Send 25¢ for illustrated catalog to
Sales Shop
The New York Public Library
Fifth Ave. & 42 St., New York, 10018

Tasmanian beach, a deadly red tide of toxic dinoflagellates, a whale fatally tangled in a South Pacific cable, a tidal wave sweeping over a ninety-two-foot Aleutian beacon, and the endless slaughter that has practically wiped out the great blue whale (its world population has declined in thirty years from one hundred thousand to one thousand) and only too certainly threatens all species of whale. This is a fine book, and a handsome one, illustrated with decorations by Leonard Everett Fisher.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE MAN OF LETTERS, by John Gross (Macmillan). This diverting promenade through literary history is a reader's guide to readers' guides—to the British critics, reviewers, journalists, editors, and dons who made literary taste from the early nineteenth century (Jeffrey of the *Edinburgh Review*) to the present (F. R. Leavis of *Scrutiny*). Mr. Gross is a learned and funny writer, who is serious about literature without taking seriously the claims to infallibility of any particular literary man. He is wonderfully attentive to changes in taste and tastemakers as well as to changes in the function of literature itself over the past hundred and fifty years.

THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT, 1968, by Theodore H. White (Atheneum). The third of Mr. White's diligent recapitulations of an American Presidential campaign is, in many respects, his best, and better, too—at least for us natives—than several of the foreign correspondents' books that have explained the United States and the last election at length without, perhaps, wholly understanding either. Mr. White's sense of American political processes is accurate and easy—in a word, natural. He has, besides, an attractive feeling for human beings; call it charity, call it kindness, or call it insight—he is able to see and articulate the virtues of many different kinds of men. Even when he has absolutely no use for a candidate, as he has none for George Wallace, he is still able to add a useful fact or an interesting concept. A Literary Guild selection. Ten dollars.

•

FRANCES NECESSARY
TO COMMON MARKET

—*Headline in the Billings (Mont.) Gazette.*

Well, for heavens sake, then, let's have Frances!

Photo: Nancy Holmes
"A supersonic storyteller at the top of his form."
—*Kirkus Reviews*
RICHARD "THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE" CONDON'S
Mile High
The three-generation saga of an Irish-American family whose incredible wealth and power derive from a coldly calculated plot to corrupt America.
A Literary Guild selection. **Second large printing before publication.** $6.95, now at your bookstore **THE DIAL PRESS**

CHANDLER'S
49E49STNYC
NEW YORK'S PRIME STEAK HOUSE...SUPERLATIVE STEAKS, CHOPS, ROAST BEEF, LUSCIOUS LIVE TROUT AND LOBSTER...ALL SERVED SEVEN DAYS A WEEK AT THE CONVENTIONAL HOURS AND AFTER-THEATRE, TOO. FOR RESERVATIONS, PHONE PL 1-1960.

Twelve Degrees North*
GRENADA, W. I.
Modern, fully-equipped furnished apartments on a beautiful secluded beach. Tennis court, sailing, fresh water pool. For further information and weekly rates write: Mr. J. F. Gaylord, 12° N., St. Georges, Grenada, W. I.
*A distinguished new apartment-hotel on the Caribbean's loveliest island.

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.

Dacron®
Striped wide and handsome.

EAGLE SHIRTMAKERS went back to the tennis flannels of the 30's for this oxford stripe. And it's so right again. This is a durable press shirt, too, of Dacron* polyester and cotton. So it irons itself in the dryer—and still looks great after a long day! In wine, blue or antique gold with black on British cream ground, it's about $10 at fine stores everywhere. Ask for an Eagle shirt with "Dacron". You'll like the way you look.

*Du Pont registered trademark.
Du Pont makes fibers,
not fabrics or clothes.
Dress by Scene Stealer.

DU PONT
REG U S PAT OFF

Better things for better living
...through chemistry

Authentic.
Dewar's
50 Gold and Prize Medals
50 Gold and Prize Medals
"White Label"
DEWAR'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
DISTILLERS
PERTH
SCOTLAND
4/5 QUART 86.8° PROOF
DISTILLED BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
REGISTERED JOHN DEWAR & SONS LTD.
Sole Distributors in U.S.A.
Schenley Import Company, New York, N.Y.
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
UNDER BRITISH GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION
Dewar's never varies.

What we put in this bottle

They say there are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." Dewar's has only the finest of whiskies from the Highlands, from the Lowlands, from the Hebrides. Each one is chosen for its own special purpose, and is then rested in its own snug vat. Finally, one by one, they're brought together by the hand of the master blender of Perth. His skill makes sure that Dewar's never varies.

© 1969